

Frente!, Cuscutlan

i love my country
but it wears a uniform
it speaks with foreign guns
in the background you can almost hear
the sound of intervention

and i don't know when liberty fell
but we rang every mission bell
we rang them loud and clearly
for a world that wouldn't listen

i don't want to die
i'm as innocent as anybody
i don't even know how to spell
revolutionary
jesus in the sky
the bullets in the guns
you don't even know what we
mean by repression

blood is the colour of the sunset
you walked into the darkness
i did not hear your last breath
there will not be an inquest
this is not human interest

we danced the dirt with
surrender for our drumbeat
we danced for the balance sheet
died for the kind of lasting peace
that pleases the world policeman

and fatherland raped motherhood
and told her it was for the global good
and now we ring the mission bell
to warn their children

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