

**Dark are the cells where the locked-down young men
Face chains and fists and the ear-pounding din
Where minds fight the madness in slavery pens
And there is no light—no, there is no light.**

**Cold are the jails where the women on ice,
Pressed in by the walls to pay a blood price,
Resist with their minds the heart-crushing vise
And there is no light—no, there is no light.**

**They're hidden in hells of America's shame
Their skin's their sentence, their tongue is their blame
While Moloch lays siege to their souls and their names
But there is no light—no, there is no light.**

**The sun has gone down and chill is the night
Now they turn to you—to give them a light.**

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