

Peter Gabriel, The Rhythm Of The Heat

Looking out the window
I see the red dust clear
High up on the red rock
Stands the shadow with the spear

The land here is strong
Strong beneath my feet
it feeds on the blood
it feeds on the heat

The rhythm is below me
The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm is around me
The rhythm has control
The rhythm is inside me
The rhythm has my soul

The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heat

Drawn across the plainland
To the place that is higher
Drawn into the circle
That dances round the fire
We spit into our hands
And breathe across the palms
Raising them up high
Help open to the sun

Self-conscious, uncertain
I'm showered with the dust
The spirit enter into me
And I submit to trust

Smash the radio
No outside voices here
Smash the watch
Cannot tear the day to shreds
Smash the camera
Cannot steal away the spirits
The rhythm is around me
The rhythm has control
The rhythm is inside me
The rhythm has my soul