

The Arcade Fire "Haiti"

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"Haïti"

Haïti, mon pays,
Wounded mother I'll never see
Ma famille set me free.
Throw my ashes into the sea.

Mes cousins jamais n'ont
Hantent les nuits de Duvalier.
Rien n'arrête nos esprits.
Guns can't kill what soldiers can't see.

In the forest we are hiding,
Unmarked graves where flowers grow.
Hear the soldiers angry yelling,
In the river we will go.

Tous les morts-nous forment une armée
Soon we will reclaim the earth.
All the tears and all the bodies
Bring about our second birth

Haïti, never free,
N'aie pas peur de sonner l'alarme.
Tes enfants sont partis,
In those days their blood was still warm.

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