

So much dirt laying beneath the sand  
Pioneers subject to jungle justice foreign lands  
Issues so immense you couldn't fully comprehend  
The extent of what our ancestors fought against  
Enter the dawn of the millenium like rays of light still blinded by the over  
flowing effects being colonialised  
Polynesian ain't even a label we made up  
We were given names by the civilised discoveries  
How can you discover what we always knew to be?  
Then plant their flag on our land like its aborigine  
Our people were passed around by distant powers  
Like we deserved no say in what was given to our elders  
We marched in peace for Samoa to be self- governed  
A small request after so much we had already suffered  
Yet our peace was meet by metallic thorns  
Attempting to halt the movement  
Instead highlight the cause  
Talk of world terrorism and anthrax scares  
Germ warfare originated in Samoa by influenza undeclared  
3rd of the population deceased and assasination  
Samoa mo Samoa created on string foundations  
Ruthless tactics undercover labelled civilised  
Hidden beneath your ploy  
But scream savage in your eyes  
Cause we detecting stealth progression  
In the system exploiting our giving  
Yet still denies  
From the Islands to Aotearoa the new issues arise  
Yet still run parallel to those of years gone by  
Misuse of good nature by the royal symbols  
Abuse the people then ship them back  
Keep it cheap and simple  
Treated less than criminals cause we all look the same  
Just tools of instrumentation in political games  
Clear the streets in search escaping to some peace  
Asked I.D cause we maybe overstaying our lease  
Early morning wake ups. I hear the arrival of the squad  
Terrorising our communities  
Door to door like the mob  
Conditions are harsh factories a cold with long hours  
Poltical powers playing the migrants out sour  
You claim to be civilised but savage is how your games run  
Lost visionz reconnected via the sattellite of tongue  
Here's an insight to a time  
You got to step back to before the springbok tours  
Social circumstance conditioned minds had to adapt to survive  
Our people at the frontlines  
Maori response a resistance formed to challenge the system  
Nga Tamatoa had heads on the line  
Maori language they petitioned  
Suffered they did ignorant of implications ostracised  
Against what they knew was wrong  
For what they knew was right  
Blood shed flowing tears bearing scars from the years can't even explain the  
entirety of what they did  
Connections piercedof the past and to the land  
Wounded links between those gone and who now stand

We do remember (Bastion Point)  
We do remember (Parihaka)  
We do remember (Waitangi)  
We do remember  
Comprehend the 10 seconds before  
Because the line is never straight  
And it ain't ever what you saw  
Wouldn't you call them soldiers?  
Wouldn't you bow your head?  
Wouldn't you raise your hands?  
Instead of closing your ears  
Wouldn't you seek the knowledge?  
Wouldn't you wake the dead?  
Wouldn't you applaud the cause?  
Instead of fearing what is

Correct these lyrics

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