

“As They Sow”

Verse 1

They came with iron in their footsteps,
Calling conquest “civilised,”
Built their kingdoms out of violence,
Never seeing human eyes.
Fanon wrote it in the ashes,
How the wounded rise again,
And the hands that forged the shackles
Feel the fury of the chain.

Chorus

As they sow, so shall they reap,
History never falls asleep.
Voices buried in the clay
Find their strength again one day.
From the mountains, from the deep—
As they sow, so shall they reap.

Verse 2

Friere warned of invasions subtle,
Where the mind becomes the field,
Where the tongue is turned to silence,
And the heart is forced to yield.
“Change their language, change their living,”
Said the men who claimed the land,
But a people’s soul is stronger
Than the empire’s trembling hand.

Chorus

As they sow, so shall they reap,
History never falls asleep.
Voices buried in the clay
Find their strength again one day.
From the mountains, from the deep—
As they sow, so shall they reap.

Bridge

Mitchel saw the famine markets,
Watched the hungry pay the price,

While the merchants praised “the system”
Built on cold and counting eyes.
He refused their gilded idols,
Turned from wealth and hollow fame,
Said the measure of our character
Is how we bear another’s pain.

Verse 3

From Algeria to Ireland,
From the Ganges to the plains,
Every culture they called “backward”
Held a wisdom they disdained.
Yet the songs they tried to smother
Still rise fierce in native air—
For a people who remember
Are a people who repair.

Final Chorus

As they sow, so shall they reap,
History never falls asleep.
You can break a body down,
But the spirit holds its ground.
From the hilltops, from the deep—
As they sow, so shall they reap.