

Kobo Town, Across the Dark Waters

across the dark waters we came
with despair in our eyes, to rest beneath these foreign skies
and so began the endless wait
for an end to misery, an end to history
in this new land we came to learn
about greed's capacity to incite our cruelty
but over time we came to yearn
for the precious liberty that always stood beyond our reach

but the wheels of history grind slowly
circumstance never smiles on the lowly
everywhere we see contradictory signs
perhaps tomorrow will bring a brighter time...
tumblin' off the grandstand in the savannah
bubblin' out the speakers on every corner
breakin' over the mountains like a mighty thunder
our hope is a restless song
rising up from the sands like a defiant flower
holding and consoling us in our darkest hour
sweeping over the country like a dry-season shower
our hope is a restless song

across the dark waters we passed
to arrive where we now stand in this divided land
few believed that we could last
to build a nation on these shores but look how we endured
in this former colony things are never what they seem
beneath every place we see is a tortured history
the past could trample us
it could not rub out our dreams
and though we reached we present time
we have not left them behind