Try Not to Cry

Outlandish

You, youâ€TMre not aware That weâ€TMre aware Of your despair Donâ€TMt show your tears To your oppressor Donâ€TMt show your tears

CHORUS:

Try not to cry little one Youâ€TMre not alone Iâ€TMll stand by you Try not to cry little one My heart is your stone Iâ€TMll throw with you

Isam: â€~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 crueller 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€TMt cry, donâ€TMt 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 'cause for way too long they've been dry Plus they see what they shouldn't from oppressed babies to thighs I throw stones at my tongue 'cause it should really keep its peace I throw stones at my feet 'cause they stray and lead to defeat A couple of big ones at my heart '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 I'I 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€TMcause itâ€TMs only affecting my kind?! If these walls could speak, imagine what would they say For me in this path that I walk on thereâ€TMs 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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