

A city without a country  
Traveling at the cold ocean  
Carrying the spiritless  
Creatures of its era

Expectations and hopes  
Sheltered in a few bodies  
What a heavy load  
For the floating city of sun

The pure souls of  
The brave volunteers  
It's only fuel  
The loss of their dignity  
Their precious reward

The Floating city of sun  
A heaven to its passengers  
The living hell of  
Its few followers

When the journey came to its end  
No one was there to say the farewell

Just the brave volunteers  
Who accompanied it in the abyss