

Malajube

"Fading World"

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Cos you don't need your weapons now
You've got to hold on to your world
Just stop and put your weapons down
You've got to hold on to your world
This fading world

(This land) is ahead of it's time
Oh but you know it's past it's prime
In so many ways
(This land) is a miserable rock
Stuck like a foot at the end of a sock
Full of razor blades
(Is mine) the right to defend at all
(Is mine) to fight to the end I know
(My hand) can't hold back the seas no more
But it's not from man that we need defending

'Cos you don't need your weapons now
You've got to hold on to your world
Just stop and put your weapons down
You've got to hold on to your world
This fading world
(This land) has damaged the world
How many times these toes have curled
I've heard many tales
(This land) is riddled with lies
How many told how the seas would rise
At such heavy scale
(Is mine) to know what I've seen and own
(Is mine) the suffering and screams at home
(My hand) can't find New Orleans at all
This desperate land that seems to be ending

'Cos you don't need your weapons now
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