

Yothu Yindi, Timor

I saw a man in my dream, calling out, in the Timorese language,
he was gripped by, an iron claw, defining the pain and agony,
he cried out straight from the heart.

Freedom for East Timor, nothing less and nothing more, freedom for East Timor.

Like the Yolngu people, calling out for a change, they fought for their rights,
not to be divided, same movement we hear, same feelings we share,
to see our own people dying, while our mothers are crying,
it's been a cry, straight from the heart.

Freedom for East Timor, nothing less and nothing more, freedom for East Timor.

I'm a prisoner in my own land, why do one rule and others suffer,
is this justice? Is this justice? Is this justice?
Like the Chechens and the West Irians, they have one thing in common,
they are fighting for freedom, why do we have to suffer,
just to live our life in peace, you can hear our cry,
it's coming straight from our heart
I'm a prisoner in my own land,
why do one rule and others suffer,
is this justice? Is this justice? Is this justice?

is this justice? Is this justice? justice? justice?