

The Untold

From afar I heard the sounds.
Tears and wailing within the crowd.
Our ancestors are crying, turning and yelling aloud.
The better tomorrow is now a promise
untold.

Today I say it all, If Tomorrow am gone, I know I said for all.
I want to see smiles that day though,
Not a tear nor a wail
Not a sound to show your pain
Because in heaven it will be a gain.
History would once again begin to rain

All the stories I would have told to the new Generations yet to explode: all the worries
of yesterday won't survive to meet tomorrow.

History would have set its cause; our roots would then knock on our foot.
We must live the words of past promises, with emphasis on our nemesis;
With the youth holding on the mantles and claiming all the benefits
Only then will I know our stories of the past still live on.
Only then will I believe my story has touched the hearts of the untold.

No more will they live with fear even though their worries of the future can be
determined by seers.

No more will they live with doubt for the told will be their light. The foretold and the
told will show them what's right

We live in a generation where confusion and chaos arise with the dawn
And fraudsters and liars live like cocks with horns
To them life is today, tomorrow its' gone.

We live in a world where hope and faith are the languages of the believer
And trumpet sounding with angels lining are the lyrics in their songs
To them a day of reckoning awaits,

Yet the scientist and their facts rule the world like crooks awaiting to be judged by
their books.

Torn in-between, where to stand whom to follow we follow from within. Neither
believe nor hold facts. Today I say the untold, encounter a believer and understand
the science then will you know. The truth behind the told tales.

Only then will my story about faith and facts be understood in the light of the truth.

Today I speak to the born the unborn and yet to be conceived. My words must travel,
the untold must be told only then will my words worth be proved

I speak in the voice of the old but in the sound of an adult, yet, like a youth I seek to
attract the listening of all. I seek to spread the word, the love and the knowledge.

The world is changing, a new breeze is blowing, the generation must uphold this
sensation, the tradition and the foundations must not be lost.

I take pride in the truth, integrity in the future and dignity in my words. So for me the
untold holds the tales of Better days come and gone, although the Amazing days will
stay and blaze, we need to keep the fire aflame history must be told, the words
hidden behind the told must over flow, the untold must unfold, the generation born
and unborn must carry a piece of the told in their hearts

Only then will I know that the untold has been told to the young born to grow old.