

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

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