

Lift your soul high.

The journey of liberty,
The dream of unity,
blurred at the end of the day
When injustice dwindle liberty.
And Human right lost its essence
So true is our days of harsh governance,
befriended with democrats.
At the expense of allegiance,
Democracy lost its virtues

The soul of the oppressed ,
And the spirit of the deceased
Shattered by futile leadership.
The soul can't lament anymore
Nor the spirit can take it further.
the voice of the poor,
The cry of babies,
the sorrow of the mothers,
Taken as a mere roar.
No Devine ear to listen,
Nor does righteousness reign.

All is despair,
Not much to repair.
Dwell in the insignificance,
Wandering in the realm of menace.
Too shallow to redirect the course.
Ignorance begets pseudo intellectuals
Wisdom hasn't left footprints,
Cause the spirit has been annihilated
And the body is mutilated.

The mother of all
Left to work alone.
Her redemption and resilience
Slowed by vain politics.
Save me, she spoke,
To those being betrayed
By chance and opportunity;
Your politics is of pure unity
Your objective is not of conspiracy.

She spoke in silence
To those fond of her and zealous.
The time of atonement is now
When it seems hopeless
Stand still and lift your eyes.
When it sounds mayhem,
Echo bounces in every angle
Stay encouraged and be humble.
Your politic, she spoke,
Is not foreign to me,
When I involved upon myself,
With good thoughts and utterance,
Then, I gave birth to the forms
And become your flesh and souls.

Those who are of the material
Self righteous and hypocritical,
Not ashamed to see me naked
Ascend to the throne with pride
To be serviceable instrument to the mob.
Spill the blood of the brothers
Deprive of their own natural birth rights.
Neither I begot them,
Nor sprouted from my realm.
My babies, spoke the mother,
Truth is your fathers' joy
Do not dwell in false dream.

Though journey seems oblivion,
The seeds are implanted
Waited to spur and to shoot,
When the long appointed day arrive,
You reap the rewards of the Devine.
So, spoke the mother again
Stay encouraged and lament anymore
The fruits of your labor ripe in the process
Stretch your hands forth,
To be united and whole.
Ethiopia will prevail!

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