We Speak in Light

We were born from different dawns
Aegean winds, Paris songs,
Sofia's dreams and northern snow,
voices rising, όλοι μαζί, to grow.

We speak in sparks, in crossing lines,
in borrowed words and shared designs.
Our voices blend, a woven thread,
from every thought our hearts have said.

Καλημέρα, you say, and time begins
the sun replies beneath our skins.
Each accent drips with something true,
each word a seed that breaks in two
half mine, half you.

We are not one note, but symphony,
a πολυφωνία of empathy.
We question stars, rewrite the norm,
curiosity our quiet storm.

From Las Palmas fire to Baltic cold,
we trade our fears, we turn them gold.
From Frankfurt thoughts to Rome's embrace,
we learn that difference has a face.

Δημοκρατία, freedom’s flame,

no border strong enough to tame.

We dream, we dare, we disagree,

and still, we move in unity.

Because Europe is not stone and steel

it’s breath, it’s hands, it’s how we feel.

It’s every “why” we ever spoke,

each silent vow we never broke.

And when the night returns to stay,

we’ll whisper softly, come what may

“Μείνε.” “Ελπίδα.” “Μαζί.”

Not just words a way to be.

We are the light that will not leave.