

'Pass It On' by Lemn Sissay

How is it that we still smile when the pressure comes?
How is it we stand firm when they think we should run?
How is it that we retain our integrity?
How is it through this maze that we keep the clarity?
How is it that through pain we retain compassion?
How is it that we spread but stay one nation?
How is it that we work in the face of abuse?
How is it that the pressure's on yet we seem loose?

This is the story about the rising truth, when you feel closed in simply raise the roof,
the Africans were the first civilisation born by the Nile was the first generation.

Malcolm X had a dream we have a dream too,
and the only way to get it is to pass it on through,
from the day we leave to the day we arrived, we were born to survive born to stay
alive,

by all means necessary I'm an accessory, to provide the positive vibe is a necessity,
to clasp our past to go to war with our fears, to claim and attain in our future years.

Sometimes life can be cold and complicated more time the problem is overrated.

Nina Simone called it the Blacklash Blues,
even though they say it's history we all know that it's news.

The oppressor hopes and prays for you to cry,
to close your hearts and your minds to lay down and die,
to be another numb number to treat and delete,
to fall into the spiral rhythm of defeat.

Malcolm X had a dream we have a dream too
and the only way to get it is to pass it on through,
no message has been stronger, no sea carried more weight,
no army marched for longer, no wind swept at this rate.

So pride is in my skin is in the vision I have seen.

The pain I withstand for I have a dream.

Know who you are, know the ground on which you stand.

Never build your house on a bed of sand.

Lemn Sissay, 'Pass it on' in Rebel without Applause, Bloodaxe Books Ltd 1992