

Downset, Sangre De Mis Manos

[blood on my hands. Could also be "blood of my hands";]

Mi espirito ya esta cansado de cadensa psicologicas de porbesa,
Ahorra me quito mis manos de mis ojos ey miro la relidad,
Ey porque aceptamos positions sub-servillente sin preguntas!
No tenemos que viver asi!

De nacimiento nos enseñan que creer que los blancos son mejor que los morenous,
Ey se emponen a aceptar la dominacion de hombres sobre mujeres,
Estos tradiciones tienen que acabar siempore!

My spirit is already tired of the psychological cadence of poverty.

Now I take my hands from my eyes and look at reality.

And why do we accept subservient positions without question?

We don't have to live like this!

From birth they teach us to believe that the whites are better than blacks

[note:"morenos" actually means dark-complected people rather than African people,]
[but there isn't a good english translation.]

And they persist in accepting the domination of men over women.

These traditions must be finished forever and ever!

Sangre de mis manos!

Todos somos ninos de dios ey ningun gobierno puede negar lo,

Ni dinero ni politica puede ebfrentar la verda que es eterna,

Postivo advance social aqui no es enivetable, Pero que queremos en est dia?

La verda "o" una vida de mentiras!

All of us are children of god, and no government can deny it.

Neither money nor politics can confront the truth that is eternal.

Positive social advance isn't inevitable here.

But what do we want in this day? The truth, or a life of lies?

Sangre de mis manos!