Secluded by generalities
No eyes saw them before
Exiled and damned from birth till death
Rejected by their parents
Locked up as beasts
No clergy brought their souls to bless

Never ending pain
In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
By never healing wounds

Nobody perceived the cries
No famine got appeased
In hospitals of infanticide
Killers camouflaged
As harmless pediatrist
Children found no place to hide

Never ending pain
In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
By never healing wounds

Never ending pain
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Driven to their tomb
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With excrements soiled bodies Starved by malnutrition Whooping cough and AIDS disease Now the regime is overthrown Memorials are raised But hopes to survive will freeze

Never ending pain
In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
By never healing wounds