

Rez Band, Afrikaans

I hear gunfire, see the blood run, feel the rage,
I see a black man, see a coloured man in a cage,
The sweat of miners digging diamonds,
Digging graves to feed the boss-man, to feed his family, to feed his slaves,
Men are cursing, women praying for release, but when a white man kills one of "them"
From Capetown to Pretoria, to Johannesburg, there is a crying of people dying that can be heard,
I hear the gunfire, see the blood run, smell the fear,
You lock your minds up, shut the curtains, you close your ears.

Forget the black man, neglect his baby, ignore his hell,
We need apartheid to keep the animal in his cell,
You sweep the pavement, shine the buildings, display the maid,
You say "Republic", I say, "Blind man, it's a cage,"
God makes the colour, but the colour doesn't make you God,
Oh, and in the judgement, he will remember the ones you've robbed,
Without the Lord's love this injustice will prevail,
Until Jesus is the only master we'll never break the bars of this jail.