

Oswaldo Montenegro, The Cross

Black day, stormy night
No love, no hope inside
Don't cry, he is coming
Don't die without knowing

Ghettos to the left of us
Flowers to the right
There will be bread for all of us
If we can just bear

We alleet song of salvation
A pregnant mother sings
She lives in starvation
Her children need all that she brings

We all have our problems
Some big, some are small
Soon all of our problems
Will be taken by