

FOR JOY FROM HAND TO HAND

MAJA KADLEČÍKOVÁ DANIEL BROGYÁNYI JOHN MINAHANE

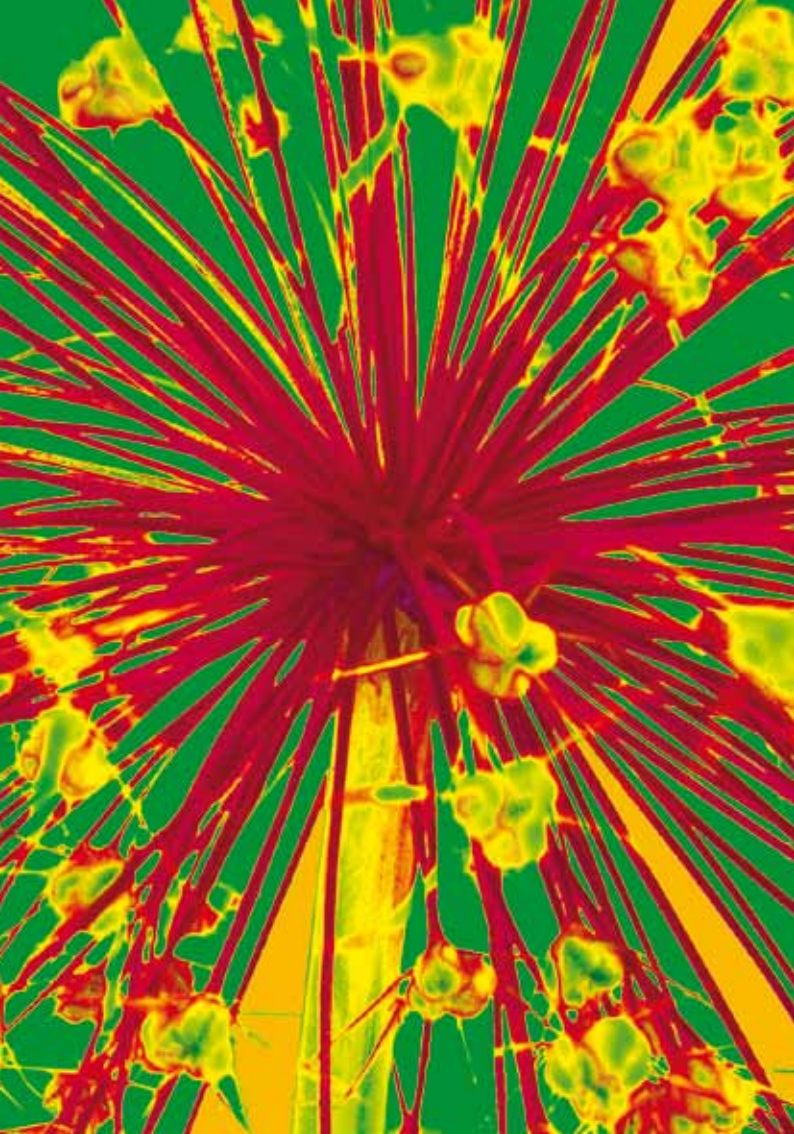


Our special thanks go to:

Eta Jendrek
Milena and Vladimir Šimko
Ivan Malinka

FOR JOY FROM HAND TO HAND

MAJA KADLEČÍKOVÁ
DANIEL BROGYÁNYI
JOHN MINAHANE



Comet

The comet's flying through the air
hurtling earthwards like a dart
scattering little sparks about
lighting bonfires in the heart

Sparks are falling rapidly
seeking people in distress
a friendly spark will find its goal
and burn through for happiness



Shots

There's a barrel pointing skywards
and the grey day sinks limply
giving up the hopeful battle
it's afraid of being free

Sometimes all the day is greyness
but while hearts in bodies strike
they will sense new worlds of freedom
and take brilliant-coloured flights

There's a barrel pointing skywards
and the soul falls through it down
it has no fear of grey flowers
in the glow of worlds around

In grey days the heart is busy
beating colour in the soul
which is ready for departure
to new worlds to other goals

