

Porcelain

Renaissance

Skin like porcelain and black as night
The sleeping village lays quiet
In the pouring rain the rhythm drives
Songs of darkness come alive

Ghostly warriors bleed in the softened clay

Aaah
Aaah
Aaah
Porcelain

Aaah
Aaah
Aaah
Porcelain

Tribal sounds of Africa on smoky plains
Spirits at play

Daylight breathes again as women sing
Offerings on leaves they bring
Calling all the fold to hear the sounds
And ancient stories they have found

Superstition rules dust in the hot midday

Aaah
Aaah
Aaah
Porcelain

Aaah
Aaah
Aaah
Porcelain

Tribal sounds of Africa on smoky plains
Spirits at play

Burning hearts of men
The wise and the young
The bravest animals
They pray as they race to the sun

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