After reality sank in

We had spoke the language of our compatriots

Our thoughts were always as one

All things became our desires

We would not be undone

Centered around sensationalism

Reaching for the heavens and sky

Only thinking of ourselves

So that we would never die

But we became scattered

Unable to speak

In a way that could be understood

And our lofty goals

Lost the position

Of that which we thought they should

No longer the glory

We sought for ourselves

In the way so important to us

And lost we now wander

In a desolate place

Living with the rest of the unjust