

Sacha Sacket

"The African Of 1963"

Visit "[The African Of 1963](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I am the African of 1963
Transformed to a millennium man
But I feel the sands sifting.

God gave me a pigeon
Roosting in the rain
While I spy discrimination
That dirty dove won't fly away.

So you wanna be a man? Jove bound me to the Sahara
You wanna be a man? With nothing but an eagle
You wanna be a man? And I am never leaving
You wanna be a man? Maybe I am only dreaming.

Now these fags got a saying
The Lord is our Shepard.
Things started changing
The day Mathew was heard.
I am the African of 1963.
It's the same old discrimination
They just shifted the bigotry.

So you wanna be a man? Jove bound me to the Sahara
If Prometheus
You wanna be a man? With nothing but an eagle Is
choosing this,
You wanna be a man? And I am never leaving Then
somewhere
You got heels in the backseat. Maybe I am only
dreaming. I am choosing this.

You gonna be a man And I know there's a problem
Just need a dirty beat Too many sister gone under
To dance your pain It's the ballot or the bullet
And dance on your grave. Malcolm tattooed it.

I am the African of 1963 Blacker than blue. If
Prometheus
Transformed to a millennium man Is choosing this,
But I feel the sands shifting. Then somewhere I am
choosing this.

Visit [Sacha Sacket](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.