

So much dirt laying beneath the sand
Pioneers subject to jungle justice foreign lands
Issues so immense you couldn't fully comprehend
The extent of what our ancestors fought against
Enter the dawn of the millenium like rays of light still blinded by the over
flowing effects being colonialised
Polynesian ain't even a label we made up
We were given names by the civilised discoveries
How can you discover what we always knew to be?
Then plant their flag on our land like its aborigine
Our people were passed around by distant powers
Like we deserved no say in what was given to our elders
We marched in peace for Samoa to be self- governed
A small request after so much we had already suffered
Yet our peace was meet by metallic thorns
Attempting to halt the movement
Instead highlight the cause
Talk of world terrorism and anthrax scares
Germ warfare originated in Samoa by influenza undeclared
3rd of the population deceased and assasination
Samoa mo Samoa created on string foundations
Ruthless tactics undercover labelled civilised
Hidden beneath your ploy
But scream savage in your eyes
Cause we detecting stealth progression
In the system exploiting our giving
Yet still denies
From the Islands to Aotearoa the new issues arise
Yet still run parallel to those of years gone by
Misuse of good nature by the royal symbols
Abuse the people then ship them back
Keep it cheap and simple
Treated less than criminals cause we all look the same
Just tools of instrumentation in political games
Clear the streets in search escaping to some peace
Asked I.D cause we maybe overstaying our lease
Early morning wake ups. I hear the arrival of the squad
Terrorising our communities
Door to door like the mob
Conditions are harsh factories a cold with long hours
Poltical powers playing the migrants out sour
You claim to be civilised but savage is how your games run
Lost visionz reconnected via the sattellite of tongue
Here's an insight to a time
You got to step back to before the springbok tours
Social circumstance conditioned minds had to adapt to survive
Our people at the frontlines
Maori response a resistance formed to challenge the system
Nga Tamatoa had heads on the line
Maori language they petitioned
Suffered they did ignorant of implications ostracised
Against what they knew was wrong
For what they knew was right
Blood shed flowing tears bearing scars from the years can't even explain the
entirety of what they did
Connections piercedof the past and to the land
Wounded links between those gone and who now stand

We do remember (Bastion Point)
We do remember (Parihaka)
We do remember (Waitangi)
We do remember
Comprehend the 10 seconds before
Because the line is never straight
And it ain't ever what you saw
Wouldn't you call them soldiers?
Wouldn't you bow your head?
Wouldn't you raise your hands?
Instead of closing your ears
Wouldn't you seek the knowledge?
Wouldn't you wake the dead?
Wouldn't you applaud the cause?
Instead of fearing what is