

They chained, they trained with bull whips

They hosed, then posed showing only white tips of mountainous wrong

Tear gas blasted, dogs barked,

Up the roots that could not be weeded out

They burnt, lynched and marked

But Marx stated that exploitation would forge a revolution

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The revolt will not be as revolting as the stimulus

Panthers catch pigs to reclaim their status

No maliciousness, just justice

How can you label the terrorised, terrorists?

They are martyrs of the white sin of black skin

Heroines beating the heroine shipped in to weaken the power found in melanin

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It's a shame unreasonable hate is allowed to devour blood lines at picnics,

Soon young blue eyes will question, 'what are we fighting for?'

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Was our land plucked of people and resource?

Treated callously with no remorse?

Brainwashed fetuses through maternal pores?

Were our rights not endorsed?

Halts put on our recourse?

No

Yet the air still tastes of pork

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Black fist break through blockades of poor education, housing & healthcare

Free buses, churches & ambulances covered with panther paw prints, They could never rinse them

Wordless tours from China to Cuba, Broadcasting an art of survival

Consisting of pictures, The stories that would not be told

How long before it is installed in the western syllabus

Let the children read "Willie Lynch" as well as "How to kill a mockingbird"

Because rhetoric will never meet the hues of truth

This story doesn't hide in hieroglyphic strokes

These pictures are telling a thousand stories

They only need you to look,

For them to be provoked

