

Rush, The Way The Wind Blows

Now it's come to this.
It's like we're back in the Dark Ages.
From the Middle East to the Middle West.
It's a world of superstition.

Now it's come to this.
Wide-eyed armies of the faithful
from the Middle East to the Middle West.
Pray, and pass the ammunition.

So many people think that way.
You gotta watch what you say.
To them and them, and others, too
who don't seem to see things the way you do.

We can only grow the way the wind blows
on a bare and weathered shore.
We can only bow to the here and now
in our elemental war.

We can only grow the way the wind blows.
We can only bow to the here and now
or be broken down blow by blow.

Now it's come to this.
Hollow speeches of mass deception.
from the Middle East to the Middle West
like crusaders in unholy alliance.

Now it's come to this--
like we're back in the dark ages.
From the Middle East to the Middle West
it's a plague that resists all science.

It seems to leave them partly blind
and they leave no child behind
while evil spirits haunt their sleep--
while shepherds bless and count their sheep.

We can only grow the way the wind blows
on a bare and weathered shore.
We can only bow to the here and now
in our elemental war.

We can only grow the way the wind blows.
We can only bow to the here and now
or be broken down blow by blow.

Like a solitary pine
on a bare wind-blasted shore
we can only grow the way the wind blows.