Haiti

Cabaret Voltaire

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

Mes cousins jamais nes
Hantent les nuits de Duvalier.
Rien na'rrete nos espirits.
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-nes forment une armee,
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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