

Reading Time: 2 minutes

BRO-KEN is a spoken word piece written with the imagery of a broken country deciding to have every part that broken by uniting her citizens! A spoken word from the spoken word album "The Revolt"

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Lyrics:

Have you ever been broken into a thousand pieces?
This wasn't the first time
A small boy
I was placed in the outskirts of a city state
Whose state is a white linen so thick,
You would notice the gap between the rich and the poor

And when the sun shines,
You could hear the serenading sounds of her random rays
Slowly scorching the black skins of my blood Brothers
Hoping for a meal to keep us going for the next day or two

It was the season where we fruits become children of a fertile tree
It was time for us children to become like the trees we were modeled after
It was time for us boys to become men
It'll only take the sacrifice of a fellow citizen to become a man
And it wasn't difficult to press the red buttons, we've been instructed for days
And it was just Two thousand of those young men that fell that day
It was indeed a sad day

But this was not the first time
This was not the first time the authorities paid a blind eye
And decided to see nothing. They did nothing

Silence is a strong word that starts with an 's' and never makes a single sound
How long can we keep transmitting our complains through Vacuums. They make no

difference!

They are empty words. They make no difference!
We want change but change is now a Scary word,
We are uncertain of the broken promises she breaks
We want to err our views but we err in our views
Deciding what is just easy for the ignorant and call it Justice.

The jungle now carry out judgement with sticks and stones
Taking justice into their own hands with petrol and lighters
And cal it Jungle Justice.

Are we now monkeys with bananas and jumpsuits
That pay no attention to human reasoning
Or call us prototypes programmed like a robot configured for the next mission
We deny God Almighty the audacity to be called his inventions.

We cannot stay BRO-KEN
We are brothers of the forest, we stand united
Like the sisters of the oceans, we stay connected
This country is our father's Land
And like watch makers, we can fix every part that is BRO-KEN
If only we stand UNITED!

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Cirphrank is a pun. Web developer, content writer, 2D minimalist UI, blogger. Breathing poetry.

What makes many mad makes some Philosophers, what makes others sad makes me write. A lover of tech and the arts.





