

# 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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