

Flight

What would it take, except for hope, if you were me,
To get on a boat and flee into the sea?
All of those people, who were to be left behind;
Run! Don't look back, to see what you'll find.
They came to conquer, without cause, nor being fair;
Oh, the transgressions, death, and despair!

Enslaved are our people; altered is their mind.
We had to do as they say; they weren't very kind.
My wife and children, home and dreams!
These eyes cry tears; my heart it screams!
My works and labors; now, mean nothing to me.
This world is in turmoil; "Where shall we flee?"

Father, Mother, my sisters and brothers,
I want to give you a huge good-bye.
Grandfather, Grandmother, my uncles and aunts,
I'll miss you until the day that I die.

From town to town, it was all the same.
Burning our houses; they fanned the flames.
Terror, destruction, bondage, and grief;
Killing, pilfering; the desolation; Beyond belief!

No food or water, yet we flock to a ship.
Where are we going? Will we live through the trip?
It doesn't really matter. We have nothing to lose.
It's our only Hope!
They stole our land and freedom to choose!
