

Boys No More

We were but small children, who come from afar,
To be educated – to have a good start.
Australia, the land of the free,
Oppression not heard of and respect for all creeds.
We were brothers and sisters together from birth,
We knew not our parents for we were told they were dead.

In the hands of the religious we were placed,
To look after our welfare and show us the way.
We felt separation as we drifted apart,
Some to the bush and some to the town.
Things sure are different from our homes of afar,
Some longed to go home, some ran away,
But the police would soon catch them and bring them all back to stay.

We longed for some closeness, for love and affection,
But all we got was the strap and rejection,
No one would believe when we told the truth,
Instead they chastised us and said we were rude,
Authorities shoved us away when we wept,
And said we were lying, so we had to cope with that.

We were laboured in paddocks, in mud and in heat,
To build bigger buildings we sure earned our keep,
No school was forthcoming – this we soon learnt,
Home still brought more work.

We were mere little children and wanted to play,
For this we were beaten again and again.
Come night time we were tired, can't stand on our feet,
But night was when true fear begun,
For you knew that soon would be your turn,
To go to brother alone – in his DEN.

Now we are men and frightened no more,
We are fighting for justice and to let the world know,
That we have been victims of sexual abuse,
Of physical beating and slave labour too
Our childhood was stolen; our fate has been doomed,
Yes you stole us from our parents and twisted the truth.

It's time that you paid for the wrong you have done,
No counselling, no meetings, all this we have done
We want recognition for being used as slaves
And to go through the whole nightmare again
Our talking is finished; our hearts are still sore,
We ask now for justice for we are Boys NO More.