

Who's land-by Emma Werkema-Grondsma

As I sit here, in my bed
And I wait for the context that was never said, what was it meant
It wasn't the life of all immigrants
The limits that were drawn, in stolen land or someones lawn
For the freedom of speech, or they may teach
What is really happening I can tell you it's the color they may seem
This isn't very clean, because what did it mean
"If your white your right" but "If your any other it didnt matter"
Shattered pieces all over the ground
A mound of ice is towering into your town
Like lice infecting everywhere
Affecting the life of those who work hard
The card some earn the visa they yearn
The things they done that gave us a life to believe, under god but it isn't just for you
Maybe the government that says woohoo to the end of you.