

Desert Rain

House of Lords

"In the Battle of Iraq
The United States and our allies...
...have prevailed"

In the city, in the dead of the night
The king sits on his throne
And he moves around the pieces
And he makes the facts his own
In the desert, a million miles away
A boy looks to the sky
And he sees the night exploding
And the tears come to his eyes

And he wonders:
What do they want?
What do they want?

It's a desert rain
A cavalcade of flames
Fired in the name
Of the sacred and profane
And we're all to blame
And nothing will remain
Unless we rise up
To stop this desert rain
Desert rain

To the fat cats behind the wheel
Nothing is taboo
As they thirst for domination
And they hunger for the crude
In the desert, in the dead of the night
The boy, he prays alone
And he wants to be a hero

So he's strapping on a bomb

And we wonder:
What do they want?
What do they, what do they want?

It's a desert rain
A cavalcade of flames
Fired in the name
Of the sacred and profane
And we're all to blame
And nothing will remain
Unless we rise up
To stop this desert rain
Desert rain

Oh, and we wonder:
What do they want?
What do they, what do they want?

It's a desert rain
A cavalcade of flames

Fired in the name
Of the sacred and profane
And we're all to blame
And nothing will remain
Unless we rise up
To stop this desert rain

This desert rain, this desert rain
This desert rain, this desert rain
And we're all to blame
And nothing will remain
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To stop this desert rain
Desert rain