

My Cry Works

Lapko

Feels like there's me against
the rest of the world

It was about a decade ago
I had this age when I felt same
I'm hanging around without a picture
Without opinion With past but without future
I need the rhythm back to my hands
If this is so-called "All"
- so where are my gallows

Where is the place we run to
Where is the place after hundred yards
Running drowns your dreams - away
Face The sun
there is the place before the need to run
You never need to go - away

I gave the seat for a queen
Awaiting smile behind those black prints
giving some hope
Thank you - You, so unknown
My cry works if you need to dance
Tears showed me one day that
I do not need my gallows

And every Bird in the war
They know the words and they sing along
Flowers filling meadows
they never weep, they never shout

I need to hold the rhythm in my hands
'Cause if my cry works then you dance
and while you dance then we can breath