

 **I saw a Drum in the River**  
**Album: Harmonic Revolution - Track 4**

[Verse 1]

I saw a drum in the river,  
Carried like bone in a mouth of mud  
Beating soft beneath the current,  
Like a ghost that never learned to flood.  
There was silence on the shoreline,  
A woman painting with her breath.  
Her hands were wrapped in future clay,  
Her words undone by death.

[Chorus]

And the wind spoke in Yoruba,  
And the stones began to hum.  
She said,  
“You can’t hold Africa, love—  
But she might hold you, if you come.”  
I said,  
“You can’t hold Africa, love—  
But she might hold you, if you come.”

[Verse 2]

She told me time was a circle  
Made from teeth and tides and thread,  
That exile was a kind of altar  
Built for gods the West calls dead.  
Her eyes were made of memory,  
Her voice, a rusted bell.  
I sang into her stillness,  
But I could not break the spell.

[Bridge]

(spoken over ambient drone)  
A child sleeps in the quarry.  
Stone for skin, rhythm for name.  
The stars forget their order—  
But she will not forget from where she came.

[Final Chorus]

And the wind spoke in Yoruba,  
And the night began to drum.  
She said,  
“You can’t hold Africa, love—  
But she might hold you, if you come.”  
“You can’t hold Africa, love—  
But she might hold you... if she wants you to become.”

**Producer: Hank Power**

**Lyrics: Hank Power/Aida Hammond**

**Session Vocalists: Sam Gallagher, Luna del Rey, Kate B, Dawie, Quinn Pale**

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