

Happy, Die "AFRICA"

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Africa, a woman
noone really knows her name
Africa, an anyway
we drain the juice from her veins
She is black
And her curls are the threads
Of centuries

Higher, she wants higher

Africa, how deep the wells
of dark muddy water
Africa, how far does she have to go
through floods of infected resin
Green is mixing with red
Laying ill on the world's bed

Higher, she wants higher

And the enemy
In her bed
She is killing
Through her ego

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