

Arghoslent

"In Coffles They Were Led"

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Galleons prepared for the ride loaded with the nation's
raw source of labor
With not a courtesan in the swarthy bunch

So intolerably loathsome was the stench of the
kidnapped that the air was unfit for respiration
The chained turned delirious from the weight of their
fate

Their brutish tempers curbed
By ten to twenty lashes
The pain made them abate their
Courage and beliefs

In Coffles They Were Led

Their brutish tempers curbed
By ten to twenty lashes
Wrists and ankles bruised
From the weight of fetters

May Christian faith release us from this guilt
So that we may uphold our mission
May Christian faith release us from this guilt
So that we may never be led

All that is injurious to our existence must be annihilated
Someday this ruinous practice will come to haunt our
peoples and our cultures

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