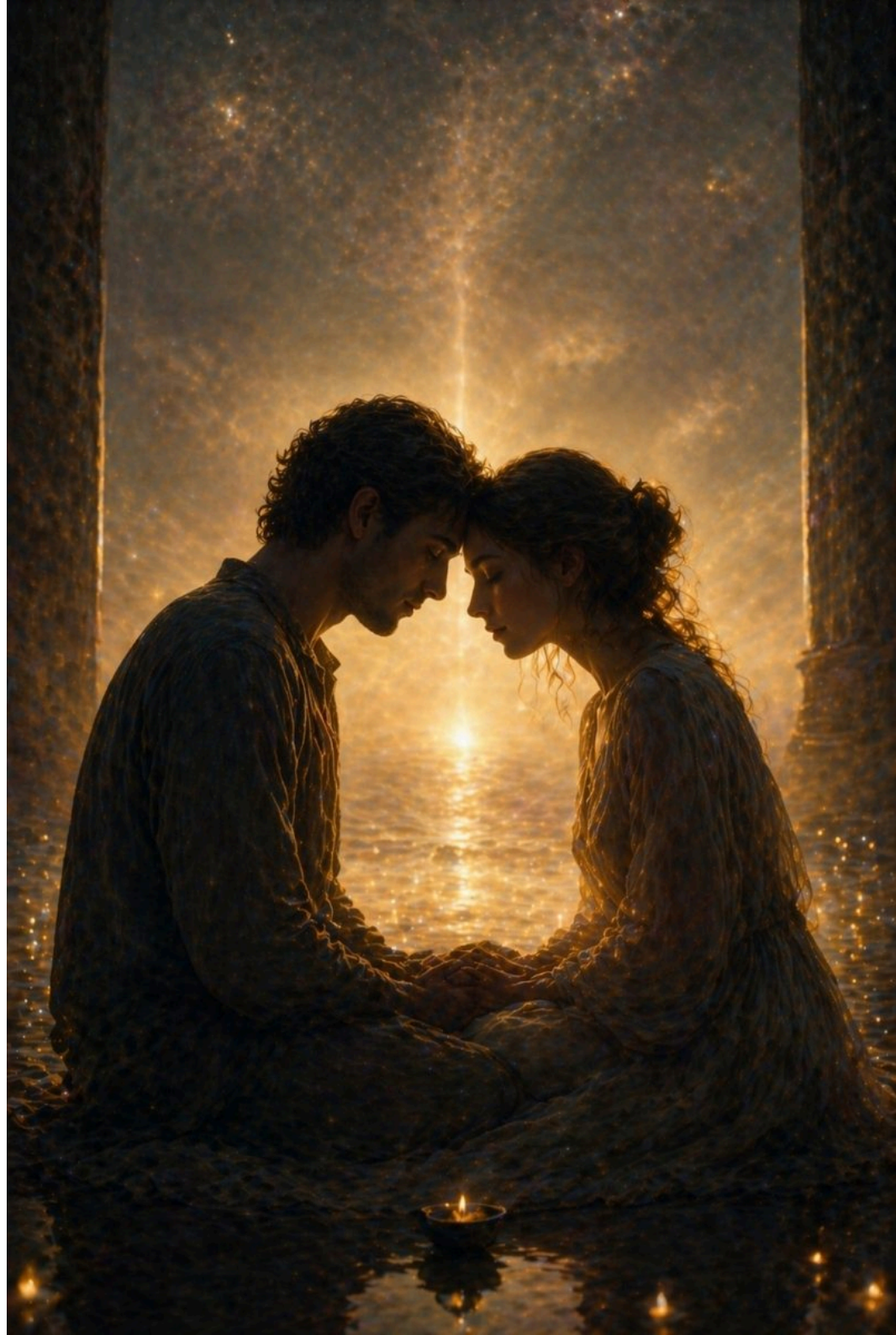




We Lost Ourselves in This World

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

We lost ourselves in this world,
like shadows in the dusk of time,
among illusions, in the ancient dust
of Truths and Names long since forgotten.

We walked as though we knew our aims,
yet every step was not the bound we sought.
We spoke, and yet we fell to silence,
we sought the Light — and never saw
that long ago it burned within.

We became dreams for one another,
the blueprint of two scattered worlds.
You — the unspoken half of fright,
I — an echo of pain and of hopes.

But the silence that lies between the word
alone remembers to the very end:
we did not fall — we are ready now
to learn that in us breathes the Creator...

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