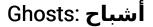
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Ghosts

The sky was beautiful and blue, Trees were green and in flower The mountains quiet and content. Suddenly, the sky blackened, The wind blew stormy and cold. We became prisoners in our homes.

The darkness now covers us, And we travel alone, Without family and friends Through black smoke. We travel Through crowded streets, In big, unfamiliar cities. We hide in strangers' homes, Far away from loved ones.

The cold and stormy winds, my love, Like angry tyrants chase us, Threaten, destroy and foam, Until they find us even in the clouds, أشباح

Written by Shawn White Translated by Sadika Ramahi