

# It's My Land

We forget a little easily where we come from, where we start  
It suits us to lose from time to time our memory  
When there is danger we look at our neighbor; it's weird,  
Without seeing that we may have left them too long aside.

Is there a heart that rises  
For everyone to agree?  
A heart that takes over  
Someone who comes in reinforcement ?

It is my land where I sit,  
My river, the water that I drink,  
Don't you dare touch it.  
It is my brothers around me  
My landmarks and my only voice  
Don't you dare touch it.

We feed our fears by diverting our gazes  
From our beautiful values which would only be a duty.  
And what if we learnt to take each other's hand, to see each other  
Differently than strangers who do nothing but make troubles.

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