

## 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