

## LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

(by Oksana Breslavska)

What is life like in the end?  
Does it ever mock us?  
Can it ever be our friend?

Does it content? - Yes, it does.

Fate's unsteady, but so far  
we have been stronger day by day.  
Just believe that somewhere someone  
listens to everything you say.

It's the oldest untold story,

part of it just may not be true,  
that's why I'm saying "Sorry"  
if it's just my unjust view.

People like relating stories,  
some of them are a total lie,

some of them just show their worries:  
I'm a human being – so am I.

**L**onely loyal lack-all David  
**I**n the middle of the park  
**F**ound out, that he was just a vagrant,  
**E**ncumbering worthless lark.

**I**n the world, where you are nothing,  
**S**ometimes you aren't yourself at all:

**B**aulks are standard, any mercy,  
**E**yes are tired, murdered soul.

**A**fter midnight David's asking:  
**U**ntil summer in the New Year  
**T**urn my life and here's my praying:  
**I**'d like love that will be fair.

**F**erment dream has come true -  
**U**nexpected turning-point:  
**L**ark has stopped his life being rue,

**Jolly girl has felt quite faint.  
Up the street, through a busy way  
Sturdy boy has run so fast;  
Tender pretty nightingale**

**Besought her dream and thought she was last.  
End of story can't be sad,  
Life brings presents to us all.  
In a year I saw she's THAT" -  
Empty heart he gave her whole.  
Verge of love is later on.  
Effects? - ask me. - That's a new song.**