

Mexico in my Heart

Luis Angel López

Land of ferocious warriors who were formed in your bosom,
great temples were raised toward the sun in your honor.

A spirit of fire kindles in your heart;
it is the eagle that I now see ascending high.

You are our Mother, our Father land, our Mexico!

Your skies cried that sorrow in your soul,
when one day a stranger killed your sons.
The impotent knight who claimed your soil
stained your heart without pity nor mercy.

That Noche Triste that your eyes never forget,
will remain in your heart forever...

Enough of so much injustice! Slavery won't last long,
feelings of Father Hidalgo, before a nation and its torture.

Foolish conquerors who weren't capable of understanding us.
They concealed their crimes behind the Catholic facade of New
Spain,
and thus three centuries they condemned us for being different.
Is it perhaps a sin to have dark skin or an alien religion?
And at the cry of Viva México your Independence began.

The colony now lost, my country lived in chaos.
Dictators fighting for power
to enrich themselves at the expense of the ignorant poor
was the cause of more wars and foreign invasions.

What a madness! What cynicism!
Selfish men who govern us for their own profit.

How many times your valleys and mountains
have seen the blood of Mexicans who have fought in your battles.
Always with their head held high, defending your Flag,
with great courage, bravery and love your men have died.

Why does gold blind and corrupt governments?
Why do the oppressed have to fight,
demanding their rights and freedom of speech?
Why does the word Revolution exist in your history?

The train smoke goes away,
and a new era begins.
With hope in our hearts we welcome it,
for your fate is already written in the sky.

As the sun sinks in the seas that caress your beaches,
I am leaving behind this hot land's road,
worn by many people before.
I feel my tears descending down my cheeks,
when I remember you and realize that I will be far away.

I would like to turn around and go back.
But a single thought and the strength of my being stop me,
when I hear a sound that resounds in my ears,
it is the volcanoes' roar, announcing your name to the world.