

Freedom

By Keila, Natala, and Parker

We were enslaved
We craved freedom
But we moved on
Yet we didn't
Unfair treatment
Treated like mud
Like ashes of a cigarette bud
Cold days and seeking shelter
Running and Running
To live freely
Freedom comes with stakes
And danger we can't escape
From before 1622 to 2022
They tried and cried
Dying without point
Afraid to disappoint
They tried to break us
Discrimination on the bus
No cure to this hate
Is this my fate
I wish I could run home
I feel all alone
I hum hoping somebody can hear me
And take all this worry away
I feel on display,
As I decay
I sway to the sound of hope, I pray
Answer my prayers and take me away
Anything to escape the day
I Pray, I Pray