

Born free yet a bondman in the land of my nativity  
Bond by the systems, traditions, and dictates of a mortal being  
Against my will I lived each priceless moment by dictate

Within me lied a desire to break free  
A desire more adamant than my will  
Steaming within is a fury to fight  
To fight the good fight of fate  
To fight for my freedom and that of my countrymen

Arise O' compatriots  
Lay aside your ego and beliefs  
Be blind against the pigment of my afflicted skin  
Be deaf against the phonics of my mother tongue

Pick up the weapon of your voice  
Your fingers trained for a bloodless war by enfranchisement  
And join me O' comrade in the front line of labor and love  
Let us together as one defeat our common enemy  
Not the task masters of colonialism  
But the very native masters of our mother land  
The very ones we elected by the system set in place

O' comrades, how long will you continue to be zombies and puppets?  
Brainwashed by the flatteries of unfulfilled promises  
Repeatedly lured by baits of gifts  
Gifts which last no longer than a moment of insatiable wants  
In exchange for tenures of unending exploitation of your land

How long will you O' comrade continue to feign a smile?  
How much longer can you yield the stress before breaking?  
How long will you continue to sigh a sigh, hoping that all will be well?

God forbid our children be born a free bondman in the land of their nativity

Wake up to the call!  
Wake up to the call!  
Wake up to the call O' comrades!  
And let us fight side by side for this noble course

Let us fight for the independence of our unborn children  
Else they be born free and yet, bondmen in the land of their nativity

**Israel Okon**

1st October, 2022 (Nigeria 62nd Independence Day Celebration)