

# Santana, Oxun (Oshún)

When I was a young boy  
I was raised in Africa  
In a little village  
Deep in the heart of Kenya  
I remember one time  
I was outside hunting game  
When I heard the thunder  
Of a storm that frightened me

Suddenly  
All around me darkness  
And I could feel  
Something evil near me  
Closing in  
So I started running  
I tried to hide  
But it overcame me

I became a prisoner of  
The spell that entered me  
And the same thing happened  
To my friends and family  
In the years that followed  
Drought and famine filled the land  
Many days of sorrow  
Endless nights of burning pain

Suddenly  
A light appeared before me  
And I could see  
The virgin shining on me  
And in her arms  
Was the child inside me  
And I could feel  
Everlasting freedom all around me