

**There are so many ways
(Kriššák)**

Warm Sun, I'm gettin' up, long night is gone.
Sadness has to be stopped, I'm so alone.

There are so many... so many ways
*Are there really so many ways
to find the joy by touching heaven's hair.*

I'm crawlin' to the top of mountain-ridge
I'm headin' to the top I wish to reach.

There are so many... so many ways
*Are there really so many ways
to find the joy by touching heaven's hair.*

Fresh air is everywhere, wind strikes my face.
There are so many ways to gain the grace.

There are so many... so many ways
*Are there really so many ways
to find the joy by touching heaven's hair.*

Warm Sun, I'm gettin' up, long night is gone.
No matter what will come, I'm headin' home.

There are so many... so many ways
*Are there really so many ways
to find the joy by touching heaven's hair.*