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War. Terrible years -Purplish-red clothes From the blood of the wounded soldiers Covered the ground of battlefields.

And every year, and every hour Anxiety beat us in the right. Everyone felt difficult, and the time Was only for two breaksthrough.

The Victory follows us The Victory comes close, Take the Victory «with sleeves» It really has come close.

Noticeably've subsided cries and moans, And our enemy's begun to weaken at all, And spots of blood red Just a reminder to everyone.

Victory's close. It's a miracle, I do not believe my happiness, But only my grandkids from their daddy Will learn I'm going to die here.

And every year, and every hour Anxiety beat us in the right. Everyone felt difficult and the time Was only for two breaksthrough.

http://www.tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/TrusovaDS_Poem.rar