

Prologue

Legend

Life is just a constant illusion, carpeted dreams of man's confusion
Expertly stripped of reasons why, dissected clean and barely alive

Freedom is a dream of the dead, a martyrs cry deep within your head
Where air is not a worthy cause, to destroy the land with mindless wars

England, your children die in vain, for reasons of political gain
And fathers weep into the past, where once they wanted life to last