

# 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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