

Break Free

Mask of the Machine

Holy Emmanuel I Selassie I

Well a lot to be said

Age be protected

The sick to be cared for

The hungry must be fed

Well, tiers of Government men like spawns

And Babylon me holla out

What? Show you deh plans

Break free from the slave

Every prisoner's a come

Ethiopia's last judgment

Babylon turn ashes when me done

Tell them sey a greater fun

Them lift it up on Babylon again

Break free from the slave

Every black woman a come

Ethiopia's last judgment

Babylon turn ashes when me done

Tell them sey a greater fun

Bigger judgment

Them keep on grabbing

How they've been stabbing

Now the ghetto fire caan cool

Well then, them keep on plotting

Black progress you've been stopping

So me take the ghetto youths them out a you school

Babylon you keep on rushing to where I see nothing

When you know sey you a fi me foot stool

Babylon you're always mocking

This a Zion high trodding

Stop take the ghetto youths them fi fool

See them deh eh

Bout see slave they stop chill

Pon Babylon plantation a you a go get kill

Me sey gwaan a Africa

Cause mount Zion haffe build

Every tribal man come utilise your skill

Give I strength, give I the power
Unnuh fi give me all your will
Give I the plough and the mashett
Mek me go clean up the earth
Food haffi plant, but Jack belly nah go fill
Them fight against the youths
Him and him breathren name Jill
Well judgement

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Well you're always in pain, more and more
Tell me what's your name on your slave master door
Today you complain
Tomorrow you no sure
And then you run go wipe up blacker master floor
I see you in the morning, rushing out and through your door
Nuh Babylon bus unnuh deh hussle and board
Just know the human rights
So make your youths them secure
Black people so sweet
Nuh make Babylon plaster unnuh like sore

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Where do you go from here your response
And if you give me no joy, you better hold your distance
Me tell the ghetto youth the best thing is self-reliance
Live for yourself, that is significant
Well Babylon, me nuh fool fi make you run come conquer
Yes you know, these ghetto youths them well you could not pamper
Tell them the donkey haffi Christ a mule you fi hamper
What a brain solver yah pon Nebuchadnezzar
Babylon take the mass of the land, giving the people them butter
Sey them a top class and a brand us as the nigger
Sey them a high society and we a small settler
Well thunder, lightning pon crevice and corner
Well judgement

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