

Black soldier



Here's to you Black Soldier, fighting in Viet Nam.
Helping your oppressor, oppress another man.
Here's to you who volunteered, your precious lives to give,
while we here in the Ghetto, are struggling to live.

Here's to you who gun in hand, another's land roam,
while National Guardsmen terrorize the ones you've left at home.

We hope and pray that you've been spared, when casualties run high.
We demonstrate for your return and we mourn you when you die.

We've watched you grow up from a child, we know your strength
and might, it is no news for us to hear how gallantly you fight.

It is a sin for you to be upon some foreign shores, when you are
needed right here at home protecting what is yours.

To know the use of weaponry, I must admit that's good.
There is an occupation force in our neighbourhood. They call
themselves 'Peace Officers' and 'Law Enforcement Groups,' but
from the acts that they commit, we know that they are troops.

The Government is cracking down with their oppressive hand.
They have the dream of stamping our resistance in the Land.

But our determination grows and widens with the days.
We'll fight them from the rooftops and from the alleyways.
We'll fall upon them in the night and we'll put them to the blade.
We'll free the prisoners from their jails in calculated raids.

Just one desire burns in our hearts, our bonds and chains to burst.
We only wish that with your skills, that you were here with us.

Here's to you Black Soldier, in some far off distant land.
Sometimes the question does arise, 'On whose side are do you stand?'

They called it a riot in Newark, when the people arose as one.
In Detroit and Boston and Cleveland and Watts, they fought back
with Firebombs and Guns. 'What's the matter with these Niggers?'
they said. "They seem to be going wild. All of this fuss over
one incident, a Policeman killin' a child. And why are they
burning and looting the stores. The merchant has been their friend."
Well maybe he cheated for a few cents, every now and then. And
what about the Tenements they're burning down the slums, some
Dog they call a Slumlord is losing his income. What a scare
they received when the Brother's said "No, let's not burn the
Ghetos down. We'll break up in groups and Firebomb and Loot
on the opposite side of town." So then they called in their
Army, Machine Guns and Tanks, and ordered them to attack.
The people arose as together as one, and used what they had to fight
back. And now that it's happened the question arises, 'Why
all the fury and fuss?' If they look over their past and
examined their deeds, they'll know what's the matter with us.

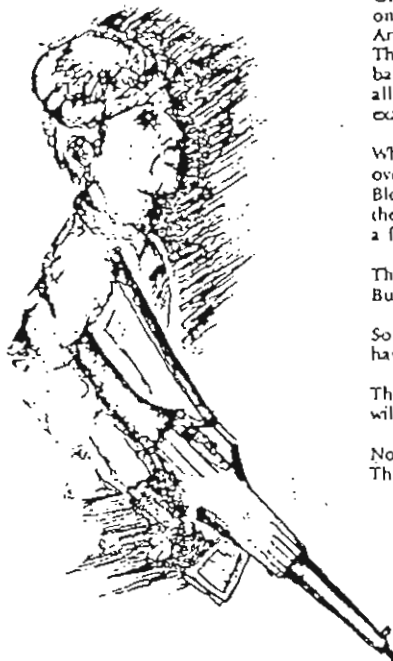
When will the promises be fulfilled, that they've made to us
over the years. Where is the pay we have not received for our
Blood Sweat and Tears. Where's the Employment that we need
the decent salary, the Welfare payments will not do, to feed
a family.

They say conditions are this way because we don't have skills.
But instead they offer us extermination pills.

So we sound a warning they better change their tune. They don't
have long to make things right. They better do something soon.

Their law enforcement will not work. Whatever they conspire
will only serve to make us strong ... We will fight Fire with Fire.

No that was not a Riot that they saw down in the slums.
That was a Dress Rehearsal for things that's yet to come.



The above poem was written and put to music by The Last Poets. Though it was written in reference to the War in Vietnam, it is also applicable to the current situation in the United States.