

The Rhythm of the Heat

Peter Gabriel

Looking out the window
I see the red dust clear
High up on the red rock
Stands the shadow with the spearThe land here is strong
Strong beneath my feet
it feeds on the blood
it feeds on the heatThe 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 soulThe rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heat
The rhythm of the heatDrawn 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
Held open to the sunSelf-conscious, uncertain
I'm showered with the dust
The spirit enters into me
And I . . . submit . . . to trustSmash 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

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