*Song of The Butterflies*

Born on the land of   
bamboo-ed hopes  
streaming love and spirit;  
coloring their overall  
existence, they prayed   
and rallied for a better world.  
  
They lived amongst cruelty  
regime of insanity,  
freedom, lied effortlessly  
on their lips:   
  
To lose everything, but  
their pride, giants among men  
to defend their birth right  
of equality.  
  
El Jefe\*, drowning in void  
fearing loss of power  
to a universal song,   
sung by the unyielding  
butterflies.  
  
Still he proudly wore his  
crown of ignorance.  
  
And through brutality   
their lives taken away.  
  
Their wings splattered   
remembrance amongst   
their own, and opened   
the world's eyes to  
our birthright;  
  
Freedom the most beautiful song.