**I'm an European**

I'm an European.  
The proud one,  
with head full of dreams,  
in a wonderland of peace.

Monumental mountains,  
blue deep ocean,  
miles of bright green trees  
and angel-white snow in Oslo.

Red autumn leaves under the Eiffel tower,  
pink evening's sky full of love,  
reflecting rainbow on the river  
and happy couples with lovely smiles.

Streets with a smell of history,  
blossom portraits on the ground,  
tons of proud people,  
just in majestic Brussels.

Sunny beach in Nice,  
children playing in the sand,  
tropical palms surrounding the city  
and fresh sound of ocean waves.

Incredile diversity of Manchester,  
magic feeling of the history  
and magnificiant lighting dots in the night,  
like the hope in the air.

But is it just a dream?  
Is it just a memory?  
Has is ever even been real?  
'Cause when I wake up,  
this is all that I can see...

I'm an European.  
The broken one,  
with eyes full of tears,  
in a badland of fears.

Dark deep ocean of sadness,  
bloody snow in Oslo.  
Red tears under the Eiffel tower  
and crying people with candles in their hands.

Streets with a smell of pain,  
plenty of emptiness in Brussels.  
Black clouds above the city,  
just prayers in the air have remained.

Ruddy beach in Nice,  
terrified children without their mums,  
heavy sand, because the blood soaked through,  
and melancholy sound of ocean waves.

Music killed people in Manchester.  
The young lives are forever gone,  
the hope dissapeard  
and the lights died.

But I'm supposed to be positive,  
so I will put on my happy mask  
and pretend that everything's alright.  
Nobody will care about my hurt soul.  
Nobody will see our sick brains.  
Because faces are all that we see.  
Just faces...  
I'm an European.

Karin Spišáková, I.D