

## Cry No More

Christafari

Dry your weeping eyes my brethren. Cry no more, no. Dry your teary eyes my sistren. Cry no more, no (Rev 21:4).

(Chorus:) Woman hold her head she bawl and cry. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. Because her son was shot in street and die. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy.

Father hears the news, him hold it in strong. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. He wonders how these things can go on in this here Babylon. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy.

(Bridge): Don't give in (don't give up now), hold your head high (hold it up). Although we are born into sin (Rom 3:23), (Though we are born). The flesh may dead but the spirit it can't die (1 Cor 15:40-44). (Chorus).

Woman bawl, she hold her head and cry because her only son was shot in street and die. He was a good youth and she questions why? But no words could be said to dry the tears from her eyes. They say you win some and you lose some, but she lose too much. And each and every death it pushes her further out of touch of reality, my God it's too much to face, and the sweetness of life has become bitter in taste.

Just because another gun man, he wants (to) claim say that him a bad man (so him run-off him mouth). Just because another youth man, he wants to boast (and) say that him a big man.

So why oh why must we work in vain (Isaiah 49:4), and why oh why can't we make a change, yes. Why oh why must we feel such pain we want to cry no more no. Pastor hears the news him shattered in pain. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. Well everyday it's a new name, but the stories the same, them kill another boy. Parson (pastor) wonders if him toil in vain. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. But him know to live is Christ and that to die is gain (Phil 1:21).

Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. (Bridge). (Chorus).

Woman hold her head she scream and cry because her only son was shot in street and die. Here is the question she ask the Most High; "why do the wicked prevail and the righteous die?" (Jer 12:1). For every notch on his gun another mother lost her son, and every brag (that) he makes another man's heart breaks. Oh reality Jah know it's too much to face. How could you let a good life go to waist?

Just because another gun man, he wants (to) claim say that him a bad man chaa. And Just because another youth man, he wants (to) boast say that he is a big man. Almighty God in Heaven, I wonder how long I can take this here tribulation, when will we learn from mistakes. No more retaliation, this here war has to be done time for repatriation to the heart of Zion. (Bridge). (Chorus).

Through her teary eyes she looked up into the sky. Wo yoy, Wo yoy, Wo yoy. With one question to God and the question is "why He let them kill her boy?" Dry your weeping eyes my brethren and dry your teary eyes my sistren. Lift your broken hearts up to

heaven and Cry no more (Rev 7:17).