

S'efforcer

Whipped and bedraggled
Were the sons and daughters of Afrique
Shipped over as if cargo
Oppressed as if dogs. Brutalized. Beat.

Dreamed of by so many
To be free, oh to be free
For it was hoped for the future
What a luxury it would be.

Early morning start
Of another dreaded day
Farming. Cooking. Cleaning
All for no damn pay

We're all mortals
Why behave like were not?
If only, if only
We knew when it would all stop?

But 'till that day that we can rest
Then our job on sacred earth will be done
Helping each other, making our society strong
My brothers and sisters would prove our ancestors, who knew only captivity, wrong...

Chimdi

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