

# Angels of Babylon

Winter's Verge

So can you hear me now?  
We are calling out your names  
Remember us, the very last  
The ones to make a change  
So can't you see us now?  
We are hanging on the edge  
No return, our final stand  
This cannot be the end

We cry out to you

Angels of Babylon, tell me what have we become?  
The Holy City, the Gate of God  
Now rubble in the sand  
Angels of Babylon tell me what must be done?  
Guide our ways, to the glory days,  
We are the chosen ones  
Angels of Babylon

Have you forgotten us?  
Have you turned your backs?  
Here we are, in a no man's land  
Afraid of what will come

We cry out to you

Angels of Babylon, tell me what have we become?  
The Holy City, the Gate of God  
Now rubble in the sand  
Angels of Babylon tell me what must be done?  
Guide our ways, to the glory days,  
We are the chosen ones  
Angels of Babylon