

# Flower

Mitya Burmistrov

She dreams of the country  
Her eyes go far away  
She wishes for happiness  
The beauty of brighter days  
Sometimes life seems so grey  
So she sees it through different eyes  
Like a flower pushing up through concrete  
to thrive 'cause

She's always known  
That there was something more  
Like a hunger in her belly  
Like an instinct tellin' her that there was something more  
This living can't be called livin'  
If it's really only half a life  
She's a flower that grows despite cement walls  
And she will survive  
She will survive

She's a rare breed with rose petal lips  
And leafy limbs  
In conversations she looks for cracks  
To dig her roots deep in  
The waves comes up like daisies  
She pushes her head to the sun  
Says "I'm still me despite these circumstance  
And the best has yet to come"

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There was something more  
Like a hunger in her belly  
Like an instinct tellin' her that there was something more  
This living can't be called livin'  
If it's really only half a life  
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And she will survive  
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Challenges do not define us  
We are shaped by how we carry on

This is our opportunity  
To decide the kind of women we want to become  
And so, it is with great gratitude  
And the strength of humility  
We transform pain into victory  
By digging our roots deep

And always know  
That there is something more  
there's this hunger in our bellies  
Like an instinct tellin' us that there is something more  
This living can't be called livin'  
If it's really only half a life  
We are flowers that grow despite cement walls  
And we will survive  
And we will survive

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