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 areEvery 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 areAnd 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, NomzamoThey 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 wreathesHow can we stand by and watch this happen?
Is this the justice we preach
It seems too much to ask for an equal, peaceful livingIn 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 carsSomewhere, 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Reeling from laws which should be rescinded now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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