

Cry Of The Morning

The Mob

No time for love if they come in the morning
No time to show fear or for tears in the morning
No time for goodbyes, no time to ask why
And the wail of the siren is the cry of the morning

No time for hate if they come in the morning
No time, young mothers, for mourning
No time for turning or running away
Of the crying young babies in the morning

No time to fight back if they come in the morning
No time for withdrawal or for hiding
No time for reflection of lost dreams and hopes
And the wail of the siren is the cry of the morning
And the wail of the siren is the cry