

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