

## The Captive's Wail

Ay ay ay.  
Cry in my head  
That we shared the same dream  
And broke the same earth  
And we should be broken by it  
As dirty brown rags suffocate our dream.  
Don't put a blind over my eyes  
Or pretend that I won't feel,  
Though you were the one asleep half the day  
And then was whipped to a kneel.  
Dirty brown rags are our tapestry.  
Brother, dirty brown rags are my food.  
You cannot see them for me,  
But one day you will dream them too  
And forget that you whispered, "Libertad!"  
For now as you cry in my hands  
All the strength you have is crushed by the  
Ay ay ay  
Deep slow moan of rags in the trees, our dreams  
Snapping in the wind.  
All around me  
And in front of me  
Dirty brown rags are all I see.  
    But your tears are hope.  
    I will rest my temple against  
    The chest of my brother.  
    His heart will beat for mine and  
    Together we will go on.