

Babylon

Brendan Perry

Spirit rise to greet the sun
Takes my hand and beats the drum
Tries to make me understand
We're as one in a sea of sand
I'm praying for rain
To see desert flowers again
Underground the children sing
In spite of what the storm may bring
In their hearts a dormant seed
Dreams of life beyond the reeds
In our hearts and minds we see
The hope that springs eternally
Whilst underground the hidden stream
Flows into the man machine
The eagle flies up towards the sun
High above the fields of Babylon
In one claw he holds an olive branch for peace
In the other twelve arrows for his enemies, for his enemies
Sons and daughters of America
You lay down your lives
For the warlords of America
Not for your sake, not for mine

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