

# The Cross

Laibach

(written by Prince)  
Black day, stormy night  
No love, no hope in sight  
Don't cry, He is coming  
Don't die without knowing the Cross  
Knowing the cross...  
Knowing the cross...  
Ghettos to the left of us  
Flowers to the right  
There'll be bread for all of us  
If we can just bear the Cross  
Bear the Cross...  
Bear the Cross...  
Sweet song of salvation  
A pregnant mother sings  
She lives in starvation  
Her children need all that she brings  
All that she brings...  
All that she brings...  
We all have our problems  
Some big, some are small  
Soon all of our problems  
Will be taken by the Cross  
Black day, stormy night  
No love, no hope in sight  
Don't cry, He's coming  
Don't die without knowing the Cross!  
Ghettos to the left of us  
Flowers to the right  
There'll be bread for all of us  
If we can just, just bear the Cross!  
We all have our own problems  
Some are big, some are small  
Soon all of our problems,  
Will be taken by the Cross!  
The Cross!  
Transcribed by IITI