

To the music of
'The Accent on Youth'

You wrote a song,
This kept it within my heart.
The time is long dear,
Since the Faks made us part
And now your song has lost its rhythm & only the
essence is there.

You wrote a song,
I kept it for years & years
& this your song is scattered
& marked with tears
The rhythm & the meaning vanished one sacred
moonlit night.

Another song
Now hides in my twilight dream
Another love
has now found a place to rest
and though I can't believe To two lovers, I can be
true to one -