September '77. Port Elizabeth weather fine.

It was business as usual in police room 619.

CHORUS:

Oh, Biko, Biko, because Biko.
Oh, Biko, Biko, because Biko.

Yihla Moja! Yihla Moja! *[supposedly "descending soul"]*

The man is dead, the man is dead.

When I try to sleep at night, I can only dream in red.
The outside world is black and white with only one color dead.

CHORUS:

You can blow out a candle, but you can't blow out a fire.
Once the flames begin to catch the wind will blow it higher.

CHORUS:

And the eyes of the world are watching, now.
Watching you, now.

*Improvise lyrics over the A to D vamp.*