

I look at the sky and think:
Why am I not a falcon, why do I not fly?
Why didn't You give me wings, God?
I would leave the earth and fly to the sky.

Far beyond the clouds, further from the world,
Look for your destiny, hello to the mountain,
And he asks for favors from the stars, from the sun,
In their clear world, all grief will drown.

Because I surrendered to fate from a young age, I am not loved, -
I am hired by her, a stray boy;
I am a stranger to fate, a stranger to people!
After all, who loves non-native children?