

### A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD

From the mountain high  
 Came a stare into the beauty  
 A beauty--muddled in a fountain of blood  
 Blood forcefully gushing into the air  
 Even a passionate hand couldn't feel  
 At the peak came the drindle  
 But energy, a freedom cry, let it be--another rise  
 To its midst, bullets of oppression rocked by  
 Many, many, many fall  
 To their utter--Africa's belly turns  
 As another, another victim lies  
 In her bitterness, the singing, the dancing  
     of those left to continue  
 Resurrects a smile, a hope!

A continuous chain crackling sounds now haunt the land  
 A far--a shadow yawns--to a glitter  
 Echoing the freedom that once was  
 Gone, gone--now four centuries  
 Never, never forget--1652  
 From then on, our sweat, our blood, our sorrows  
     our sufferings--fueled what's to be !  
 But with anger, we've watched our fall--our humiliation  
 Our strongest silenced--Shaka Zulu, Mandela, Biko  
 Yet their spirits, live in the arteries  
 Now rising with energetic glow  
 Shinning sky high, but harmonizing those inhumane  
 hearts  
 Holding on the eleventh hour's dawn  
 Is there anything to salvage came the whisper?  
 But cracking thunder now lay open apartheid roots  
 Soon to crumble in the Afrikaanerdoom belly  
 So freedom can be!