

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