

Monta, Long Live The Quiet

Too many chains and far too much cells
Mind the people, who give what they can
Not every one's a winner and tells
The story to be heard and yelled

Cong live the quiet
Calm and divine
Unspokenly fine

We all share the same troubles and doubts
We shouldn't surrender, there's a way
It's dark and it's cold, can't see my hand and my toes
We have to go, we have to go

Your smile is relief, your words are all
This island is yours, overall
This land is plain like a newborn everyday
It's yours

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Big-hearted gratefull
Unspokenly fine
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(Repeat to fade)