**“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