**How Can I Sing?**

(for the several villages Shekau rained terror on)

*how can i sing tonight,*

*when our corp members return*

*in burnt, blown pieces*

*our mothers wear punctured pains of missing daughters*

*like a make-up on their fading faces*

*how can i sing*

*when our daughters are prisoners*

*in the house of rape*

*while our fathers desert their farms*

*to gather the burnt remains of their sons*

*how can i know the tune of song*

*when we stare hunger in the face*

*like a fanciful toy*

*how can i sing*

*when the dawn of tomorrow*

*comes hand in hand with another blast*

*another raid of horror and tears*

*to write history*

*in the blood of our bombed youth*

*and the tears of our ravishly disvirgined girls*

*how can i sing*

*when the dusk of tomorrow*

*offers a plate of sorrow?*

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