

IT'S IN THE MIND

Africa, is a historical nation, that was;
Once united but now divided,
Once strong but now weak to its death bed,
Once rich but now as poor as a beggar,
Once beautiful with thick forests and plenty of water,
but now as dry and dusty as a desert,
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

See us now; Divided we are,
Trying to look for the slightest differences to differentiate ourselves
From our own brothers and sisters,
Difference in the thickness of our skins,
Difference in religious denominations, political parties and tribal languages,
We are simply the dogs fighting the cats,
The goats fighting the sheep and the pigs,
The cows and bulls which are uncomfortable with the horses,
But forgetting one major fact that brings all of them to neutral understanding,
And that is the fact that they are all domestic animals,
That could join their energy and experiences to fight their common enemy,
The wild animal planning to attack them,
All they know are the differences,
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

See us now; lost in the world,
No sense of direction,
Just waiting for the white man to point at any direction and we run like hungry dogs;
Always in affirmative, yes, yes, yes!
Leave that god and worship this one, yes!
Your god is bad and mine is good, yes!
Leave that church and join this one, yes, yes, yes!
That's why the gospel has always painted the Satan black and the holy people white,
Brightly painting to the blind Africans and
Loudly shouting to the deaf Africans that the black man is the Satan,
While the white man is the god and we still say, yes!
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

The white man doesn't stop there, he goes ahead to tell us;
Leave your language and speak mine, we say, yes!

Proud we are, to speak the best English but unbothered we are, of whatever way we speak
Kiswahili or Alur or Lugbara or Luganda or Ibo or Yuruba or Zulu,
After all we don't even want to know it,
And worse still, we call his an official language yet we call ours, local languages,
We go ahead to punish children at school for speaking the language of their origin,
The language that identifies them to the rest of the world,
The language that tells the history of their generation, fore fathers and ancestors,
We don't care about all that going into oblivion,
After all we are very complacent about the mental slavery in which we are,
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

The white man is as wise as a hunter;
That throws a bone with little flesh for the dogs to fight and forget where the bigger flesh goes,
And the dogs innocently call it love,
Forgetting the fact that they played a bigger role in chasing and catching the animal,
But the following day they innocently go again,
With full energy and vigour expecting another bone,
Never will they think that they could mobilise themselves and hunt without the hunter,
So that they could share the whole animal instead of merely the bones.
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

The white man is a fisherman;
Who puts a bait for the innocent fish that thinks it is a good heart of feeding them,
Only to find itself in the space hanging at the tip of a hook,
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

You see;
He brought a silver coated stone, majorly aiming at his money-making industries,
He called it formal education,
This was designed to train us to be servants called employees;
The polite word for modern day slaves, yes! Slaves!
Born a baby, die a baby, yes, a slave!
Never on earth shall you be an employee and have freedom to;
Make a decision but at least a suggestion,
Wake up at any time you want unless you are dead sick,
Go to any part of the world unless on a special permission,
Dear black man, slave trade still exists, but at least a paid one now,
When we call ourselves managing directors, we think that is enough,
When we call ourselves doctors we think that is enough,

When we call ourselves teachers, accountants or elites we think that is enough
Forgetting the fact that we are still people's servants, modern slaves,
Sorry, I wish truth was not as hot as red pepper but as sweet as sweet potatoes,
Everyone would be yearning for more and much more,
But where do all these come from?
It's in the mind, it's in the mind.

Our informal education taught us to be self-reliant,
To learn how to plant our own crops,
How to look after our own animals,
How to hunt,
All for our own benefits,
Where would you be Africa, if you followed that?
But we opted out of that into slavery,
It's in the mind brother, it's in the mind sister.

Now wake up Africa;
Wake up to see how strong you would be if you were united,
Wake up to see, how high you would go,
If you broke down all the barriers creating differences among your people;
The religious, political, tribal and generational barriers,
Wake up to see, how far you would go,
If you designed education that gave a fishing net but not fish to your children,
Can't you see? You would be the greatest!
But I still hope and believe that you will be the greatest one day,
Just change your mind now!
Because it's all in the mind.

JAGANDA VICTORY