

A BLACK NIGHT BLUES IN TIMBUKTU

In the north of Mali a storm never seen before is raging

Like a thousand hyenas, a fierce wind is howling and growling

Omar is approaching the city of 333 Saints, with a troubled mind

What twisted demons have possessed these men, so they are chasing me with guns and knives?

How can the sound of my music be such a sin, that they want to make me pay with my life?

Oh brothers, why did you burn my instruments, destroy my livelihood, even as I pleaded for your grace?

Tried to take my guitar from me, leaving me with no other choice but to kick sand in your faces

Omar fled the scene like a frightened dog, reached Timbuktu still shaken with fear Trying to make sense of the despair in his heart, he is searching for help here

The streets are empty, Timbuktu is like a ghost town

He shouts for help at every door, he needs a place to go underground

But in a split second, his blood is splashed all over the wall

Another bullet splinters his guitar, before he stumbles and falls

Broken hearted he calls upon the city's Saints

A door opens, four arms drag Omar in before he faints

It's a black night blues with no where to hide

A black night blues like the fears inside us

A black night blues in the ancient city

A black night blues a town without pity

A black night blues, A black night blues

The gravely wounded man is awakened by the screams of women and children

Their distress sends a cold shiver down his spine; outside no one is your friend Sticky

blood all over his face, his eyes are heavy and sore

Slowly, he sees the light of the sun breaking through bullet holes in the door

Two frightened young men recount the horrible acts committed by brothers of the same faith

Women being stoned to death, people losing their limbs, ain't that a sin?

Suddenly a loud explosion; the ceiling comes tumbling down and fills the room with dust

Omar's heart cries for justice, "Why this unholy violent lust?"

How can men praise God while fueling the furnaces of hell

Then kiss their children and feed them to the flames; even Iblis would rebel

An anguish so intense numbs Omar's senses; his mind shuts down and surrenders

Outside, in the distance, the singing of birds strikes a cord

He hears a voice inside: "No one can stop life from singing."

"No one can tarnish the glory of the morning sun."

A ray of sun lights up Omar's face as he whispers his last words

"God has no religion, God is love, God is merciful."

As the new morning light warms the cold killing grounds

From the stillness echoes the sound of a song left behind for Moussa to find

It's a black night blues with no where to hide

A black night blues like the fears inside us

A black night blues for the silent guitar

A black night blues in the city of scars

A black night blues, a black night blues

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