

Move It

Harry Belafonte

The storm clouds have gathered
The young lions prowl
Prowl outside your precious metal wall
The children of your sheep
Have begun to growl
And your diamond barricade is soon to fall

We see our babies starving at the edges
of your feast
But still you're holding fast to all your lies
A new rage is rising that your torture cannot kill
And now the time has passed for compromise

You killed the truth at Sharpsville
You crushed the voice of peace
Now everyday a bitter anger grows
The young gangs prepare for war their fear burned in
the flame
You Lilly white will be a blood red rose

The liberation funerals, the terror in the streets
The wounds that you refused to let us heal
The madness of your method
Has brought a white hot heat
Your fire of hate is forging hearts of steel

Homeless in our homelands
Aliens in our own lands
Hungry men with gold dust on our shoes

Our patience and our sanity
Has now turn into rage
The rage of souls with nothing left to lose

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