

Born in the USSR.

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The place, which no longer exists,
The place of lost dreams and ideals,
Hopes and beliefs...

Moving from place to a place, Home that had no meaning, no roots...

> Where do I stand And Where I belong?

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The place of lost dreams and ideals,
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Where do I stand And Where I belong, Mixed blood that I am?

Strangely entangled are lives, Strangely the years pass us by... All in a blink of an eye, Now you see close people die...

Who has the power to choose?
Who has the power to stay?
Hearts that are finding their ways,
Back on their way home, home, home...