

Teller Of Truths

Dear Reader

Oh Shaka, your mother
Is not the first mother to die
Oh Shaka, my brother
Can you hear me now, will you see the light?

You've sentenced all expecting mother and their husbands to be
killed
That no one should experience the pain that you currently feel
But there's no sense in that
No, there's no sense in that
Can you hear your people weeping now?

Shaka, great Father
You're the apple of our eyes
Oh Shaka, my brother
Can you hear me now, will you see the light?

You've sent the cattle to their graves and killed the farmers i
n their fields
And thousands more for not displaying adequately how they feel
And there's no milk in the land
No, there's no milk in the land
Can you hear your people weeping now?

Shaka
Your mother
Is not the first mother to die
Can you hear your people weeping now oh?