

See history fade, it's crystal clear  
Aurora what you doing here  
Buttering the mouths of thieves  
Shutter speed your bleeding leaves

In gardens in the orient  
Likelihood is good and spent  
Herod nods beneath the palms  
Holds poor baby in his arms

Tunis and Sardinia  
The oceans growing hungrier  
Beneath these walls we'll sleep tonight  
Beneath this sky we'll glide so bright

And kings will come, years will pass  
Stars burn cold beneath the glass  
And days will glow in distant times  
In distorted haze the zebras graze

In deserts where the dust storm blows  
And lush black swamps where mandrake grows  
We're marching laughing to the drum  
Waiting for those kings to come

An infant with the voice of a crone  
In Nebuchanezzar's parking zone  
Calls out my lord your end is nigh  
I didn't mean to make you cry

The circus sun in Nero eyes  
The lions and the Christians rise  
Software sings and hardware hears  
We're destined babe to live these years