

Well, your standing firm upon the distant shore  
Chanting a psalm forever more  
With your earthquake, lightning, and thunder  
To rock the ground beneath my feet  
You have given us so much yea  
And still you give more  
You're not here to sooth the physical, oh no  
You're here to sooth the soul

Yea, they may bring you milk and honey  
A little breadfruit for you too  
They'll never leave you on your own  
Yes, your own redemption  
Your own confrontation yes  
For your generation

Well, now how can you be such a proud man  
You have no land nor piece of gold  
Just like the Mighty Lion, I build my home in Zion  
There are many waves to drive the ocean  
Drive you off in confusion  
White squall a bite, white squall a bite  
Still I sail into the east

No weak heart shall enter into the House  
Of the Nyabinghi order  
No weak heart shall enter no way  
Into the Nyabinghi order  
For you steal the word  
Steal the lightning from my hand  
And your rolling thunder  
Steal the blood from my heart

You have thrown so many rocks upon my trail  
The time getting tough  
Well, I will run if I have to yea  
But I will never outrun the sun  
But my heart beats on, my heart beats on  
I travel on, I travel on, oh yea  
What dem say If ya chant it to the world  
Chant it to the moon  
Ya chanting your psalm atop of the moon