

Anja Kosmač Immigrant song

We come from the land of war,
from where days can't be won.
A soldier bleeds, and a soldier dies,
but war never leaves our lives.

Have you ever seen it as a sickness?
Looks like whole world has this illness
I'm born from it, forced to live with it,
and on a good way to die from it.

But we dare to dream, we dare to fight,
because we all deserve the sunlight.

To live or die, I will try,
I will let my tears dry.
I want to be free, free at last,
forever I will run from my past.

For peace can win the day,
we just need to find a way,
let off the burden of loss,
and fly away like albatross.