

Гималова Алина

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They had dreams, they had goals.

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They wanted to live, they wanted to be happy.

They went on the roads.

This roads lead to war, but it was they duty.

He went to the war, he did not know the pain

He forgot about the pain.

Fighting in the snow, fighting in the rain,

He fought for life with his enemy

He had weapons in their hands

He tried to save his best friends

He had no pain.

He forgot himself

The prayer will not save the soldiers.

They defended their homeland and died,

He lost friends

His dream is not dead.

They shed a lot of blood.

The place of the battle is cold.

Our victory was made at home,

Our victory was made on the land of heroes

Today the sun is shining

We do not hear the cries and the gunshots

The war is just nightmare.

The wars are the awful stories.

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Gimalova_A_St.rar