

i ran away from  
home, but where  
can i run away  
from longing?



This zine delves into the themes and messages that have shaped the emerging phenomenon of Moldovan hip-hop. More than just music, this genre serves as a powerful voice for Moldovans and the Moldovan diaspora, offering a space to reflect on identity, memory, and belonging. With its nostalgic undertones, hip-hop becomes a bridge between past and present, home and distance—both a means of connection and an outlet for expression.





At its core, hip-hop is a global movement—one that originated in the Black community of the 1970s and has since transcended borders, adapting to new cultures while staying true to its spirit of resistance, solace, and unity. To explore this evolution, I will highlight powerful lyrics from Moldovan hip-hop alongside YouTube comments that reveal their emotional impact. Interwoven with these words will be personal photographs of my village and my family—like many others, shaped by immigration, financial struggles, and political corruption.

Through this blend of visuals and lyrics, I hope to create a dialogue between personal and collective memory, showing how hip-hop continues to resonate across time, space, and generations.



In the early 2000s, Moldova found itself at a crossroads—caught between economic collapse, political instability, and a future that felt more uncertain by the day. After the fall of the Soviet Union, the country's economy crumbled, leaving families struggling to survive on low wages, unstable jobs or no work at all. With no opportunities at home, migration became a way out. Parents left in search of work—many to Russia, Italy, or Western Europe—sending money back to support the families they had to leave behind. By the mid-2000s, Moldova had one of the highest emigration rates in Europe. Entire villages became ghost towns, with only the elderly left behind. A generation of children grew up without their parents, raised by grandparents or left to fend for themselves.

Now, those same children have grown up. Some had to leave Moldova themselves, forced into the same cycle of migration, while others stayed and carried the weight of a fractured home. Their stories—of struggle, loss, and resilience—are now finding a voice through hip-hop. Moldovan rappers today speak not just about politics or poverty, but about what it means to be left behind, to search for identity between borders, and to find unity in a shared struggle. Hip-hop has become a way to reclaim their narrative, to make sense of displacement, and to connect a scattered generation.



*Satoshi & Irina Rimes- Bate, Vantule*

Your ideology does not represent me  
In the land of pockets where the  
wind blows

Half have left, half are waiting  
their turn

Please, leave me alone, if you won't  
give me your word

Do you know what the Republic of  
Moldova means?

Multiply by three everything you  
know about Craiova

We always have the issue of war  
The lyrics are sad, the humor  
heavier.

Blow, wind, blow  
Blow away all worries  
My home, over there—far away  
They all want it, no one can take it  
from me

As long as I still carry it  
Inside of me I carry it  
My home, over there—far away  
Only I know how to sing to it.

Longing, dear longing, don't beat me  
For I have only known longing in my  
life

I have had no peace, nor rest  
And my heart has grown old  
A nation scattered amongst strangers  
Like the birds that never return  
They have flown towards the blue  
skies

With the burden of our kindness.  
They tormented us with hunger and  
scared us with cold

We learned to make a celebration out  
of nothing

We learned to choose the lesser evil  
In our country, like a grandparent's  
caress

At the rusty gate, a walnut tree  
grows old

And its leaves are falling and the  
people are leaving

It lowers its branch, but I don't  
reach for it

I ran away from home, but where can  
I run from longing?



*@Dan1-qw3of*

I am Moldovan and have been living abroad for over six years—three years in Romania for university and over three years in England for work. Nowhere have I felt at home like I did in Moldova; that is where my soul longs to be. After so many years away, I've realised that I am truly Moldovan. We have our own unique identity and mentality, and we must not let others tell us who we are. I came to these conclusions while living abroad, and my longing for Moldova grows stronger with each passing year. I can't wait to settle permanently back home in Moldova. Wishing all Moldovans the best—I love you all.



*@doinavarzari7085*

I left my country at 10 years old. Now I'm in my 30s, and I still search for Moldovan songs and anything related to those lands. I can't fully explain the feeling, but there's a powerful energy that always brings me back home. Sooner or later, I'll return.





*Pavel Stratan & Kapushon- In  
satul meu se lasă toamna*



Autumn settles in my village, finally  
In my village, my mother lives, happily  
No matter what I do in this world,  
Longing won't leave me alone,  
It always brings me back home.



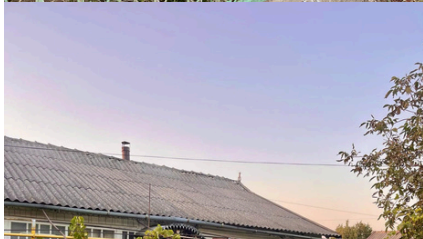
I know, the acacias are shedding their  
leaves again,  
I can't forget the smell of bread,  
The one we waited to be shared,  
As we played out in the road,  
By the walnut tree at the gate.



The old part of the village, near the  
forest, is empty,  
The unfinished, grey new houses—empty.  
Empty near the school, the field, the  
kindergarten,  
Where we once stole watermelons, now  
only chamomile grows.  
By the pond where we once lit up love,  
Now, from the other side, we catch only  
memories.



Even the train doesn't pass anymore—who  
would it carry?  
Here, no one gets off, and even fewer  
climb aboard.  
And who even needs the train for  
transport in this country,  
When now, everyone needs the airport?  
I know progress must continue,  
Two small paths disappear, and a big one  
takes their place.  
But don't cut down the acacias—let them  
unite in the distance,  
So maybe the storks will return from  
across the border.



@volodya4964

The sad truth of Moldovans...  
We traded our mother's bread for a deep,  
aching longing. If I could go back in  
time, I would never leave my home  
village—no matter what. Leaving home has  
weighed on me like a heavy sin for  
years. Thank you from the bottom of my  
heart, Kapushon, for these beautiful  
lyrics that describe the life and  
destiny of thousands of Moldovans  
scattered across the world—I am one of  
them.



@veronicacretu

From the diaspora, this song is listened to with a lump in the  
throat! Deeply emotional and meaningful lyrics—a mix of  
sadness, resilience, and.. longing. A truly great song and  
video! An anthem of the times we are living in!

## Magnat & Feoctist - Londra

Life is a road, and I'm standing at the  
intersection,  
At 23, it still wants to teach me a lesson,  
It's as fake as Eurovision in the preselection,  
It's a pity it wants to take me in one  
direction.  
It's like a fight with training every evening,  
I hate politics, but I love my country,  
I don't let myself be pinned down when fighting  
a Russian,  
I represent Moldova; I want the flag held high.  
Which path you choose, that's your business,  
Some choose family, others the diaspora,  
That's the theme; that's how it is here; that's  
the system,  
Some are represented by the tricolor, others by  
the emblem.  
I would go after money, but I'm afraid I'll  
just lose years,  
Leaving a beautiful girl in exchange for some  
money,  
I didn't train for construction sites in  
Germany,  
If I take music with me, I leave my fans at  
home.

Look, mother, I'm sweeping, damn it,  
I've come to install roofs on top of houses,  
I know you miss me and want me close,  
But London is far; I'll come in the summer,  
maybe.  
Our land is a burden of ruins and shame.  
I still miss the fields and forests,  
Friends, deceased grandparents to be with me,  
I dreamed of reaching London; now I don't care,  
I want water from the well; I always miss home.





@carina7762

Today marks seven years since I moved abroad. This song represents the greatest pain I carry. Day by day, my love and pride for my country grow stronger, but sadly, I know the chances of returning home are very small. Thank you for using your voices to speak about the pain of our people. These lyrics hurt so much—you've stirred my soul to its very depths! The longing is always there, and it hurts, but we run from the truth and lie to ourselves just to keep going. This is the sad story of our people.



@taneabogos6588

Only those who are far from home truly understand this song and these lyrics. The longing for our loved ones is immense. Only we know how much we suffer, but by listening to songs like this, we feel closer to our Moldova. Greetings from Germany.

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