

# 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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