

Nightmare (Haász Albert / *Galla Miklós*)

Day after day he's there on the shore
Into the distance he stares.
His face is pale, his hair is grey
He always struggled - in every way.
The shadows are growing longer
He doesn't notice - just stands there
He's been there now for a long time
His heart is full of doubt and sorrow
He turns and walks further on.

He's got a lot to carry on his shoulders
And in his soul there's hope and doubt together
Oh, what's this noise? Maybe the bell tolls?
It's just an echo of his worried soul?
It's just an echo of his soul?

When the night arrives
His scary nightmare reappears:
Clouds are on the sky, the thunder and the storm
Are raging on and so the boy is lost.
Such an awful scene
Will ever come a time when it won't be seen?

And the sunrise, and the sunrise
Finds him again in the shore.
And daylight returns and the hopes again:
„So far away is the sunset”
He doesn't feel the heat, or the cold of winter
Piercingly cold are the winds.

/ saxofon/

The water's silent, where for so many years
He was waiting patiently. Waiting till the sunset.
Now he sleeps, he's passed his fears
And his face looks peaceful now.
The lights have all gone out
And he rests, he poor one.