



Erasmus+



From Symbols to Symphonies

Viersen, Germany - February 2017

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European Year
of
cultural
heritage
2018

knowledge sustainable resource society
empowerment creativity
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environment
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community significance excellence roots cohesion
benefits participation diversity identity principles
dialogue conservation economy remembrance inheritance future
people nature awareness

#EuropeForCulture

2018

REFUGEES – BRIAN BILSTON

They have no need of our help
So do not tell me
These haggard faces could belong to you or me
Should life have dealt a different hand
We need to see them for who they really are
Chancers and scroungers
Layabouts and loungers
With bombs up their sleeves
Cut-throats and thieves
They are not
Welcome here
We should make them
Go back to where they came from
They cannot
Share our food
Share our homes
Share our countries
Instead let us
Build a wall to keep them out
It is not okay to say
These are people just like us
A place should only belong to those who are born there
Do not be so stupid to think that
The world can be looked at another way



Pause (read backwards – see next page)

The world can be looked at another way
Do not be so stupid to think that
A place should only belong to those who are born there

These are people just like us

It is not okay to say

Build a wall to keep them out

Instead let us

Share our countries

Share our homes

Share our food

They cannot

Go back to where they came from

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Cut-throats and thieves

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Should life have dealt a different hand

These haggard faces could belong to you or me

So do not tell me

They have no need of our help



I FLEE

I flee – Ich flüchte - Huyo

You flee – du flüchtest - Huyes

We and everybody flee – wir und alle flüchten – Nosotros y todos los demás huimos

Because of war – vor Krieg – A causa de la guerra

Because of violence - vor Gewalt – A causa de la violencia

Escape of death – Flucht vor dem Tod – Escapar de la muerte

Escape of a dark, cruel future – Flucht vor einer dunkelen, grausamer Zukunft – Escapar de la oscuridad y futuro cruel

No way back – Kein Weg zurück – No hay vuelta atras

The fear of the way forwards – die Angst vor dem Weg nach vorn' – El miedo del camino restante

We are fleeing from ourselves – Wir flüchten vor uns selbst – Estamos huyendo de nosotros mismos

And fleeing from others – und vor anderen – Y huyendo de los otros.



Song: Did you see the boy?

Did you see the boy
lonely, crying in his bed?

Blood on his toy
Pictures in his head
But he didn't know why (x4)

His fears (they've become real)
His tears (they're his father's)
His years (they're his friends)

His mother (she died)
His father (he tried)
But they all died
And nobody cried
Nobody cried

Oh, nobody cried (x2)
(bridge)

His fears (his fears)
His tears (his tears)
His years (nobody saw)
His mother (nobody missed)
His father (nobody kissed)
(bridge)

But we remember them (x4)



Lágrimas

¿Has visto a ese niño?

Con lágrimas en los ojos,

Sangre en su camisa,

Imágenes en su cabeza

Y no sabe por qué.

Sus miedos se han hecho reales,

Allí están las lágrimas de sus padres,

Su mujer murió.

Nadie sabe cuando fue la última vez que sonrió,

Nadie cometió una falta,

Ni siquiera si eran inocentes,

Se sentía como si lo hubieran hecho todo mal.

¿Has visto a ese niño?

¿Con esa sonrisa en su cara?

Sus lágrimas se han ido,

Sus ojos brillan,

Su padre ríe,

Están a salvo,

Lejos de la muerte,

De la guerra,

De las lágrimas.



Live On

I was once a small girl who had no hope in life
Living in agony, why is war so rife?
So many lives were dead on the street
My time had not come to get hit or get beat.

Bayonets and bullets were taking control
and were starting to take and reach out to my soul
I had no hope or strength left in me
and wanted to go and jump into the cold ocean sea

I heard a sudden crackle in the dark
It was like a bite in my shoulder from a mighty old shark
but suddenly in the distance I felt some hope
and maybe I can find the courage to cope

I travel to a land I know not of
I am flying high like a white peaceful dove
All the bad memories are fading away
but there is one remembrance which will never stray

Yes, I am thankful for the life I have been given
but that specific memory shall never be forgiven
My food and water can vanish from earth
but my parents they had raised me from birth

I must live my life happy and free
Not live it in terror just wanting to flee
but that being said I can't forget the pain
I'll just stare at the window trickling down with rain.



Emotion

There was once a Syrian girl, young and confident
living in the unwelcome, unworthy, wasteful land of Syria.
Treated like servants without an appetite of food or water,
yet, no one used their voice to express such matter.

Everyday was a mystery, even with doubt.
The journey that she took upon, only drifted her soulless feet above her head.
Dragged upon, side to side, like dirt by such great power.
The feelings misguided towards what society is turning into.
She prays for her one and only saviour, despite not receiving a reply, she hopes!

The gathered emptiness in her heart are never replaced.
Forever still, forever broken, forever irreplaceable.
True love is hard to find, yet sometimes forbidden.
Times are hard, but government harder.
Safety is key, but the key has been broken.

The only hope of living another life,
is to create a new one safe elsewhere.
Tear drops fall, faces are pale, people are dying quickly.



Prisionera

Solo estoy sentada,
mi cabeza duele.
Oigo niños gritando y llorando,
veo gente matando y gente
muriendo.
Siento en mi rostro el humo que
voló
de las casas ardiendo.

Solo estoy sentada,
pensamientos abordan mi mente.
No quiero pensar en nada
de lo que sé,
nada a mi alrededor,
pero todo se mueve.

Pensamientos sobre cada cara
donde solo estoy sentada.
En una atmosfera que estas
determinadas
por muerte, violencia y
desesperación.

Solo estoy sentada
y nadie lo ve.
Soy prisionera de mi propia
mente.
Soy prisionera de mi propia vida.

Prisoner

I'm just sitting,
my head hurts.
I hear children screaming and
crying,
I see people kill and people dying.
I feel the ash in my face that rose
from the burning homes.

I'm just sitting,
thoughts overload my mind.
There's nothing I want to think
about, nothing I know,
nothing around me,
although everything moves.

Thoughts on every face
where I'm just sitting.
In an atmosphere of death,
violence and desperation.

I'm just sitting,
no-one sees.
I'm a prisoner of my own mind.
I'm a prisoner of my own life.

Gefangene

Ich sitze nur,
mein Kopf tut weh.
Ich höre Kinder schreien und
weinen,
Ich sehe Menschen töten und ich
sehe Menschen sterben.
Ich fühle die Asche von den
abgebrannten Häusern in meinem
Gesicht.

Ich sitze nur,
Gedanken überfordern meinen
Verstand.
Es gibt nichts, worüber ich
nachdenken möchte,
es gibt nichts, was ich noch weiß,
es gibt nicht mehr um mich
herum,
trotzdem gibt es keine Ruhe.

Meine Gedanken kämpfen mit
Allem, was hier passiert,
an dem Ort, an dem ich nur sitze,
Tod, Gewalt, Verzweiflung.

Ich sitze nur und niemand sieht.
Ich bin ein Gefangener meines
Verstands.
Ich bin ein Gefangener meines
eigenen Lebens.



Empiezo de Cero

Empiezo de cero, vuelvo a la línea de salida,
pero esta vez, sabiendo que la meta sí que existe.
Un nuevo libro en el que escribir una nueva historia,
cambiando lágrimas y sufrimiento por sonrisas y alegrías.
Sí, un nuevo comienzo es todo lo que necesito.

Everything is a new beginning and I return to the start line,
but this time, knowing that the finish line exists.
A new book to write a new story in,
changing tears and suffering into smiles and happiness.
Yes, a new start is all I need.

Todas las esperanzas que se iban perdiendo en el camino,
son encontrados al llegar al nuevo destino.
Pero se empieza de cero, se vuelve a la línea de salida
pero esta vez, sabiendo que la meta sí existe.
Un nuevo libro en el que escribir una nueva historia,
cambiando lágrimas y sufrimiento por sonrisas y alegrías.
Sí, un nuevo comienzo es todo lo que necesitan.



Jedes Bisschen Hoffnung, das auf dem Weg verloren gegangen ist,
ist wieder da, sobald die Menschen ihr neues zuhause erreichen
und an einer neuen Startlinie stehen.
Und diesmal wissen sie, dass die Ziellinie existiert.
Ein neues Buch, um eine neue Geschichte hinein zu schreiben.
Die Tränen und das Leid zu Freude, zu Lachen und Glück zu machen.
Ein Neustart, ja, ist was wir brauchen.

Every lost hope on the way is found
when the person arrives at his new home.
They return to the start line, a new beginning,
but this time, knowing that the finish line does exist.
A new book to write a new story in,
changing tears and suffering into smiles and happiness.
Yes, a new start is all they need.

Song: Devil's gonna make me a free man

The Devil's going to make me a free man
The Devil's going to set me free (x4)
I've been walking this road for 20 days
I've seen my fair share of hardened days
It seems that I've travelled a thousand ways
But at this point I'm lost in my maze
And we've tried so many different ways.
That I'm starting to doubt what things my father says.

Lately I've been feeling awfully cold
So this is my story here told
Shame it ends at 50 years old.
However it seems that

The Devil's going to make me a free man
The Devil's going to set me free x2

Although the people here are nice
My solution for pain is whiskey on ice
And no matter how hard my father tries
I just want to rid of my human ties
So,

The Devil's going to make me a free man
The Devil's going to set me free x2

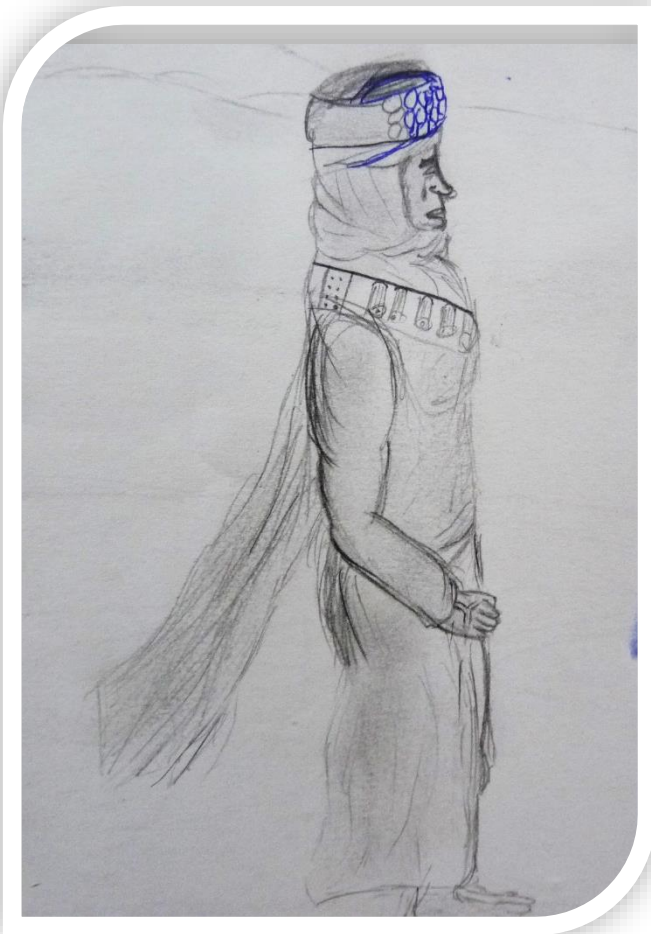
I've hardly time for me now
All I hear is 'Arbeit, Arbeit, Arbeit'
However I guess that's alright
But only for now
I wish I could be me somehow
But I guess my time's run out

Lately I've been feeling awfully cold
So this is my story here told
Shame it finishes at 50 years old
The Devil's going to make me a free man
The Devil's going to set me free x4



Three sips, three hopes or memories – bitter, sweet, soft

A stranger came by and he said he brings good news. He was dripping with sweat and looked exhausted, so I invited him in. I asked for his name but he didn't reply, he looked occupied looking around the room, but for what? Suddenly, he dropped on my pillow and gave a sigh of relief replying with, Ahmed, which I guessed was his name. I started the tea ceremony. Suddenly Ahmed told me that the Spanish people are leaving us. Then the ceremony began.



Bitter as life,

Sweet as love,

Soft as death,

Bitter as life,

With a freeing emptiness

With a consuming spiciness

With a saddening loneliness

Sweet as love,

Let pity's heart as tender be

Each valuable memory

Tying families together

With love forever

Soft as death,

There is no life after death

So now you rest

So save your breath

You are now at peace

We were lacking knowledge,

We now understand the agony.

Education is a Place for Determination

But no-one understands the definition behind discrimination.

Life has many challenges to defeat, but no-one can survive.

Justice must be fought, but we are never taught to demand.

We are taught to be independent, but we can never depend on the future.

The deep feelings of loneliness is my only emotion.

If only my ocean of devotion could reflect me.

Feelings start to distinguish, our humanity starts to demolish.

We strive for change but it's out of range.

If only there was a chance, an advance for future aspirations.

What's the inspiration of life, this mystical journey that awaits us?

We drive this journey to live and to save not grave.



Questions and Answers

What is immigration itself?

Immigration is liberation in most cases, because once a person migrates they begin to feel free and unchained. Of course, sometimes this could be a lie and in reality people may feel the same way in their new world.

Immigration is an idea that we have created, and our lives would be far simpler without such a label, because immigration coincides with discrimination, and when these two link it causes problems that shouldn't be there.

Instead, we should think of ourselves as people of the world rather than people of a certain region or country, this could lead us to become accepting, meaning discrimination wouldn't be the problem that it is.

In all honesty, we are all immigrants - our ancestors have travelled and migrated far and wide, trying to find their future family a safe home. We, ourselves, may not always know what has happened in our families' pasts. You may have the blood of an immigrant.

Why does immigration happen?

There are many reasons as to why people decide to migrate - some might say that they are running away and others may say that they are seeking something. They could be running away from discrimination and instability or they could be trying to find safety and security.

What are some problems an immigrant could face entering a new country?

Sometimes an immigrant could feel that they have escaped a hell and entered a new one. This could be because ignorant thoughts cross through ignorant minds. These outspoken individuals spread their rotting views upon others, not caring how they feel, not caring what they have gone through.

Discrimination is often hidden behind false smiles and open arms. Many people think differently to their words, which may sound nice and inviting. Discrimination can be found in the lacking of equal opportunities, such as work. The inability of finding work or a future, how a person's hopes may be completely crushed and shattered.

Here, we speak of immigration and our perspectives of what an immigrant could be going through and what being an immigrant consists of. In all reality, some will understand and may have gone through the same struggles as an immigrant, although we can't expect everyone to know what goes through the mind of someone who has entered a new country for the long term.

We are here to share what we know, what we have learned, and our own experiences in the format of questions and answers. In the end, you may have disagreed with some of the things that we have mentioned, you may find your experiences different to the ones we have spoken of, but you must try to put yourself in the shoes of a person who walks another path.

We are not all as different as we seem, we simply have to see through somebody else's eyes, maybe then we will be able to discover that we are all people of the world.

Palabras / Words

¿Qué es una voz? ¿Es solo el aire acariciando las cuerdas vocales para producir un sonido? No, es la corriente sanguínea que transporta palabras, sentimientos e ilusiones hacia el corazón de las mentes abiertas.

¿Y qué hacen las palabras? Vuelan rápido como balas y tienen la capacidad de movilizar miles de personas hacia un mismo objetivo solo con ser pronunciados. Ni el desgarrador sonido de las bombas consigue silenciarlas.

Everybody talks about the power of words, but nobody uses them as weapons in the right way. Why? Porque se cree que son únicamente necesarias para uno mismo. Somos incapaces de concebir que alguien más podría necesitarlas, y por eso, ignoramos el hecho de que alguno no tienen el valor para pronunciarlas, quedando reducidas a cenizas sus grandiosas ideas.

Because of a fire triggered by badly intended arrows, self-esteem burns completely until fading out and leaving all valuable things behind. A causa de un fuego avivado por flechas impregnadas de malas intenciones, la autoestima arde hasta extinguirse totalmente, dejando devastado todo aquello en lo que valía la pena creer. La falta de calor congela la libertad de expresión. Muere del frío, oprimida por el famoso “¿qué dirán?” Convirtiéndose en un blanco fácil que provoca la destrucción de uno mismo.

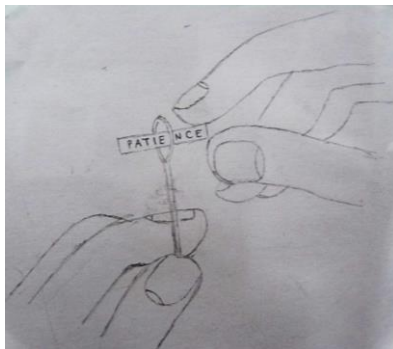
What no one can re-build, what no one can re-make, it can be done. Ideas coming up from the deepest well. Lo que es casi imposible de reconstruir. A pesar de ello, se puede lograr. Ideas que emergen del oscuro pozo del silencio.

En ese momento, impones tus propios límites. ¿Hasta dónde puedes llegar? La única respuesta es intentar esquivar todo lo que pueda herirte. Habiendo experimentado cuan duras son la envidia y maldad humana.

We had thought to expose our own conclusions, but it's better to do it for yourself after listening to us. Also if you want to know our opinion, it's very simple: We need to change. Teníamos pensado exponer nuestras propias conclusiones, pero qué mejor que lo hagáis vosotros mismos tras habernos escuchado. Aunque si queréis saberla, la opinión es simple, necesitamos cambiar.

We need to change.

Necesitamos cambiar.



Song: Alemania

Verse 1:

We're all in this place far from home
Getting told off in a language we barely know
We sat watching the rain turn to snow
In that moment I knew I didn't wanna go

Bridge

You're the one thing that's always made sense
You were there when my life got tense
When rivers and rain don't flow
You're the one thing I won't let go

Chorus

One day we'll come back to this place
See the lights of the city that we embraced
And I know that lights don't always glow
But with you I know I won't be alone

Verse 2

All of the friends we made, we'll see them again someday
They put their trust in me, telling things the world wasn't meant to see
That meant a lot you know? And I'll never let that go
Just like these memories that'll never fade away

Bridge

Chorus

Verse 3

Goddamn it was cold
Clowning round then getting told
It's too late to be outside
So we ran away to hide
We thought it was easy
And frankly it was pretty breezy
That doesn't change the fact it was the best week of my life

Chorus X3





This anthology is a collation of some of the work produced during the two-year project 'From Symbols to Symphonies' which was funded by Erasmus+ in 2016-2018. The project focused on 'Human Mobility' as part of the 2018 European Year of Cultural Heritage.

Queen Katharine Academy in Peterborough, United Kingdom, IES Enrique Díez Canedo in Badajoz, Spain and Albertus Magnus Gymnasium in Viersen, Germany took part in the project and students studied the Syrian refugee crisis, the Sahrawi stateless refugees as well as European immigration and the plight of Roma people.

We hope that this anthology helps you to understand the learning journey that we have taken during this project, and that it helps you to reflect on the difficult journeys that people around the world take every day in search of a safe, secure home for themselves and their families.

In the words of our young poets and composers:

You must try to put yourself in the shoes of a person who walks another path.

Education is a place for determination:

We drive this journey to live and to save – not grave.

We are not all as different as we seem,

we simply have to see through somebody else's eyes,

maybe then we will be able to discover that we are all people of the world.

A new book to write a new story in,

changing tears and suffering into smiles and happiness.

Yes, a new start is all they need.

We were lacking knowledge,

We now understand the agony.

That doesn't change the fact it was the best week of my life.