Some are born to wealth, and given shelter from the storm Some were always held and had a fire to keep them warm Some are born to poverty with no roof above their head Some are facing suicide and wishin' they were dead There are those with flowing rivers right outside their door Refugees in boats who may never reach the shore Some pray for rain and the pay for it in blood When it rains for forty days we are all victims of the flood Somewhere a brave heart must survive Yes someday the truth will bury the lie Yah somewhere a brave heart must survive Too many here been prisoners deserving to be free Too many in the darkness and they have no eyes to see In the middle of the night they are taken from their homes And they dig a common grave to cover up their flesh and bones But a new day in dawning for the beggars and the blind For those who have suffered and were always left behind But the chains will be broken and the fences will come down And we will walk as brothers once again on the sacred ground Somewhere a brave heart must survive Yes someday the truth will bury the lie Yah somewhere a brave heart must survive