

LIZA ZAIKINA

Not enough
money to complete

The real story that changes the world

A woman is seen from behind, climbing a massive, reddish-brown rock formation. She is wearing a white, flowing dress and has a climbing harness with colorful gear on her back. A blue rope is attached to her harness and extends downwards. The rock face is textured and shows signs of weathering.

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From early childhood, I dreamed of becoming a singer, and there was not a day when I did not make efforts to fulfill my dream. Unfortunately, today the world is arranged in such a way that everything is decided only through connections and money, and if this is not the case, then you can sing in your closet for life, aging along with your dream. It seems to me that all this is wrong, and it was stupid to create an economic system in the world that does not allow millions of people to reveal themselves, develop talents, and present creation for all to see. Fortunately, there is the Internet, where you can share your creativity with others, but, based on my life experience, I saw that without money this is impossible to do.

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INTRODUCTION

From early childhood, I dreamed of becoming a singer, and there was not a day when I did not make efforts to fulfill my dream. Unfortunately, today the world is arranged in such a way that everything is decided only through connections and money, and if this is not the case, then you can sing in your closet for life, aging along with your dream. It seems to me that all this is wrong, and it was stupid to create an economic system in the world that does not allow millions of kind people to reveal themselves, develop their talents, and present their creation to the public. Fortunately, there is the Internet, where you can share your creativity with others, but, based on my life experience, I saw that without money this is impossible to do.

I was born in a small town in a family of noble people. From early childhood, life forced me to work hard. When I was little, then, of course, my parents inspired me that after getting an education I could buy myself a synthesizer, and in my old age, a recording studio. I completely rejected such social concepts, but there was nowhere to go. To get my first degree, I had to trade in the market, ride icy trains to study, live in a hostel with a morally decayed society. After receiving a red diploma in my life, nothing has changed. The children of wealthy parents quickly settled into high-paying jobs, while I remained useless. I found a job in Moscow, and at first I slept at the station, again believing in public opinion that it was difficult only at the beginning. After six years of difficulties, I realized that all life is a struggle for survival.

I spent six years trying to survive in a world of falsehood, evil and debauchery. I got a regular job, but after a while the leaders hinted at the need for close communication, and I again had to wander around Moscow, starving, because their proposals destroyed all the morals and values instilled by my parents. I often did not have housing and food, it was

not possible to buy a laptop for myself, and I had to postpone the fulfillment of my dream until better times. I met creative people, believing that I could find shelter next to them, but only they were still happy, and I didn't have money for a winter down jacket either. Miracles also happened - one girl from a wealthy family helped me enter Moscow State University. It seemed to me that two diplomas would change my life. After receiving another red diploma, I found myself a new job, but the same attitude towards me was repeated there. After work, I tried to paint pictures, came up with a new business, sewed, knitted, toured with a ballet show, but the money was still only enough to pay for housing and food.

By the will of fate, I met a producer and wanted to create a family with him, in which we could make music together and raise children in a happy marriage. The producer turned out to be not a strong shoulder to lean on, but a consumer, mocked me and broke me completely. When I lost my job, he disappeared. Later I met the deputy, but relations with him were even worse. My friends turned out to be traitors, and after one of them poisoned me, having been with one foot in the next world, I stopped believing in friendship. I didn't want to walk anymore, because they managed to cut me with a knife in the club, which radically changed my attitude to all parties. I was left alone with God, began to sing in the church choir, master various sports, in general, I tried my best not to give up. My dream did not allow me to sleep peacefully, and for three years I was looking for an answer to the question: "Why did God give me a dream if I don't have money for basic things?" At the age of 27, I wrote my first book, *The Girl Who Wanted to Sing*, by typing text on the phone, and then began to write others. Now I have the opportunity to share my songs in book format.

Forgive me, Lisa!

The winds blew at my back
I prayed: "Enough, heaven!"
People passed by
I killed the pain with a pill.

Chorus:

Forgive me, Lisa, forgive me!

I walked through labyrinths in search of love.

In books, all my feelings about the path traveled

To the will of the day, to the will of God, to the will of me.

The sun shone in my face

I was different from birth.

People passed by

I remember all the pain in them.

Chorus.

(No. 1, March 2016)

Help the world

Loneliness is eating me up
And I'm not me anymore.
Others find it funny that I'm alone
Beautiful and smart.
I'm ready to scream to the whole world
Don't be ashamed - it hurts.
And from gentle hands to be silent
Can those who are easier ...
Chorus:
Help world, help
Without him there is no my way!
He is my family
And I want to be with him.
Loneliness is eating me up
And he is no longer him.
It remains for me to believe fate
Inquisitive and deep.
Give me no light in the darkness
It's disgusting, I'm getting old.
And from gentle lips to be silent
Can those who are easier ...
Chorus.
(No. 2, July 2016)

Pretend

Let's freeze, even for a minute,
The hands on the clock know how to wait.
And we will forget other people's destinies,
There is only you now.

Chorus:

pretend to be a doll

pretend to be a doll

Perhaps he did not see real faces.

Act stupid

Act stupid

To make it easier for him to recognize them.

Let's leave other people's gossip

They read so much about us on the subway.

And I recognize native thoughts

You invite me to the cinema.

Chorus.

Let me warm my cold hands

Your hugs are so important to me.

And I'll write in my book

That you love to the core.

Chorus.

(No. 3, July 2016)

Waiting for you

Passers-by will say: "Go away
From the untrodden path!"
And I'm ready to open
And with God to know the world.

Chorus:

And let it be forgotten
But I don't want to.
And let it cool down
But there will be loneliness.

And let it be silent
But I'm ready to scream.
And don't let you come
But I'm willing to wait.

My family will let me go
Follow the dream.

And where I'll be alone
God will give you warmth.

Chorus.

Nobody knows anything
And everyone lost heart.

In all secret words

I'm looking for the silence of illusions.

Chorus.

(No. 4, July 2016)