

The Walls Are Coming Down

Fanfarlo

They swallowed it whole, they went for the gold, for the gold
We fall for the same lies we all have the same shoes to fit.

The preachers and books of your empire will fight here alone
Some day they will be forgotten and die one by one.

The walls, the walls are coming down
The here and now is coming round
It will someday let you down.
The ships, the ships are coming in
The great ideas are wearing thin
There is nothing left to do.

For atoms have gone as far as atoms will go
Your books write themselves
They line up in row after row

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