

A Church Is Burning

Paul Simon

A church is burning
The flames rise higher
Like hands that are praying
They grow in the sky
Like hands that are praying
The fire ascends
You can burn down my churches
But I shall be free

Three hooded men through the back roads did creep
Torches in their hands while the village lies asleep
Down to the church where, just hours before
Voices were singing, and
Hands were meeting, and
Saying, "I won't be a slave anymore"

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They glow in the sky
Like hands that are praying
The fire ascends
You can burn down my churches
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Three hooded men, their hands lit the spark
And they faded in the night, they vanished in the dark
And in the cold light of morning, there was nothing that remained
But the ashes of a Bible and a can of kerosene

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A church is more than just timber and stone
And freedom is a dark road when you're walking it alone
But the future is now, and it's time to take a stand
So the lost bells of freedom can ring out in my land

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