

In the first generation your descendants will come
to spread out there hands in prayer to the LORD.
Ask forgives of sins through his name.
For the power of there people speaking the same.
in our likeness, making man in our image.
From Adam to Noah.
From dusk till the dawn.
Your skin needs a suitable friend.
Your mouth needs to speak and demand.

The second generation of the first born son,
raises the poor and the needy beyond,
all you imagine in all off your prayers.
So do dont pass your servant by serving him well.
Treat your likeness, like you want him to do.
If you cant clean the ashes,
dust will become,
the skin that needs a suitable friend.
A mouth that speaks and demand.
But your mind is a failure, your soul a betrayal.
But what your heart speaks, no mind can tell.
Your mind is a failure, your soul a betrayal.
And only your heart will tell.

The third generation will be the oppressed,
spending themselves in behalf of the past.
Making future for generations to come,
by spreading the word that the old once had told.
Make a likeness, of a child being born.
From Adam to Noah,
from dusk till the dawn.
Your skin needs a suitable friend.
Your mouth needs to speak and demand.

The fourth generation, yeah they shall go free!
Coz Egypt lived under the slavery.
There'll be no fighting coz the last ones they know,
the words of man screaming: Let my people go!
For a likeness, for another to call,
the scattering ashes,
from the rise and the fall.
Coz your skin needs a suitable friend.
Your mouth needs to speak and demand.

But your mind is a failure, your soul a betrayal.
But what your heart speaks, no mind can tell.
Your mind is a failure, your soul a betrayal.
And only your heart will tell.