

The White City

279 years B.C. it laid on the Danube river
The "White City" they called it

Many have tried,
But none have triumphed
Belgrade is Serbia
And Serbia is Belgrade

Today

Lights shine through the prism
Which is the old ghost of the capital

It sways from a powerful block of skyscrapers
Over the maneuvering, green water
To the ever living Zemun
And more

I dare you

Go out at night,
Any time,
As long as the sun is long gone
In the midst of all the nightcrawlers
You will find yourself
You will fall in love

I dare you

March by the river,
Always at night,
You'll notice the reflection
Of the city's mighty night lights

I dare you

Glide amongst the busy streets
And get lost in between the beeps
And the roars of cars, forever late

I dare you

Talk to the people,
They don't know you,
But they will always carry words to say

I dare you

Experience is our mentality.
We may not always be right,
But we never have any doubt

And finally I dare you

Try to find another one like it.
There is no such thing,
No such soul, such being

The heart indeed beats,
And as far as I can see,
It can beat for me.