

Letter of Concern to Africa

The pain of birth

Oh does it hurt

It hurts my womb

It hurts my heart and soul

When birth becomes a curse

O sweet mouth of Africa

Open up and scream

Scream Africa

Scream your pain with rain

Scream for strong crops

And a lot of money

O large eyes of Africa open up and see

Your children suffer and their children suffer

Your children bleed

O strong arms of Africa grab hold of your continent

Why must you give up, Africa?

Flourish old mother and be kind

O legs of steel and gold stomp into the lands

Your diamond fingers scratch and bleed out the filth rebirth your lands clean

O generous mother, why are you naive

Do you not see the curse?

Do you not feel the pain and anguish of your children?

Of your fighters

Of your mothers who bleed and give, birth just as you once did

Only to lose

One of us is suffering, mother

All of us are suffering, mother

We suffer, you suffer mother

Mother you suffer and we suffer

Look at your people

Look at your countries

Look at your past

Spirits of the slave, be still

Flesh of my flesh be still

Blood of my blood be still

O beautiful, dark, unhappy mother, forgive

Look at your present

Wicked governments and their rebels who slaughter the innocent and ruin the lands to sand

Greedy, murderers, rapist, plunderers

Rid of them

An eye for an eye

Forgiveness will not suffice this time

O Africa

Make it free to call it home

Make us free to look upon it as home

O Africa

How you suffer and we suffer with you