

Zion, dreaming from an Iron gate  
Dragon, fire ago burn dem all  
Jah gonna start the revolution  
The light struck the night,  
Too indisciplin a battle dem fight  
Walk and talk they steal, mash dem down we will  
With the strength of a lion stand still  
Iya, Iya, war today, oh steal I hear war today-ay-ay  
The youth dem call upon the elders of which we seek  
after  
The Congo Man a chanting, oh dem Congo Man a chant...

Oh the youth dem know, but what they cannot see  
Is how dem use to laugh, and then kick upon we  
Oh all the youth don't know, of all those tears we cry  
Yes oh this Rastaman life, oh of this Rastaman life  
And you can hear them shouting changes  
From out of the minds and thoughts of our children  
Here in desolate places

Oh we give thanks and praises to dem elders  
For the guidance we are after  
Oh we give thanks and praises to dem elders  
For unto them we know that  
No one shall stand alone tonight  
Shall run, run tonight, shall stand alone tonight  
Shall run, run tonight  
Long before this war we use to cry and use to lie in  
bed  
With visions of fire running red,  
And so we call upon these elders instead  
Don Carlos at the control

Wo yeah! Wo yeah! Now (4x)  
See them come up along the road, oh I can see them  
Some walk by day and some stalk by night  
Oh Rastafari shall greet them in the end  
And so de man run up so long, so long, Oh, Lord!  
Beaten dem down, shootin' dem down  
Oh it's a poor man's battle for the youth man stalk  
And the rich dem run away  
Seems like de don't know dem right from wrong  
But I see the youth will fight tonight, wow  
Look how they jump, and shriek and moan  
For natty coming over: Oh freedom taking over