

Brother Ali

"The Travelers"

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Shackles are heavy on the wrist Stacked like sardines,
belly of a ship Live in your own piss and shit and being
seasick Cracked across your back with a thick leather
whip Salt water burns through your wounds Women are
starving with babies in their wombs On your hands and
knees trying to cry God please Exhausted your voice is
too weak to speak Neighbors and strangers are dying
beside you Their decaying bodies you're tied to Cling
tight to your fight for survival Wonder if your tribe will
ever try to find you Arrive somewhere strange, the air
is cold You can see your breath and you're barely
clothed Your first time ever seeing snow Sleeping next
to it on a hard dirt floor Go from can't seeing see in the
morning to can't see at night You work till your hands
bleed white Your native language you can't recite
Murdered on sight if you try to read or write When you
bend all of your life and can't see the light It get's
painful to stand upright Right? And your eyes bear the
sight of your wife Being being pulled from your shack
and brutalized at night You only taste joy when babies
are born Which becomes an occasion to mourn
Separated, torn from your celebrating arms Then as
quickly as they came they were gone Sold away from
your farm this is all they've known Never heard stories
from home They forget your name T The culture from
which you came Teaching it'll get you slain. Praying to
your god will get you the same and tortured to near
death lest you complain No Choice left you sing
through the pain and pray that your suffering wasn't in
vain End of your chain, end of your life Your
grandchildren born with no end is sight So you muster
up all of your might And your last breath comes
out...fight This is actually true Now stop and imagine
that's you Now stop imagining unravel the truth and
ask just who is it happening to Everything that the
passenger do The driver experience too So if humanity
is one Then we all get burned when it's hell that we're
traveling through (Chorus) You've got to save my soul
Put me back together make me whole Said we don't
know which way to go Take my hand and place me on
that road (Verse 2) Trapped in a history we don't

understand Can't remember how this blood got on our
hands Never been taught about the ugly past Expecting
God not to punish man Our ancestors brought us
control We realize now that the cost was our soul Got
me feeling like an empty shell Prison guard that
inherited a cell I'm desperate to find my place
Emptiness lies behind my face Flowers only die in a
vase A heart only dies encased in a lie we call race I
hear the song but I can't sing along Something's really
wrong I can't put my finger on Terrified to admit it's
wrong Cause I'm hiding in the ruins of a legacy that still
lives on Our identity is hinged upon the miserable myth
we've been caught since we're born Until we mend
what was torn The debt of a sin lingers long after the
victim's moans This is actually true Now stop and
imagine that's you Now stop imagining unravel the
truth And ask just who is it happening to Everything that
the passenger do the driver experience too So if
humanity is one then we all get burned when it's hell
that we're traveling through (Chorus)

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