

Door Peep Shall Not Enter

Burning Spear

I an I, son of the most high, Jah Rastafari
Our hearts shall correspond and beat in one harmony.
Sounds from the Burning Spear:

Door peep shall not enter this a holy land
Where wise and a true man stand sipping from the cup of
peace

/:Chant down a babylon, yeah
Chant down babylon
Chant down a babylon, yeah
Chant down babylon

Give thanks and praise
Give thanks and praise
Give thanks and praise
Give thanks and praise
To the holy man of creation

I, I, I, I ... :/