

# Babylon

Dead Can Dance

Spirit rise to greet the sun Takes my hand and beats the drum  
Tries to make me understand We're as one in a sea of sand

I'm praying for rain To see desert flowers again

Underground the children sing In spite of what the storm may bring  
In their hearts a dormant seed Dreams of life beyond the reeds

In our hearts and minds we see The hope that springs eternally  
Whilst underground the hidden stream Flows into the man machine

The eagle flies up towards the sun High above the fields of Babylon  
In one claw he holds an olive branch for peace In the other  
twelve arrows for his enemies, for his enemies

Sons and daughters of America You lay down your lives For the warlords  
of America Not for your sake, not for mine