My picture is of the no-clueless slave who burned blacks and, in the music I heard a wish for
freedom and a crying out of all their pain they had endured. I also showed a pair of chained
hands being hit by a rope. That was the slaves' pain they had to endure. In the music, I heard, no
cry for vengeance, but a plea for mercy. I heard how wrong it was that people were treated badly
though they had committed some horrible crime that needed to be punished. Must be theirs born.