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Regeneración Tlacuilolli: UCLA Raza Studies Journal

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EZTLI SÁNCHEZ

I'm the one in the borderland
From no man's land, Aztlan
My history has been pushed aside
By propaganda spitting fiends
And the wolves in lamb skin
Coming in, creeping, ready to kingpin
My city into ghettos filled with heroin packed veins
Where vultures try to take me from my roots with what they sellin'
Freedom, freedom is what they billin'
With inequities that kills us deep inside
'Cuz my soul and my mind are not accepted in this world as a person
So my people they be forcin'
Into prison institutions
Now our heads become the cell
Torture through television

I don't need to hide my soul to free myself

I was born a target, expected to fail
End up in a coffin or locked in a cell
But I prevailed with the strength of my consciousness
Revolutionary murals were the books on my past
My anger, satisfied with a stroke of a brush
But now we only listen to what the billboard teaches

Religious fanatics of what the television
teaches
Turning us into capitalist leaches
Never satisfied always lookin' for that fix of the ego or some fame
Raza realize that assimilation comes with chains!

But I don't need to sell my soul to free myself

I was born in a foreign land
Still, my native land, Aztlan
My history, I will revive
With bronze warrior brothers and malinche queens
Feel the spirit coming in and rise again
As my grandmother's heart pumps blood through my veins
We be raising arms to stop the killings
Defeating all those inequalities that kills us deep in side
Raza realize that true freedom comes with change!

All we need is soul to free ourselves