

Black Cauldron

Mon Rovîa

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