I Have Faith In These Desolate Times

Terence Trent D'Arby

I have faith in these desolate times
A roar down the road of a rumbling war
I have faith in these desolate times
A chill from the eyes of a man of political skill
I have faith but for how much longer?It seems to me, bitter trees, full of fleas
Summarily hold the branches
People we, falling leaves, watching thieves
Stealing keys, to our ranchesI have faith in these desolate times
A score to the sound of the feet of a journeyman's tour
I have faith in these desolate times
A feel and a hope and belief that man's peace will be still
I have faith but for how much longer?The village green, people seen, full of beans
Imagining the course of action
And in between, shopping scenes, plasticine
Suburban dreams, an empty factionI have faith in these desolate times
Show fear, and the smoke of a gun trigger pulling finger pressure comes nearI have faith in these desolate times
Before long, the lamb and the lion may lie with the lass in the grass at dawnI have faith but for how much longer?

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