

In the heart of the land of creation  
Grows a threat which cannot be healed  
Efforts soar to restore generations  
Grave results give this outbreak the nail

The growing devastation  
Bring human extinction  
This plague aims at our weakness

Predetermined sky  
Cradles fall into pine for the mourning  
Wailing cries blend endless each day  
Poverty proves more than a lifestyle

Sympathy can not sure disease  
This plague aims at our weakness  
Predetermined sky; blind eye  
Saw a man on the streets of Lusaka  
Selling coffins to a passer bye

How can we live in a world that lets millions die  
How can we live with such a tragic side  
How can we live in a world that lets millions die,  
That lets millions cry, that lets us agonize  
Show us the way to terminate  
Immersed in all our dust is the mother world