

## Voices Of Babylon

### The Outfield

Hit the message, I can hear you calling  
No one's going anywhere tonight  
We conceived a modern generation  
It was free but now we pay the price

We're the victims of our own creation  
Chasing rainbows that are painted black or white  
Watch the struggle of our temptation  
Instincts barely keeping us alive

Back to the rhythm that we all came from  
Voices of Babylon, streets of London  
Back to the people that we know so well  
Space and time removed too soon to tell

Just a product of imagination  
Patiently we wait for our turn to come  
A small collection of the population  
By the time our number's up, we could be gone

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