

International

Murs

Beijing to Seoul, Beirut to London
A red flag's hoisting to the skies
As if to say our time is coming
As if a sun's begun to rise

And can you hear the children singing
About a future fair for all
They'll live to see that red flag waving
They'll live to see this order fall

The old world dies in sheets of flame
It's banks destroyed, it's streets on fire
And even stone is not written in stone
The world is made of our desire

With open eyes, and a sense of mission
We'll realise our dream some day
A universal recognition
Of justice, healthcare, equal pay

And can you hear the world insisting
A single song in every throat
On a new international system
For which they'll never let us vote

The old world dies in sheets of flame
It's banks destroyed, it's streets on fire
And even stone is not written in stone
The world is made of our desire!