

The only cry that I have

Like obsolete electricity pylons
And the desperate hush of abandoned asylums
When all becomes futile and it ends in the grave
You'll be the only cry that I have

When everything's empty – a brief masquerade
Like mannequins here on a lifeless parade
When nothing else satisfies all that I crave
You are the only cry that I have

*When I think of the offering and all that you gave
You are the only cry that I have
Triumphant procession! In you I'll be brave
For you are the only cry that I have*

When everything's over and I am bereft
When nothing but recriminations are left
And sorrow descends on me, wave upon wave
Well, you'll be the only cry that I have

*When I think of the offering and all that you gave
You are the only cry that I have
Triumphant procession! In you I'll be brave
For you are the only cry that I have
Yes, you are the only cry that I have
You are the only cry that I have*

