

Dung A Babylon

Alborosie

We moving dung a Babylon, woo, yeay, yeay, yeay!

We moving dung a Babylon a we no fear no one.
No pope, no cop, no politician.
We moving dung a Babylon, we coming from Zion.
Yes, yes we lion, wo-oy.

Yes, Rasta so what's di story again,
So many Rasta children dead a bury, yeah.
I see some bredrin embrace di dutty nine again,
I see dem dirty arms taking sons away.
We going to make a peaceful revolution inna jamdung.
We gonna set di claat back inna di right direction.
We gonna fyah jump di fyah and dem jump up everywhere.
We gonna bring back Rastafari inna di square, well!

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I remember how much tears you cause for us to be free,
Free to flash out di dreadlocks and our dignity.
Cah di rumours dem a spread, was negative publicity,
Dem time deh we use to live in captivity.
For all di blood that you promote fear straight to di ground,
For all di victims and the innocents we push in a song.
In memory of those who fall just for us to be free,
We keep on singing Jah Jah music, well!

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Wooo, yea, yea, yeay!
So much work we did already in di past.
And so much more gonna put we on a test.
But we just ready, we ready, we ready,
We are the children of di blues rock steady, well!
Reggae our gospel, Rasta our livity,
We try to pressure Babylon socety.
Dem wearing shoes, so we gonna one bare foot.
We pushing away their lies promoting our truth, well!

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