

Babylon Fall

Nina Chuba

When Babylon falls I'll raise a glass
Cracked at the stem, drink to the call
The call to the end, the end of the world
Pray that I pass the test of the gods
Featherweight, heavy heart on my mind, I'll play the odds
Gamble my past, surely sublime, Babylon falls

Is anyone dancing at all?
At this Ken doll, pretty boy ball
All y'all tall ego, meek ego, bore me to death
And a matter of fact, I prefer that to this
I think at least I'm scared of it
There's not a real alternative
I pump a fist, I jump the list
And try to make small talk
How you been, how you doing?
How much money do you make pre tax?
Why the fuck you didn't comment or react
To the candid photo of my ass?
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme everything you got
Gimme time, gimme love, I take Mastercard
I'll take a penny, and your style, and your calm facade
We could be best friends, ah

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Just be a voiceless witness
Know that it's none of my business
Apathetic and eat money for breakfast
Add on all of the extras
Ching, ching, bling, bling
Get the gold watch, plat chrome rims
In the sky scraping heavens
Make the pleb bleed blood for the hell of it, fuck it
If I was chained to the wall
Slaved to the call of the masters of all
Would I care if the shadows that enter
Thrown by pretenders, were false?
Fuck Plato, I'ma be straight with you
I don't really know the truth of it all
I don't even know my face anymore
I'ma let, let Babylon fall

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