Lost Language of the Andamans

Tourniquet

Lost forever in the sea of forgetfulness
The Andaman dialect she takes to her grave
No one alive now – it cannot be saved
Spoken for centuries with culture and kin
Remote tropic island where it stays therein
Have you forgotten the language of our Lord?

He speaks in the rustling leaves
He speaks in the blackest darkness
He speaks when there are no words
He heals the brokenhearted
He binds up their wounds
He speaks when there are no words

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