

# 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