

Gates of Babylon

Gabriel Bruce

It's like there's roses on your everything
I'm still thinking about the war
And I might love you
But you're somewhere else with someone new
And I don't need to be that fool
Who's run about lying and lying and lying and lying
To myself and youIt's almost summer anyway
I'll be the one who follows my own fantasy (?)
I'll not be undone by your attitude
Cause you're so cool
You know what, your old gods mean nothing
Your Buddha, your Lamassu, to Allah, to Jesus
Bamiyan Buddhas, these statues dying
At the Ishtar Gate there's a legion of lions
Add ?? to the gates of Babylon
But nothing at all is set in stone
There's bullet holes across Berlin and Rome
And I never saw bullet holes in doors beforeLike there's roses on your everything
I can't forget about the war at all
But some gods get tortured, some gods get trained
Some gods are destined for the hotel or the cane (?)
Some gods get blown up, some gods get maimed
Some gods get faxed, despatched to Pakistani bazaarsI know my reason, my Lamassu
I'm gonna put up a wall and know what you all are gonna do
The gates of Babylon, they're at the Pergamon
And even the wall fell, and even the crow's flown
And even just that is bigger, in fact, yeah, who are you anyway
Anyway, why would I need your advice at all
If you're so great and I'm so small
But nothing at all is set in stone
There's bullet holes across Berlin and Rome
And I never saw bullet holes in doors beforeAnd why would you say that?
Why would you say that to me?
And why would you lie?
Why would you say that to me?
And why would you lie? Why would you lie?
Why would you lie?
Would you lie [x5]
Would youBut nothing at all is set in stone

There's bullet holes across Berlin and Rome
And I never saw bullet holes in doors before

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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