

Sleeping Giants

Misery Index

Flushed from the fields on the Malian steppe
Carved out from wombs that our fathers beset
As giants we sleep, where hopelessness ends
An UN statistics, we're counted and fed
Children of war, hunger, and filth
Dragged through the dust in our misery

Where you won't be seen alive...
In diamond mines, in textile looms,
As cocaine mules, and prostitutes... we don't exist

They take us young, borders be damned
From Bangkok to Juarez, on Sahara sands
Nameless and dead, on frontiers forlorn
We hate, loath, and curse the day we were born

On and on, we're taken
More lives, forsaken
Fuck you, you maggot, harvester of human traffic
So few, aware
So few, will care
Pray on, here after, where no God will ever answer