

Haiti

Sacré

Haiti, mon pays,
Wounded mother I'll never see.
Ma famille set me free.
Throw my ashes into the sea.

Mes cousins jamais ne
Hantent les nuits de Duvalier.
Rien n'arrête nos esprits.
Guns can't kill what soldiers can't see.

In the forest we are hiding,
Unmarked graves where flowers grow.
Hear the soldiers angry yelling,
In the river we will go.

Tous les morts ne forment une armée,
Soon we will reclaim the earth.
All the tears and all the bodies
Bring about our second birth.

Haiti, never free,
N'aie pas peur de sonner l'alarme.
Tes enfants sont partis,
In those days their blood was still warm

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