

First, There was the Rhythm

Before there was man,
Before there was woman,
Before there was fire,
There was rhythm.
First, there was the rhythm.

In the far distance,
Out of the dark,
Deep in the jungle,
There was rhythm.
First, there was the rhythm.

First, there was the beat,
Clear and pure.
You can almost hear it now,
If you listen.
Soon there was music
By the firelight.
And, you could feel the rhythm.
Feel the rhythm.

High on the mountains,
Down in the marsh,
Out on the plains,
There was rhythm.
Feel the rhythm.

Primal poundings that excite the night.
The embers warm glow
Illuminate the sight
Casting moving shadows
The sounds of life.
And, you could feel the rhythm.
Feel the rhythm.

Dancing with wild abandon; totally free.
Unconscious.
Feel it now.
Dangerous energy.
Beautiful and deadly.
Feel the rhythm.