**“Warchild”**

**by Emmanuel Jal**

I believe I've survived for a reason to tell my story to touch lives  
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All the people struggling down there  
Storms only come for a while  
Then after a while they'll be gone  
Blessed, blessed  
  
My father was working for the government as a police man  
Few years later a hardy joined a rebel movement that was formed to fight for freedom  
I didn't understand the politics behind all this cause I was only a child  
After a while I saw the tension rising high between the Christian and the Muslim regime  
We lost our possession  
My mothers, my mother’s mothers suffered depression  
  
And because of this...I was forced to be a war child  
  
I'm a war child  
I'm a war child  
  
I believe I've survived for a reason to tell my story to touch lives (touch lives, touch lives, touch lives, touch lives, touch lives, touch lives, touch lives)  
  
I lost my father and mother in this battle  
My brothers  
All my life I’ve been hiding in the jungle  
The pain I’m cutting is too much to handle  
Whose there please till I....my candle  
Whose there anyone to hear my cry