

Yekaterinburg

Standing on the Bridge Of Love, i think of life

The time passed so fast like a stream of water.

Yekaterinburg: so warm-hearted love and so odious strife.

Bright cold light of street lamps reminds you a torture:

You have never understood the rhythm of the city fife.

Loneliness: just one from the crowd - the feeling like a knife

In your broken heart of a tramp from the city called Nowhere.

St. Petersburg

Delicate beauty and solid mightiness

Of the city with dark stories and riddles.

You never frightened me with your mysteries,

You are my dream, my creation of happy memories.

I know, my heart will stay with you, deep in your stones.

I hear you calling my wretched soul back to the Neva waters.

Someday your prodigal daughter will return back to the city of palaces.

Chemnitz

Ever-present soft arrows of warm sunset beams

Bring your heart to life once again in spring.

There is no feeling of loneliness in empty Gablenz streets.

In a desert of abandoned houses you are a wanderer with wings.

You are a daydreamer who is hunting for his visions.

The wind whispers quietly its lullaby and softly swings

All leaves around the calm evening streets.

You are a stranger here who enjoys these beats.