

# Babel

## Mumford & Sons

'Cause I know that time has numbered my days  
And I'll go along with everything you say  
But I'll ride home laughing, look at me now  
The walls of my town, they come crumbling down  
And my ears hear the call of my unborn sons  
And I know their 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'll know my weakness, know my voice  
And I'll believe in grace and choice  
And I know perhaps my heart is farce,  
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  
Then the walls of my town, they come crumbling down  
You ask where will we stand in the winds that will howl,  
As all we see will slip into 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 farce,  
But I'll be born without a mask

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