

Harket Morten, East Timor

Sandalwood trees are evergreen
Cut them down
Plant coffee beans
Build no schools
Construct no roads
Mark them as fools
Let ignorance rule
Leave them stranded on their island
Treat them to the tunes of silence
Red is the cross that covers our shame
Every kingdom, every land
Has its heart in the common man
Silently the tide shifts the sand
Bury my heart on East-Timor
In coral sands
On golden shores
Buried are those
Who lived their lives
No place to hide for
Father and child
Leave them stranded on their island
Treat them to the tune of silence
We shake the hands that kill and forgive
Every kingdom, every land
Has its heart in the common man
Silently the tide shifts the sand
Bury my heart on East-Timor
On barren graves
Where flowers won't grow
Blooms our red cross lovingly
This nightingale deed
So we can be free
Stranded on their island
This army of the silent
We toast our own goodwill and forget
Every kingdom, every land
Has its heart in the common man
Silently the tide shifts the sand