

## As Yet Untitled

Terence Trent D'Arby

Out by a shanty where the dust hangs high  
Far from a river where things grow green  
The flowers weep and they lean away  
From the blood stained soil beneath my feet.  
The thorns outnumber the petals on the rose  
And the darkness amplifies the sound of printers' ink  
On propaganda page  
That will rule your life and fuel my rage.  
I tried to bend my knees  
But my knees were already bent  
I haven't stood like a man for such a long time now  
I called on my god but he was sleeping on that day  
I guess I'll have to depend on me.  
Shall I tell my children if they ask of me  
Did I surrender forth my right to be?  
Y'see my daddy died to leave this haunting ground  
And this same ground still haunts me.  
The cool September blows the seeds away  
The harvest blown again this year  
But I'll return a stronger man  
I'll return to me my homeland  
No grave shall hold my body down  
This land is still my home.