

RISE YOUNG ONE RISE

We have been told,
That life is a poem recited only by the dying and the Old
While the young get attracted to a death dressed in gold
We have been told that we have contributed nothing but cultural decay to nation
That our lack of grey hair means we know nothing
That we are full of ourselves
A generation lost and there is no hope for us

But we are a chosen generation
A revolution that cannot be tamed
So Rise Young One Rise
Like ashes
Paint the skies with our stories
We will beat these drums
Until your soul is consumed by the rhythm
Kill the song the roots sing about you

They sing that you are nothing but a waste
A generation cursed
So how dare
How dare you put your fire to sleep
We will bang the doors to your heart
Until you cannot ignore our presence
We will be that noisy alarm clock

You can turn off or put on snooze

And we will ring,

Ring until we wake your passion from its grave

Until you join the rally

Cause stampedes

Let the ground shake with the word we preach

Cause a revolution

Your motherland needs it

She is pregnant expecting the birth of change

And you, you are the one that has been sent

You have the power to breathe life into the lungs of a dying nation

So Rise Young One Rise

Raise your voices

Until the mountains can hear more than just your echoes

Yes, they will try to suppress you

But you are Kings and Queens

The pride of this land

So let your roar be as loud and vicious

Wear your boldness and courage

The stage is set

The world awaits

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