

Babel

Mumford & Sons

I know the time has numbered my days,
And I'll go along with everything you say
But I'll ride home laughing, look at me now,
For the walls of my tower they come crumbling down
And my ears hear the call of my unborn sons,
And I know the choices color all I've done
But I'll explain it all to the watchman's son,
I ain't ever lived a year better spent in love 'Cause I know my weakness, know my voice
And I'll believe in grace and choice
And I know perhaps my heart is fast
But I'll be born without a mask Like the city that nurtured my greed and my pride,
I stretched my arms into the sky
I cry Babel, Babel, look at me now
For the walls of my tower they come crumbling down
You ask where will we stand in the winds that will howl
Is all we see we'll slipping to the cloud?
So come down from your mountain and stand where we've been
You know our breath is weak and our body thin Press my nose up to the glass around your heart
I should've known I was weaker from the start
You'll build your walls, and I will play my bloody part
To tear, tear them down
Well I'm gonna tear, tear them down 'Cause I know my weakness, know my voice
And I'll believe in grace and choice
And I know perhaps my heart is fast
But I'll be born without a mask

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