

New Model Army, Refugee

My room is dark, and very small;
there's a place to wash at the end of the hall.
I hear strange languages through the wall,
I hear them shouting in the street below.
I listen now to anything, anything at all;
just to keep the ghosts away, not to let them come.

Lusala, she was the first to hit the ground,
running up the hill at the side of the house
One by one, in the screaming sun, my family fell,
the air alive with bullets, and the smell of fear.
Don't look back, don't look back, don't look back at all:
Their bloodied faces are here with me, now, in the room
Until the lights go out and the silence comes
don't fall asleep, don't fall asleep, just keep on running;
keep running, keep running, keep running, run, run, run . . .