

# Pyogenesis, Africa

I hear the drums echoin' tonight  
she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation  
she's coming in, twelve-thirty flight.  
moonlight wings reflect the stars that guide me toward salvation  
i stopped an old man along the way,  
hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient melodies  
he turns to me as if to say:  
hurry boy it's waiting there for you

it's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you  
there's nothing but a hundred men or more could ever do  
i bless the rains down in africa  
gonna take some time to do the things we never had

The wild dogs cry out in the night  
as they grow restless longing for some solitary company  
i know that i must do whats right  
sure as kilimanjaro rises like olympus above the serengeti  
i seem to cure whats deep inside  
frightened of this thing that i've become

it's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you  
there's nothing but a hundred man or more could ever do  
i bless the rains down in africa  
gonna take some time to do the things we never had