And the struggle goes on

Some say the earth

Will keep on turning

Dread times are near

And I'm not joking I a warning

As we continue that same old moaning

The chosen race just keep on begging yeh

And I wanna know who's responsible?

They don't give a damn no

Mother's joy turn to
Pain and hollering
Weeping for their babes and sucklings
Spirits of the innocent wandering
Sufferation everlasting
But I wanna know who's responsible?
They don't give a damn no

Oh Papa dem chest keeps on burning
Fist clench tight a grit dem teeth
And blood is boiling
The price is high yet they keep on paying
The little bundles of love
They are all missing
And I wanna know who's responsible?
They don't give a damn no

Brothers and sisters
This plight we're facing
Get involved problems to solved
Yourselves concerning
Divided we are so
One by one we are falling
The front line of the battle is hottest
Your duties calling
I demand to know who's responsible?
They don't give a damn no

Talking down south Atlanta killings Talking down south Deptford bombings Talking down south Azania coming

They'll cut your hearts out
And I'm not joking
Turn no blind eye brothers be willing
Yeh the front line of the battle is hottest
Your duties calling