

Briggs, The

"Song Of Babylon"

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How long must we wait?
Will this be the fate from a familiar past?
Now, when from these hills
Come the deafening shrills of peace at last

And he says, "Son, you're gonna burn
You're gonna get what you deserve"
I don't think we've struck a nerve
What will it take for us to learn?

Your hands are like dust
As they betray the trust of everyone
And they all wave goodbye
As they light up the sky, each and every one

And he says, "Son, you're gonna burn
You're gonna get what you deserve"
And I don't think we've struck a nerve
What will it take for us to learn?

This is a call to everyone
To sing the song of Babylon

How long must we wait?
Will this be the fate of a familiar past?
Yeah, when from these hills
Come the deafening shrills of peace at last

And he says, "Son, you're gonna burn
You're gonna get what you deserve"
And I don't think we've struck a nerve
What will it take for us to learn?

Yes, he says, "Son, you're gonna burn
You're gonna get what you deserve"
I don't think we've struck a nerve
What will it take for us to learn?

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