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Singing the Spirit Home

They came for him in the morning, an hour before the dawning
The pale white moon was waning in the African sky
The cell-door flew wide open and they stood looking at him
He saw no mercy in their hearts, no pity in their eyes

As they took him and they bound him, tied his trembling hands behind him
He felt his courage leave him, his manhood disappear
His legs would not support him, so from the cell they dragged him
He sobbed and screamed and cursed them in his loneliness and fear

Chorus:

Chain, chains, chains – how many souls have died in freedom's name?
To some it is a way of life, to others just a word
To some it is a snow white dove, to some a bloody sword
But until the last chain falls
Freedom will make slaves of us all.

With faces closed and hidden the white guards walked beside him
Indifferent to his pleading, they'd been down this path before
But other ears were listening, other eyes were watching
Other hearts beat with him in his final desperate hour

From the darkness of that prison came the sound of his brothers singing
"Courage" their voices told him "You do not walk alone"
From their cells beyond the shadow, he heard their voices echo
As in love and pride and sorrow they sang his spirit home

And their song of hope and freedom it rang inside that prison
It beat against the iron bars and crashed against the stone
As in their fear and hate they hung him the last sound that filled his being
Was his brothers singing, singing, singing his spirit home

Courage brother, you do not walk alone
We shall walk with you and sing your spirit home