

# Try Not To Cry

## Soul Sister

You, you're not aware  
That we're aware  
Of your despair  
Don't show your tears  
To your oppressor  
Don't show your tears

### CHORUS:

Try not to cry little one  
You're not alone  
I'll stand by you  
Try not to cry little one  
My heart is your stone  
I'll throw with you

### Isam:

~Ayn Jalut where David slew Goliath  
This very same place that we be at  
Passing through the sands of times  
This land's been the victim of countless crimes  
From Crusaders and Mongols  
to the present aggression  
Then the Franks, now even a crueler oppression  
If these walls could speak,  
imagine what would they say

For me in this path that I walk on  
there's only one way  
Bullets may kill, bones may break  
Still I throw stones like David before me and I say

### CHORUS

You, you're not aware  
That we're aware  
Of your despair  
Your nightmares will end  
This I promise, I promise

## CHORUS

Lenny:

No llores, no pierdas la fe  
La sed la calma el que haze  
Agua de la arena  
Y tu que te levantas con orgullo entre las piedras  
Haz hecho mares de este polvo  
Donâ€™t cry, donâ€™t lose faith  
The one who made water come out of the sand  
Is the one who quenches the thirst  
And you who rise proud from between the stones  
Have made oceans from this dust

Waqas:

I throw stones at my eyes  
â€™cause for way too long theyâ€™ve been dry  
Plus they see what they shouldnâ€™t from oppressed babies to thighs  
I throw stones at my tongue  
â€™cause it should really keep its peace  
I throw stones at my feet  
â€™cause they stray and lead to defeat  
A couple of big ones at my heart  
â€™cause the thing is freezing cold  
But my nafs is still alive  
and kicking unstoppable and on a roll  
I throw bricks at the devil so Iâ€™ll be sure to hit him  
But first at the man in the mirror  
so I can chase out the venom

Isam:

Hmm, a little boy shot in the head  
Just another kid sent out to get some bread  
Not the first murder nor the last  
Again and again a repetition of the past  
Since the very first day same story  
Young ones, old ones, some glory  
How can it be, has the whole world turned blind?  
Or is it just â€™cause itâ€™s only affecting my kind?!  
If these walls could speak,  
imagine what would they say  
For me in this path that I walk on  
thereâ€™s only one way  
Bullets may kill, bones may break

Still I throw stones like David before me and I say

CHORUS

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