

# 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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