

CHANT FOR OUR TIME

By Eldridge Cleaver

(recorded in Algiers 1972)

President Nixon is going to China

To whisper and scheme with Chou en Lai

People of the world are listening and watching

What might they do in the dark of the night

President Nixon is going to China

To seal his deal with Chou en Lai

People all over the world are frightened

No longer clear the way ahead

President Nixon is going to China

Plotting our doom in secrets of blood

People all over this planet are dying

From the bullets and bombs of Babylon

In Vietnam big bombs still falling

Famine and fire blighting the land

Cruel inhuman acts of aggression

Carried out at Nixon's command

Throughout the Third World

The children are starving

Wracked by disease and poverty

Africa Asia Latin America

Lands of fire, thirsting to be free

Look at this land that they

Stole from the red man

Soaked with blood from coast to coast

Blood of our fathers

Blood of our people

Spilled on the earth

In torrents of red

Blood on the highways

Blood in the alleys

Blood in the streets of Babylon

Blood on the stripes of the star spangled banner

Blood on the flag of Babylon

The prisons are filled

With our brothers and sisters

Guilty of loving liberty

Dreams in their hearts

Inspired by visions of

freedom, justice and equality

Democracy is the new name of tyranny

Slaves in the land of the free

Dissent is a crime  
Protest is treason  
Speak but do not be heard  
The Bill of Rights and the Constitution  
Mute in this hour of need  
The Supreme Court the supreme insult  
Truth and justice are dead  
The people have said to both houses of Congress  
Stop the war! Heal the land!  
One house is rotten and the other is poison  
We speak but are not heard  
Government of, for and by the people  
Truth self evident  
Equal protection of the law  
Bright pearls trampled beneath  
The hooves of the swine  
Corporate executives with ice  
Where their hearts were  
Lawyers with shining heads  
Pink faces that stomach electronic heart beats  
Spewing death and pain o'er the globe  
Look brothers, our sisters are crying

They hardly have time to bury the dead  
Vengeance is ours  
Victory is certain  
We shall defeat their evil plans  
These are the days our fathers dreamed of  
Flaming dreams drowned in blood  
Four hundred years our people have struggled  
To break these chains  
All throw off these chains  
Death is the price we all pay for living  
But living itself should be free  
Brutal oppression and exploitation  
Have made our lives profane  
A new world is ours  
It's there for the building  
But first, this war must be won  
Not our choice, but war is upon us  
Come my brothers, be brave  
Let's show the world  
How to fight for freedom  
In the cities and wilds of Babylon  
We are the people

Our numbers are millions  
We are a people strong  
We are a people crushed down to the bottom  
Flying into death and despair  
But each dark day has led to tomorrow  
Yes, and we won't quit now  
Come, look out you bright eyed warriors  
Take the guns and kill the pigs  
This sweet joy and sorrow  
But no other way , ohhh,  
No other way....  
Come all you young warriors  
From each state of the nation  
Pick up your guns and fight for our dreams  
We'll take a long march  
To the top of the mountain  
And tear down the empire of Babylon  
Come on you young brothers  
Lets get it together  
Build us an army ten million strong  
Come all you young warriors  
Let's build us an army

And take a long march  
To the edge of the sea  
Peace for us  
Sweet slumber for our children  
Let it be, ohhh,  
Let it be  
The bells you hear toll  
For our enemies  
The drums you hear  
is our victory  
United we stand, divided we fall  
Together we surely will win