

Holding On

Procol Harum

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