

## Elecktra

### "Podium"

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Sorry, nothing in this world is sorry,  
nothing seems to high,  
'cause I'm ready, waiting for...  
ready, waiting for the jump.  
Feeling fragile in my bones,  
need a clean-up of my life.  
My headache is wishpering  
wishpering that i can fly.

I prepare myself to look,  
without faith I look up there  
and I think nobody is there.  
Falling happily, feeling well.  
With a stupid smile on my face,  
all the voices with a grin.

Here, wishper at me and I will fly!

Listen: I could smile again  
and there is no time to cry.  
Something tells me: "that is good"  
If you want to, you must try!!

and I will fly!  
Oh! Ain't you there?  
Aren't you...?

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