Xen

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Native born yet imported but I'm still important. Got documents and files still might be stabbed with a file.

Borders sketched on maps by false white masters, yet drawn in blood by our African masses. We torment persecute and murder our own: Xenophobes, are you loyal to your skin: like Jesus or Judas?

Our black skin is the cross borne by us Under the weight, our vertebrae are ground to dust. Still, our blood: beloved own, strip us bare, and whip gashes in our backs like our skin don't tear.

Fading masters left with keys to our resources, left knives for black throats and police forces Slavery was the first, xenophobia the sequel Did the Word not say we're all made equal?









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