

African Sun Rise

Arno Carstens

Here is a chance
I can see it in the glance
Oh there's a new found passion for the land in an African band
Stab him in the back
Breaking of the bones
Cover my eyes
But the ears can hear the sounds of thunder
Is the rhythm... coming home?
Is the rhythm... coming home?
Hush now my angel or don't say a word
As I'm no longer cold but I'm warmed by the thought and I'm still
lled in my heart and stronger by will
One too many and thousand is not enough
This love is no surprise
This is an African Sunrise
Up, up whole world

Is the rhythm... coming home?
Is the rhythm... coming home?
Here is a chance
I can see it in the glance
For my found passion...
Hush now my angel or don't say a word
As I'm no longer cold but I'm warmed by the thought and I'm still
lled in my heart and stronged by will
One too many and thousand is not enough
This love is no surprise
This is an African Sunrise
Up, up whole world
If you see her, will you tell her
Is the rhythm... coming home?
Is the rhythm... coming home?
Fat... rhythm...