

In black and white this kingdom stands
in ruins but not remains
a place where laughter cheers the deaf
and happiness is in chains
in every shack a mother lay and
her children telling tales
of the suburb in the south

children yield the hand made blade
their shadows swarm the lamp
streets are filled with sand and junk
and the air is thick and damp
and life's as thick as blood on sand
and death makes no demands
on the suburb in the south

dealers exchange possessions and the
air is thick with rot
paupers in their wicked ways
cling to all they've got
and the moon hangs high in the blackest night
where justice softly moans
in the suburb in the south

dawn it comes with cock crows and dogs of skin and bone
women come out to make their fires beside their broken homes
and the poet he just dreamt all night of the chains that bound his mouth
and the suburb in the south ...