SÄ±la

MoÄŸollar

Cez nas viharji divjajo
Mesta gorijo in telesa
Slast nas stresa

Spet se cez polja
glasijo zvoki nase govorice
ki nam molitev je in vrisk

Ne, ne dopusti vec, vesoljni bog
Da bi nasa sila potonila
saj je tako brezmejno sladka, mila

Slast nas stresa!

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