Migration

The Residents

We're rising as the sun retreats into the trees
Thinking of our destination as we start to leave
Marching to the sea, we're marching to the seaMarching to the sea, we're marching to the sea
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Marching to the sea, marching to the sea
Marching to the sea, we're marching to the seaSmiling from the gentle touches of the evening breeze
And no one is unhappy now and no one is fatigued
We're marching to the sea, marching to the seaI'm a tired old man in a tired old land
Watching shadows moving across the sand
Now they move at night and I understand
That they cannot see more than they can standI have been deceived, I have been murdered
I have seen the soul of a unborn lamb
It can burn a hole in a guilty man
But it cannot stand in a foreign landWe have left our lamb, we have left our land
We have left behind all we understand
Now we must cry out, yes, we must demand
That children live in a land that's lowWhere the holes are deeper than light can go
Let them have not pride but instead a soul
That sees the shame of the hands that hold

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