

Najwa Nimri, My Own Shout

It's aimless journey by the sun
The way not to feel the hits
By the way they will remain gap
Under earth preparing the catastrophes
And...
Like an automatic remedy
I heard your voice

I want my own shout
I want my own shout

This is contagious, really contagious
I'm not the puppet of your dreams
I'm the owner of my new new new day

I want my own shout
I want my own shout

The world has fallen asleep
In the mass has to be a hole
To slide away, to slide away, to slide away, to slide away
Dark land colour, ravens and sparrows
Half a punch in the table and like
An automatic remedy
I heard your voice

I want my own shout
I want my own shout

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I want my own shout
I want my own shout (x2)

I want my own shout