



With unsteady steps wander the remaining seekers of hope, the robbed and ragged from country to country, changing one wagon after another, and rise to move forward again... One head after another remains back (were the years so cruel, and to give another day would be too much?) and the remaining seekers of hope, robbed and ragged, leave more and more dead behind. But as the procession is getting thinner and Death beats the drum louder and louder, the dead behind gather, rise and start on their last DEATH JOURNEY, which knocks at the gate of freedom... and meanwhile from somewhere not far away the broad Slav love song resounds...