

Without a song:

Without a Song/ Irena Chudyak
It is true, that you have no equal.
You are not an earthly man. But glorious
You are a calming beam of a wintry sun
and a wild song of an old homeland.
when you will die, I won't become sad
and won't cry - "come back to life"
but then I will understand,
the body can not live without the sun
and the soul without a song