

## 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?