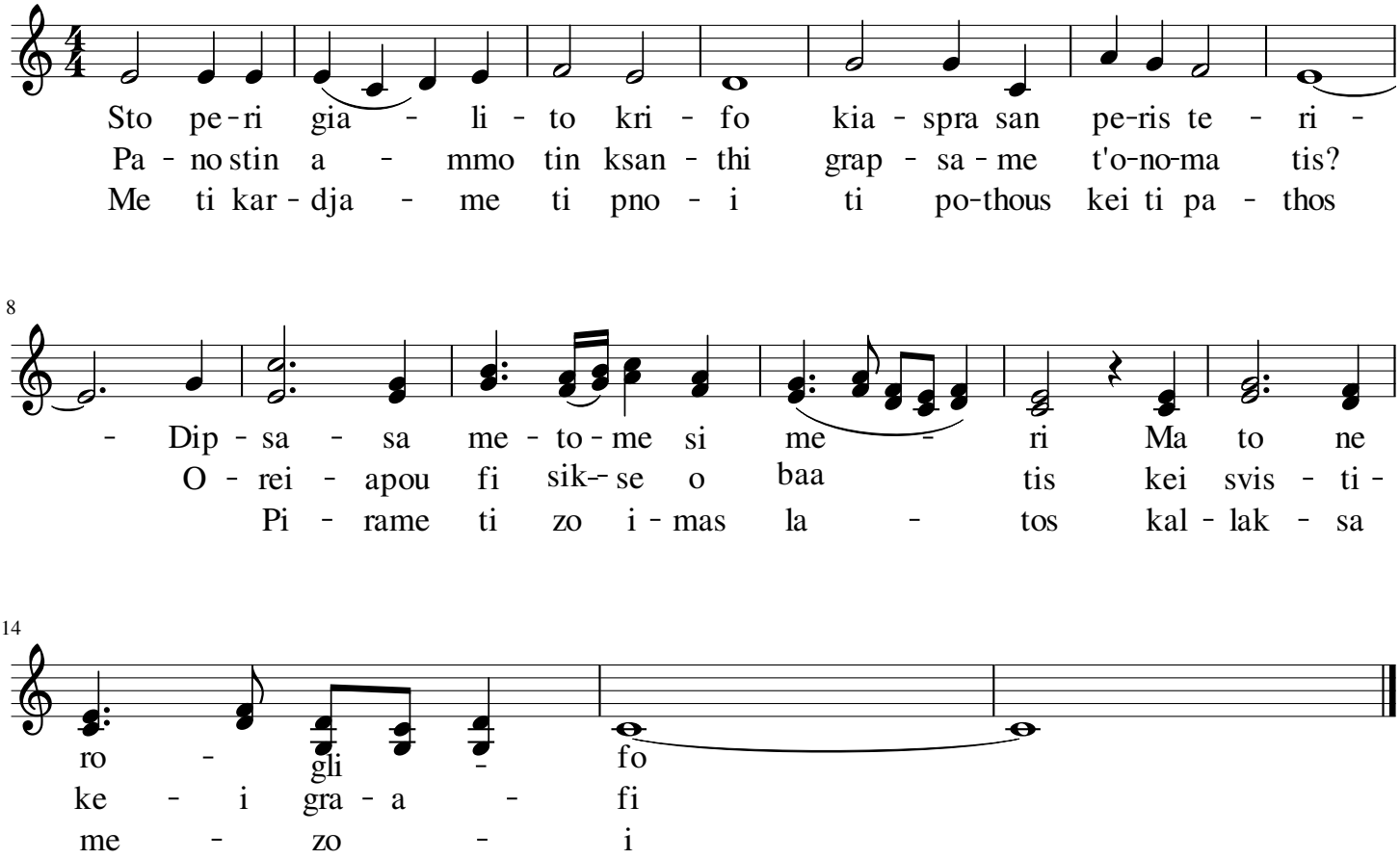
Sto perigiali

Theodorakis

bbek



Sto perigiali to krifo
ki aspro san peristeri
dipsasame to mesimeri?
ma to nero glifo.

Pano stin ammo tin ksanthi
grapsame t' onoma tis?
Oreia pou fisikse o batis
kei svistike i grafi .

Me ti kardia, me ti pnoi,
ti pothous kei ti pathos
pirame ti zoi mas? lathos!
ki allaksame zoi.

On the hidden shore
white as a dove
we got thirsty at midday;
but the water salt.

On the golden sand,
we wrote her name;
How lovely the wind blew
and the writing was wiped out.

With what heart, what spirit,
what desires and passion
we took on our life. Wrong!*
and we changed it.