

In the heart of the land of creation
Grows a threat which cannot be healed
Efforts soar to restore generations
Grave results give this outbreak the nail

The growing devastation
Bring human extinction
This plague aims at our weakness

Predetermined sky
Cradles fall into pine for the mourning
Wailing cries blend endless each day
Poverty proves more than a lifestyle

Sympathy can not sure disease
This plague aims at our weakness
Predetermined sky; blind eye
Saw a man on the streets of Lusaka
Selling coffins to a passer bye

How can we live in a world that lets millions die
How can we live with such a tragic side
How can we live in a world that lets millions die,
That lets millions cry, that lets us agonize
Show us the way to terminate
Immersed in all our dust is the mother world