The Struggle Continues

John Komrad Moye

You claim to love justice, but ain't got no honor

No integrity

No love in ya heart

No soul either.

You got this land by committing slaughter

Then turned around and had those you enslaved build a nation for ya.

And you expect me to pay homage

To ya anthem and ya flag after all this carnage.

Now let's be honest,

How could you call this land free,

Wit' so many people still in bondage?

In so many ways

You use the system that you created,

Then re-create it

To make us slaves.

Home of the brave

Nah

It's too many cowards in positions of power

For that phrase

Are you insane?

You must be

To want me

And the people to give up the fight for change

That was started

When the first African bondsman

Chose freedom or death back in the days.

That was before Kaepernick

Took a knee before every game

While the national anthem was playing.

Before we told you that Black Lives Matter

Before our brother George Floyd got choked,

And all the others that the police smoked;

Before the Comrade Assata, Fred Hampton and Panther Power!

Before Malcolm

Before Martin

Before Jonathan and George Jackson got it rockin'.

Before red, brown, yellow and woman power movements

Or Harriet Tubman was underground movin'

Before!

Brown versus the Board of Education of Topeka

We was fighting for freedom

Fighting to be equal

Before the civil war

Before emancipation

Before John Brown

Before Nat Turner

Before!

Gabriel Prosser was in Virginia plotting a war

Before!

Before!

Before!

Before!

The point I’m making is we been struggling

To get ‘cha hateful ass to Love Justice.

Before!!!!