

Gary Brooker, Holding On

(Brooker / Reid)

Zika nor nama ... hesah!

Through this hourglass
Sands are running fast
In deserted plains
Kingdoms write their names
On these burning sands
Kingdoms show their hands
In these killing fields
Soldiers show their steel
The men who play the gods of war
They stay behind the guarded door
And hostages who seek release
They're crying out to keep the peace

Holding on... Holding on
One day we will be free, one day if we're strong
Holding on... Holding on
Through the shadows cast to a brighter day

In these fields of stone
Far away from home
In this vale of tears
The men who play the gods of war
They stay behind the guarded door
Religious leaders teachin' hate
Praise the war and call it fate