

## Africa

Pyogenesis

I hear the drums echoin' tonight  
but she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation  
she's coming in, twelve-thirty flight.  
Her moonlight wings reflect the stars that guide me  
toward salvation  
I stopped an old man along the way,  
hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient  
melodies  
he turns to me as if to say: hurry boy it's waiting there for  
you

it's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you  
there's nothing but a hundred men or more could ever do  
I bless the rains down in africa  
gonna take some time to do the things we never had

Wild dogs cry out in the night  
as the grow restless longing for some solitary company  
I know that I must do whats right  
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the  
Serengeti  
I seem to cure whats deep inside  
frightened of this thing that I've become

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