

## **My sister and I**

### Part 2

Then art brought us back together  
Through poetic songs of truth  
While marching shouting slogans  
Found the essence of our youth

We hung posters of Guevara  
Heard long speeches of Fidel  
And the struggle of our people  
Became our conflict as well  
You fell in love for the first time  
I felt strongly betrayed  
By getting lost in my music  
I began to find my way

Always argued with the old lady  
And abandoned god above  
Singing loudly from a soap box  
With rage and love

Silence can still be an action  
Just by some other means  
Best laid plans ever changing  
New strategies, fresh schemes  
In the middle of the clamour  
I felt a need to return  
But I heard your voice on the wind  
Telling me childhood is gone