

The memories of a slave



Back in the days I always dream about freedom
Morning to midnight I was praying to the sky
At a time when the world will finally welcome
My people and not an object to buy

Now all hopes are gone along with my will to fight
Where is my family, my friends and my curse tears
Maybe after all the weakest doesn't have nights
My death will only be remember by my peers

My dream of today
The reality of tomorrow
My body is okay
But my mind is sorrow

By BAISIE François & ASAITIE Cédric

We were slaves

From the shores of Africa, We were taken away

Bound in chains,

Our freedom stripped away

Torn from our families, Our homes left behind

Forced to work,

With no end in sight

But we remain strong,

Faced with this injustice

Refrain: (bis)

We were slaves,

Our lives not our own

But we rose up, And fought for our home

Oh, my Africa

I want to go home

We were slaves,

But we never gave in

Our spirit lives on,

In the fight to win

And finally be free

Working without eating

We were forced

But I harm myself with patience

Because they take advantage of our kindness

Caught by sadness

I miss my Africa

Refrain : (Bis)

By SANTE Nosica & AMAJE Carlina

Untitled by ABDOUL-REES Kelvyn

Verse 1:

I saw tears running down black faces,
Smiles hiding deep scars.
I heard tales of courage and struggle,
Voices rising for the truth to come out.

Refrain:

Black people have a strong and powerful history,
A rich and vibrant culture.
They fought for their freedom,
And broke the chains of inequality.

Verse 2:

I saw strong and resilient souls,
Spirits that don't give up.
I heard songs of revolt and justice,
Cries of solidarity and resistance.

Refrain:

Black people have a strong and powerful history,
A rich and vibrant culture.
They fought for their freedom,
And broke the chains of inequality.

Bridge :

Black history is a story of survival,
Courage, faith, resilience.
They faced insurmountable trials,
But have always known how to keep their dignity.

Refrain:

Black people have a strong and powerful history,
A rich and vibrant culture.
They fought for their freedom,
And broke the chains of inequality.

END :

Black people keep fighting for their rightful place,
So that their voice is heard, so that their life matters.
We must listen to them, support them, honor them,
And working together for a fairer and more equitable world.

Untitled by PERIERES Meissa

A painful past we can't forget,
A legacy of shame and regret,
Forced from homes across the sea,
Torn from families, no longer free.

Remembering the slaves of old,
Their stories must be told,
Their sacrifice we must uphold,
Their dignity we'll hold.

Their toil and sweat built this land,
Yet they were denied a helping hand,
Their dreams and hopes were cast aside,
Their freedom stolen, their spirits died.

Let's honor their memory,
And work towards equality,
Their suffering won't be in vain,
We'll stand together, break the chains.

