

any trace of the place they belong to  
any trace of the place they belong to  
a connection to land they could not understand  
so they came to remove them  
and their parents would cry and be left asking why  
but the soldiers ignored them  
and they took them away from the place they belonged to  
and removed any trace of their faith and their culture

any trace of the place they belong to  
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memories of children from those who came before  
were stolen away for ever  
by soldiers who came to take them away  
to their boarding school nightmare  
so they fell from the sky  
to this land where they die  
and the spirits move through them  
till their language was gone along with their songs  
seemed god no longer knew them  
would a painted face hide the pain of no culture

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