

Alexander Spiller

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8th hour



The Rising of Heroes  
Their land, stolen from them  
Their rights, stolen from them  
Their dignity stripped away  
Life was never the same

Forced into the jobs that were looked down upon  
Hard days, hard nights, rising before dawn  
However, there was no gratitude  
Ungrateful, only given a bad attitude



But heroes rose  
Souls made of gold  
Working in the field day and night  
Standing up for what they think is right

They organized a group to stand by them  
Planting a new seed and building the stem  
Marching from east to west to north to south  
All to show what they were truly about



And heroes rose  
Souls made of gold  
Fighting for what was stolen from them decades ago  
Fighting for the future generations smile to have a glow

They overcame their obstacles as they fought  
Leaving behind life changing messages as they taught  
Breaking boundaries in places that seemed to be impossible  
They made those bridges crossable

However, the fight is not over  
The bigotry is still alive  
This generation strives for the day that it shall die  
And when that day comes, tears of joy we will cry



And Heroes will continue to rise  
Until the day has come  
Until the day where we have won  
Heroes will continue to rise  
And their legacies shall never die

