

# Song Of Babylon

The Briggs

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?