

The Oblation

Mean Streak

These are my last words, obituary
Now I will lay down in peace
Flickering shadows dance on the wall
On the eve of the end we stand small

At the fields of the battle
they paid with their lives
Cypress will grow, sun will rise
On the verge to oblivion
at the end of my pain
These words of mine shall remain

(In fields of battle, deliriously fighting
Others give you their lives, without doubt, without regret
Where there's cypress larvel or lily
On a plank or open field, in combat or cruel martyrdom
If the home or country asks, It's all the same
-It matters not.
Jose Rizal 1861-1896)

Save all your prayers
don't waste no tears over me
I will go on, living in your memory
In the sore when you bleed
in the air that you breathe
In the rain from the sky, I will defy

I will live on, I will forever be free
These words of mine
will travel through our history
Pass the moon and the sun
Until justice is done
Tell the truth from the lies, I will arise

In the absence of light
when the voices are silent
In the end who will know who can tell?
When tomorrow is dawning
And the daylight appears
I will bring you my last farewell