Flying to the Jurassic Lands

The air is so tight that it makes me fly,

Approaching the Jurassic lonely land.

The aggression of the sky makes me cry.

But my heart stands up when I touch the sand.

My silver wings shattered by the distance,

The haunted wind songs playing in my head,

Breath-taking views reward my persistence,

Beating wings help me levitate to bed.

 By Gabriel