

Refugees

Funker Vogt

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

Refrain:

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