

Genesis, In The Wilderness

(Phillips/Gabriel/Banks/Rutherford)

Leaving all the world to play they disappear
And the leaves have gathered dust to run like deer
Tearing pieces from our lives to feed the dawn
Mist surrounds the seagulls christened by the storm

Music, all I hear is music - guaranteed to please
And I look for something else
Rain drops pouring down the rooftops
Flowing in the drains
As the people run their lives
As their lives are run by time

Fighting enemies with weapons made to kill
Death is easy as a substitute for pride
Victors join together, happy in their bed
Leaving cold outside the children of the dead

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