

### Free Besieged

The silence at the end of the grave reigns on the plain  
bird sings takes a spore and the mother envies it.  
Hunger turned eyes black in the eyes the mother remembers  
The good Souliotis stands aside and cries  
'Ballast dark rifle why do I have you in my hand  
Where you became heavy to me and the Muslim knows it'

April and Love are dancing and laughing  
and as many flowers and cores blossom so many chariots enclose you.

White mountain of moving sheep who bleat  
and deep in the sea is thrown again  
where overnight merged with the beauty of the sky.  
And inside the lake's waters where it reached quickly  
a light blue butterfly played with its shadow  
who scented her sleep inside the wild lily  
the little worm is in a sweet time too.  
Enchanted is the nature and a dream in beauty and grace  
The black stone and the dry grass all gold.  
With thousands of faucets it spills with thousands of languages it speaks  
'Whoever dies today dies a thousand times'.