

El Viaje del Immigrante

Immigration

Is part of our Nation

If only he could come here

without complication,

Not be on the run to escape deportation;

To get I.C.E.d by the law

is not a sensation

That he ever wanted to feel

Even though he's "illegal,"

He helps life's wheel keep

spinning every day, watching

his children get carried away,

And despite the fact that it's safer to stay

We say:

"Your ticket expired, aww, poor you,"

Even though this is something

that Red, White, and Blue

was never supposed to uphold

But "this is the land of opportunity," he's told

The land where he will never be found

But, no,

America is the land of the sounds

of fear, torture, and pain

Blood splashing on the pavement like rain

And though he seeks asylum, he is perfectly sane

People just don't understand why he came
To our country from his
Like it's some sort of game;
We send him back
With his head hung in shame
Then after the fact,
We do not take the blame
For him, it is different
For us, it's the same

He did not come to seek fortune or fame
He came so he wouldn't get killed by a gang
But "he is a threat," our government claims
Our laws need to be constantly changed
We leave him in prison
Forget he is there
We send him back without thought or care
Our government isn't willing to share
the ideals for which the U.S is known

Through lies and deceit he has been shown
The true U.S
The true opportunity
Yes, he came here searching for unity
And now he is being sent home