**“Forced to Sin” by Emmanuel Jal**

Sometimes we find ourselves pushed to

Extremities of circumstances

Where our natural survival instincts

Governs our actions

Which forces us to do things that we

Under normal circumstances

Would consider to be

Inhuman and barbaric

But when the choices are to kill

Or be killed

Steal

Or be stolen from

Eat

Or be eaten

Then what can we do

When we are forced to sin to make a living

Forced to sin

Forced to sin to make a living

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Forced to sin to make a living

Sometimes

Sometimes you gotta lose to win

Never give up

Never give in

My dreams are like torments

My every moment

Voices in my brain

Of friends that were slain

Friends like Lual

Who died by my side from starvation

In the baron jungle

And the desert plains

Next was I...

But Jesus heard my cry

As I was tempted to eat the rotten flesh of my comrade He gave me comfort

We used to raid villages

Stealing chickens, goats and sheeps

Anything we could eat

I knew it was rude

But we needed food

And therefore I was

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Left home at the ages of seven

One year later I lived with an AK47

By my side

Slept with one eye open wide

Run

Duck

Play dead

Hide

I’ve seen my people die like fools

But I’ve never seen a dead enemy

Or at least one that I’ve killed

But still as I wonder

I won’t go under

Guns barking like lightning and thunder

As a child

So young and tender

Words I can’t forget

And still remember

As the sergeant command

Raising his hand

No retreat, no surrender

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I carry the banner of the trauma

Warchild

Child without a mama

Still fighting in the saga

Yet as I wage this new war

I’m not alone in this drama

No sita stop

As I reach for the top

I’m fully dedicated

Like a patriotic cop

I’m on to fight

Day and night

Sometimes I’m doing wrong

In order to make things right

It’s like I’m living a dream

First time I’m feeling like a human being

The children of Darfur

Your empty belly’s on the telly

Now it’s you

That I’m fighting for

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Forced to sin

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Sometimes

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My brother Lual

When you died in the jungle

I didn’t have the strength to say goodbye

My lips were dry

Even now I try

It’s hard

But I guess I’ll try

Goodbye my brother

Goodbye

Again I’m in a different war

Fighting for the children of Darfur

The children of Sudan

And the children of Africa