

Steel Pulse, Nyahbinghi Voyage

Kindred trod on Israel

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Look around you

The youth dem need a home

Can't you see that ghetto streets they roam

The wilderness is no place for us to rest our weary head

Say me naa satta ya

Zion bound side walk paved with gold

And the milk and the honey flow

CHORUS

Nyahbinghi voyage can be no trail of tears

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Don't get weary no

Don't get weary no

Don't get weary no

Don't get weary no

Release yourselves from all snares that tie you round

Break all fetters that bind you

Chains that have you bound

Over hills and gulleys we go through swamps and waters

Out of the gutter

Zion bound side walk paved with gold

And the milk and honey flow

CHORUS

Don't stop you'll die in the wilderness yes

He naa satta ya

Milk and the honey flow

Kindred trod on Israel.