

# Heather Headley, The Past Is Another Land

You know nothing about me, and care even less.  
How could you understand our emptiness?  
You plundered our wisdom, our knowledge, our wealth.  
In bleeding us dry, you long for our spirit.  
But that you will never possess.

The past is now another land,  
far beyond my reach.  
Invaded by insidious foreign bodies, foreign speech  
but the timeless joys of childhood lie broken on the beach.

The present is an empty space, between the good and bad.  
A moment leading nowhere,  
too pointless to be sad, but time enough to lay to waste,  
every certainty I had.

The future is a barren world  
from which I can't return.  
Both thoughtless and material,  
it's wretched spoils mock my concern.  
Shining like an evil sun, as my childhood treasures burn.  
Shining like an evil sun, as my childhood treasures burn.