

**"The Highest Price"**  
**Guatemala**

Showing up at the border with no documents comes at a price  
Higher than your house, your blood, your heaven.  
It's more than the cash you carry in your wallet,  
And way higher than what you look and hope for.  
You'll leave a debt to your children, siblings, and parents,  
To the stars that shine in the night, to our birds and our volcanoes.  
You'll be so much in debt; you'll owe them your life:  
The Sundays hanging out in the square, the cornfield's furrows,  
The spring water, and the dreams that inspire you,  
The sea, the reflected moon, and the air you breathe.

You and I are this country,  
You and I are its future,  
We are all Guatemala,  
Hear the Quetzal's song.  
This land's seed  
Will grow if you stay.  
We are all Guatemala,  
Hear the Quetzal's song.

The voices that tell you that the border is open  
Are trying to trick you, they're siren calls.  
The voices of coyotes and other criminal gangs,  
Hungry vultures that profit from our misfortunes  
And sell lies: that the journey is very easy,  
The river is just a puddle, and there are cabs in the desert.  
Don't fall into their hands nor under their yoke,  
If you give them your children today, you'll mourn tomorrow.  
The present remains here, and we build it together.  
This is our country, and our future is here.

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