

Funker Vogt, Refugees

I heard the high pitched keening
A sound of pain and fear
Someone unseen crying out
A mourning call of loss

I heard the cries past all hope
Which sound through the night
Screams beyond your belief
Chilled my blood to ice

Thirty years of fear and pain
Driven away from my own nation
Finally the odds have changed
Time has come for condemnation

Wait for me, I will return
So very soon you will burn
Now, where your end is near
How does it feel to live in fear?

I saw them badly injured
All laid out on stretchers
A lot of bloody bandages
Wrapped around their bodies

I saw the refugees
Without hope or without relief
They were chased and hunted
Looking lost and shell-shocked