

Soul Is Heavy

Nneka

Naija in the loud and roudy of my world
there is a secret place where I find myself,
can I find you?
Biafra, the noise of horns of thirsty nigerians,
of hustlers, of mothers confront me as I walk pass
Lagos, in prayer contemplation, like a ghost
I feel the sorrow of a many,
still I do not know how much pain it takes
Naija, I walk the island, I walk the mainland,
I see diversity, I smell capacity but still we suffer, why?

I am, the voice of Isaac Boro,
I speak Ken Saro Wiwa
I am, the spirit of Jaja of Opobo,
fight for right, for our freedom
You? A power hungry class of army arrangements,
stealing money in my country's plight
A soldier pretending to be a politician,
you teacher who no nothing do not teach
me lies

Naija, generators wake from my self pity,
no time to waste like okana, really hits
Naija, for too long we have surrendered
to the ignorance of ourself defense in you
we have failed
America, how far must we walk in calamity in suppression,
how long would take for you to love Naija
As I sit here i want to live,
there are so many plans for you but still I can't deliver

Stealing money, in my country's plight
You're stealing money in my country's plight

Great mother my respect for you is in depht
my fear od death for you might kill me
Fallen lucifer, percieve wahala,
as we embrace you with change,
you stay selfish fundamental
Black Africa, we still survive,
we still will rise for the world needs us to be America?
This soul is heavy, the little you have left to me,
I charge to function in your madness
I am.. in your madness