

## Africa

Die Happy

Africa, a woman  
no one really knows her name Africa,  
and anyway we drain the juice from her veins  
She is black  
And her curls are the theads of centuries

Higher, she wants higher  
Higher, she wants higher

Africa, how depp the wells of dark muddy water  
Africa, how far does she have to go thought floods of infected  
Green is mixing with red  
Laying ill on the world's bed

Higher, she wants higher  
Higher, she wants higher

And the enemy  
In her bed  
She is killing  
Thought her ego

And the enemy  
In her bed  
In her bed  
She is killing, killing  
Thought her ego