

Beating Heart

Groundation

Still my beating heart
Lone a gambler we
Ain't a race at all... ain't a race at all

And every pain that you see God let it be
And no heaven in his war, no heaven in his war

People of the Earth them fighting
Fire is building up
People of the Earth them starving
And the fire is building up

Power struggle, power struggle

How you ever gonna teach them?
How you ever gonna teach your youth to
Buy and sell it in the war, woman and man
I bet in you you never pacified to man
Suf-suffer long against them foe
Suf-suffer long against them
When their back is against the wall they will strike, strike, s
trike!

Ain't a race at all, yeah
Ain't a race at all
Still my beating heart
Sit still my beating heart
Still my beating heart...
Sit, sit, sit, sit, sit