

i am in prisoned inside my head
the cry of the young's blood
wails in soweto tarmac
and they say it is the day of youth
ah they write history
as though it was their story
in a land without the cloth of truth
i'm told mbuyiswa stopped at the kalakuta republic
and nhlanhla too
but then the road
nobody knows
except that today
bloody memory is youth day
in a country that is truth
denied