

# Nomzamo

I.Q.

Look beyond the colour  
Past the covering on us, to see what we are  
Turn the faded pages  
The mark we leave on history, is what we are Every country is part of us  
Irrespective of the one where we grew up  
Yes, you are my sister  
Though we never shared a home, that's what you are And your eyes keep shining in the darkness  
Defying all the chains, that's what you are  
Home for the homeless, hope for the hopeless  
Between the lines on your face, I can read  
Nomzamo, Nomzamo They of the silk white breast, seemingly proud  
They are so much more less on the day of the vow  
Here's a woman who is tired and weary  
Leading resistance and still laying wreathes How can we stand by and watch this happen?  
Is this the justice we preach  
It seems too much to ask for an equal, peaceful living In a land of screams, stinging tears and broken smiles  
Following through all extremes  
'One who will suffer many trials'  
Is this a land to inherit? Crumbs on the table, the segregated people starve  
With gleeful oppression, the mindless procession  
Cast nonchalance out of their cars Somewhere, sometime we pay  
For the crimes we incessantly do  
If we believe, that we are what we leave  
I left a hope, what did you? Reeling from punches which leave them winded  
Reeling from laws which should be rescinded now  
Nomzamo, Nomzamo

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