

# The Travelers

Brother Ali

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 yo  
u 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

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