Refugees

Funker Vogt

I heard the high pitched keening
A sound of pain and fear
Someone unseen crying out
A mourning call of lossI heard the cries past all hope
Which sound through the night
Screams beyond your belief
Chilled my blood to iceRefrain:
Thirty years of fear and pain
Driven away from my own nation
Finally the odds have changed
Time has come for condemnation
Wait for me, I will return
So very soon you will burn
Now, where your end is near
How does it feel to live in fear?I saw them badly injured
All laid out on stretchers
A lot of bloody bandages
Wrapped around their bodies

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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