

# Black Cauldron

Mon Rová

Whittle me till I'm little me  
Back to banyan trees, cassava leaves  
War-torn screams, Maria  
Birthing me in a black cauldron  
Black cauldron  
Mm, yeah, hmm

Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you

One for the Bible  
Two for the children with the rifles  
Three for survival  
I'm running in the cycles  
I'm running in the cycles

Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you

Mama, I don't wanna cry no more  
Mama, the kids are burning church next door  
Mama, I can feel the breeze in my evening  
Mama, tell me there's a reason for living

Mama, I don't wanna cry no more  
I walk, step forward into some blurry future  
Mama, the kids are burning church next door  
My past far behind  
Mama, I can feel the breeze in my evening  
Sometimes it calls  
There must be a reason  
Mama, tell me there's a reason for living  
That you're on my mind

Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you right back  
Some things, they can take you