*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.