

## Voices of change

When I think of injustice, then I think of you; I see it in your eyes so sad and hopeless.  
When I think of injustice, I just can't believe that so many walk on by and take no notice.  
Then I want to know:

Who's looking out for you?  
Who longs to be your voice?  
Who will tell the world that this oppression has to end?

Who dares have eyes to see?  
Who dares to make a choice?  
Who'll be your voice so that the world can comprehend?

When I think of injustice, then I think of you; the land where you were born is full of sorrow.  
When I think of injustice, how unfair it is, that you live without the promise of tomorrow,  
then I need to know:

Who's looking out for you?  
Who longs to be your voice?  
Who will tell the world that this oppression has to end?

Who dares have eyes to see?  
Who dares to make a choice?  
Who'll be your voice so that the world can comprehend?

I'll tell your story, you are a treasure, you are ours, you're not alone.  
I'll tell your story, I won't let go, I'll see that ev'rybody knows.

It is time that we stand up.  
It is time that we make a choice.  
It is time we became the voices of change.

*Orig. title: Laat mij jouw stem zijn*  
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