



LYRICS BY ROK LEŠ

Who Am I?

MUSIC AND VOCALS AI

Who Am I?

“Did you find yourself in the middle of life, asking who you really are?”

Ten songs about identity, memories, love, freedom, and the courage to face yourself.

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01 / 10

Who Am I

Did you find yourself in the middle
of life,
asking yourself who you really are?
Roles that sometimes cut you like a
knife,
a wild man with beautiful kids and
a wife.

Are you tough, without emotions,
hiding tears deep down in oceans?
Will you reveal yourself one day,
it doesn't matter what they say.

Will you wait till your afterlife
to discover yourself, to battle with
your strife?
Will you do just what you need to
do,
or finally listen to yourself like I
do?

Now it seems like I disobey,
calling, "I'm not like others, go
away."
Let my demons walk alone,
they're still searching for my sacred
stone.



02 / 10

Perfect Man

What a perfect man should be,
always beside his wife, you see.
What a perfect man should be —
fit and successful, chasing
perfection.

Your whole life you're on a public
stage,
they rate you, hate you, lock you in
a cage.
Treated like a god when you're
number one,
but if you fall, in a moment you are
gone.

It's been a while since I left that
stage,
free from their noise, turning a new
page.
Time for the hardest battle — to
face myself,
and maybe this time I'll need some
help.

Don't run from your tender soul,
without her, you're a man with a
hole.
Don't run from your problems and
fears,
don't be a coward — wipe away
your tears.



03 / 10

I'm Fake

I'm fake like snow in May,
I'm fake 'cause I disobey.
My life stories just aren't real?
Hey, judging people — I still feel.

Every hard time I survived,
there is one thing I have learned:
don't judge others, don't dislike
their battles, their silent fights.

Sweep in front of your own door
first,
look out for their greed and thirst.
Today, we've lost all sense of pride,
everyone just wants their own bite.

So in the end, all of us will die,
I'll be a good heart when I say
goodbye.
That is everyone's own choice,
but I can say — I found my voice.



04 / 10

Goodbye Old Me

Goodbye, my old me, thank you for
the years behind.

My sails are spread, now I see, I'm
not blind.

But sometimes I still miss your
smile,
you were crazy and fearless, rock 'n'
roll was your style.

I would like to have a drink with
you,
look into your misty red eyes and
tell the truth.

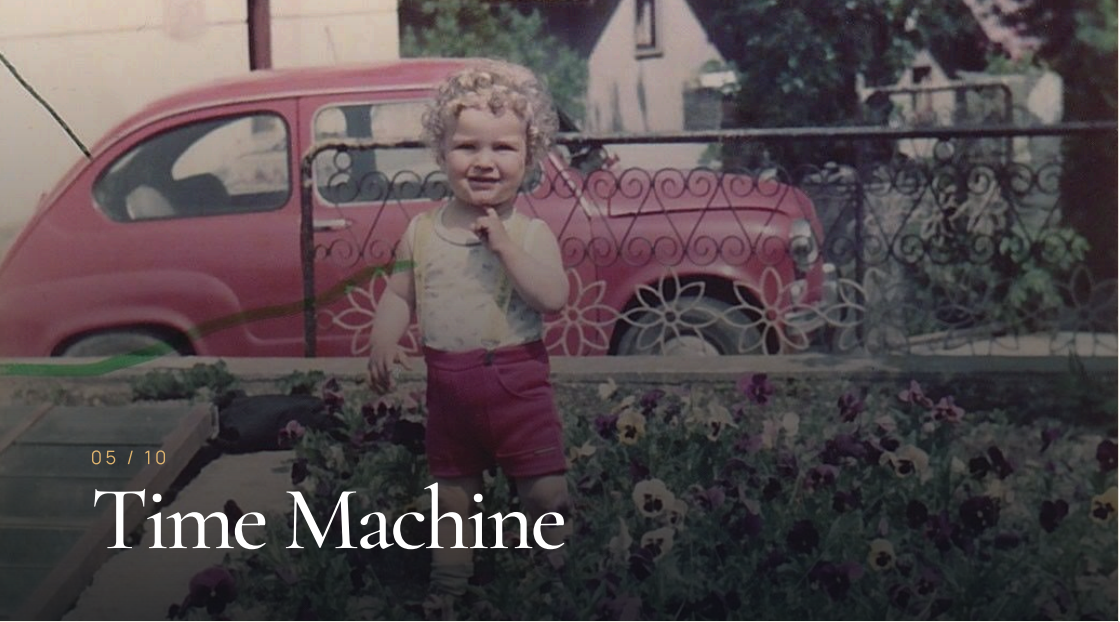
A hard slap in the face to wake you
up,
to see your roadmap and never give
up.

Life can be beautiful without rock
'n' roll and drugs,
with true friends, dreams, and
peaceful hugs.

But hey, sometimes I still want to
be crazy like you,
forget all the hard things I go
through.

I will raise a glass and make a toast,
and you will come with me to that
sandy coast.

We'll make a deal and be a perfect
match,
'cause we still have the future to
catch.



05 / 10

Time Machine

Want to go back in time?
Sit in my old red car.
It's that good old smell
that takes me down the road to
"hell".

To the road where family was
together,
the sea was near, we were light as a
feather.
On the road to a better life,
He brought me a home, He brought
me a wife.

At sunset, with open windows,
wind in my hair, old time echoes.
We drive through the darkest night,
toward the future where the day is
bright.

Time has changed, we're older now,
I'm not a kid, but memories survive
somehow.
Now I drive my wife and daughters,
to a place where there are no
borders.



06 / 10

Like a Wind

Everything I build is falling apart,
everything except my tender heart.
Time is not on the material side,
with my eyes I can see the rust that
bites.

There were times when I worried,
now I know some things will be
buried.

Only good memories will stay,
maybe my love, written in clay.

The wind will come and take away
my name,
white waves will bring a new man
into the frame.

Will he take away my place,
my life, my tribe, and my disgrace?

So don't pretend that you are
irreplaceable,
don't pretend that you are
untraceable.

Don't care too much for future or
past,
you are like a wind that will not
last.



07 / 10

Wooden Bridge

We stood on different banks of the
river,
the cold night's voice made me
shiver.

Where is the love and passion we
shared?

Is it gone, or hidden like treasure?

'Cause our hearts are cold, though
it's May,

remember the promises that faded
away?

We should be each other's safe
haven,

not a battlefield where sins aren't
forgiven.

Come back to the wooden bridge
again,
you'll be my wife, and I'll be your
man.

We'll look down at the river of life,
slow-dancing in the fever of night.

Morning will bring the silver mist,
with traces of kisses still on my lips.
Now we know what love really is —
the shelter we both still miss.

A person with long hair, seen from behind, stands on a rocky cliff edge. They have their arms outstretched, looking out over a vast, mountainous landscape. The scene is bathed in the warm, golden light of a sunset or sunrise. In the distance, there are snow-capped mountain peaks and a winding river or lake. A large, leafy tree is visible on the left side of the frame.

08 / 10

Wild and Free

One day I woke up and could
finally see,
what fortune really means to me.
It is peace inside my head,
and the feeling that I'm not dead.

Standing on the cliff where
shadows fell,
shouting, "Hey you — bloody hell!"
Lonely soul, where have you been so
long?
To a man of flesh and blood, you
belong.

If I could only share that feeling
with you,
'cause your wild nature is missing
you too.
You just need to search deep inside,
discover why you make Him hide.

Don't force on me what I don't
need,
just give me nature, water,
something to eat.
To be like Adam and Eve — wild
and free,
to taste the sin beneath that old
tree.

A hiker with a backpack and trekking poles is shown from the side, walking up a grassy hillside. The hiker is wearing a green t-shirt, black shorts, a dark cap, and sunglasses. The background is a clear blue sky and a grassy slope with some rocks.

09 / 10

Vagabond

Will I wait till I die to see the big,
big world?

Will I wait till I die to tell stories
that must be told?

Will I wait, or finally break the
bond?

Hey, they already call me a
vagabond.

Do I have it in my blood?

It pulls me from a life that's rough.

It's an escape — breaking my
routine,

unseen and green, it's my
dopamine.

Now I grow bigger than the world I
know,

I've seen caves, rivers, hills —
wonder what's beyond.

What could hold me in one place,
when the road keeps calling me
with grace?

I can't hold my soul — she's the
wildest vagabond,

she already wanders to places far
beyond.

Hope one day my body will follow
her,

then I'll be free — a happy traveler.



10 / 10

Love

Live, love, like,
that simple life can be.
Passion inside my heart,
it burns like a flaming dart.

Everything I do
feels so intense, like loving you.
I love that hill, I love that river,
I love music, I love winter's shiver.

I love spring flowers, raindrops on
the glass,
I love the smell of freshly cut grass.
I love red starfish on the ocean
floor,
I love the stars and old friends at
the door.

I love the waterfall and flowing
stream,
I love the morning sun on my skin.
I love the cricket song in the night,
I love my life, I love my fight.