

Dambala

Tiroro

Tony mckay

Oh dambala come dambala

Oh dambala come dambala

Think of the wings of a three toed frog

Eat weeds from the deepest part of sea

Oh dambala come dambala

Oh dambala come dambala

On the seventh day God will be there

On the seventh night satan will be there

On the seventh day God will be there

On the seventh night satan will be there

You slavers will know

What it's like to be a slave

Slave to your heart

Slave to your soul

Oh dambala come dambala

Oh dambala come dambala

You slavers will know what its

Like to be a slave

Slave to your mind

Slave to your race

You won't go to heaven

You won't go to hell

You remain in your graves

With the stench and the smell

Oh dambala come dambala

Oh dambala come dambala

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