

PRIME MINISTER

Prime Minister Malan!
I spoke the deepest words
I had to say to you;
But you showed me your colour.
That is why I laughed at you
Louder than ever before.

Prime Minister Verwoerd!
I spoke to you the truest words
I had to say to you;
But shame me with your homelands
That is why I reacted,
Stronger than never before.

Prime Minister Vorster!
I used the most precious words
I had to say to you;
But you denied me all except oxygen.
That is why I picked up my bow and arrow,
To defend my property and heritage.

Prime Minister Botha!
I humbly brought my pain to you,
At the Geneva round-table;
But you so rudely handled my pain.
That is why I fired the gun.
To unveil sorrow and pain.

Mister Nationalist Party!
When I say I fight you for all time,
You cry for 'peace' scattering the last drops of your pride.
That is why I hold my head high;
And fearlessly come into your midst
To show I am human too.

Mister Broederbond!
When I call for boycotts and sanctions
Cowardness appears on your trembling lips.
That is why I boast of my moral strength.
Your constant fear keep my moral fresh forever
To regain what my heart and hands have lost.

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