

For us, we don't see anything to celebrate  
In Nigeria's independence,  
We still mourn for hunger,  
Our lives are sentence to danger.

Oh, how can we live in a torture so wild,  
And yet always be dreaming of independence?  
When our freedom is being dribbled  
And in meekness we seek for independence?

We have lived for long months in a bright land of dreams,  
Dawning roseate as the opening of day.  
But still the bright tints were just but lightning gleams,  
Flashing wrath, and then fading away.

The independence of our soul we have constantly sought,  
But still we have sought it in vain.  
On earth its, our rights were rendered and bought,  
And we never will seek it again.

All alone we could dwell there for years.  
Our only companion, Repentance, and weep  
Living fountains of sorrowful tears,  
From our hearts down deep.

Oh, why do we sorrow? We know there is rest  
After all, we still have faith  
God has the right path  
Change in the government we pray  
And drink deep of God's pardoning love.

**By:Okasha Yau**

Date:30/09/2022