

# Strange Messengers

[Patti Smith](#)

I looked upon the book of life  
Tracing the lines of face after face  
Looking down at their naked feet  
Bound in chains bound in chains  
Chains of leather chains of gold  
We knew it was wrong but we looked away  
And paraded them down the colonial streets  
And that's how they became enslaved They came across on the great ships  
Mothers separated from their babes  
Husbands stood on the auction block  
Bound in chains bound in chains  
Chains of leather chains of gold  
Men knew it was wrong but they looked away  
And led them to toil in fields of white  
As they turned their necks to a bitter landscape Oh the people I hear them calling  
Am I not a man and a brother  
Am I not a woman and a sister History sends us such strange messengers  
They come down through time  
To embrace to enrage  
And in their arms even stranger fruit  
And they swing from the trees  
With their vision in flames  
Ropes of leather ropes of gold  
Men knew it was wrong but they looked away  
Messengers swinging from twisted rope  
As they turned their necks to a bitter landscape

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>