

Convulse, The Nation Cries

In the midst of our greed we opened the door thinking all is ours
but no one can rule the sun or sea no one owns the land or trees
White man's dream is just kill and lead you're only passions are
but rape an unleash the beast
We offered peace without any tricks but you just let us down
I'd started your own feasts
Should I be proud of brother's crusades
should I celebrate all those five hundred years
Now we want to just close our eyes and deny to see our crimes
the nation cries, while it dies but no one listens to, 'coz we live in lies
(mother moon behold me I'm waiting for the dew to relief
father sun, behold me I'm waiting for the beams of tomorrow
Throw the sorrow back tomorrow...)