

Something Must Be Done

Too long,
Have we sat back and observed
The wrongs being done to us.

Too long,
Have we absorbed the shock
Of Black men murdered in the streets.
As they destroyed our vintage stock,
We looked so solemn in retreat,
And we have thought to grab a gun,
For something must be done.

For years,
We took their worst abuse
And cried 'til tears would come no more;
And as we wept, our sole excuse
Was times being better than before.
Our knees were numb and painfully weak,
As we turned the other cheek.

But times have changed.
With cheek bones broken we can't place
Ourselves before the guillotine,
Where black is bleached, and pride erased,
Bankrupt and lost without a dream.
We can't sit still beneath the sun,
For something must be done.

For decades we have bowed and kneeled;
Accomplices to our own defeat.
But now we must no longer yield,
And suffer docile in retreat.
We shall forewarn them with this threat,
"That we will gain our freedom, yet.

We stood the whip, the ball and chain
And cried up to the Lord we love.
We stood the droughts, the sun and rain
And this should serve to remind us of
The fact that there will come a day,
When God will wash their sins away.