

Beasts Of Prey

Rome

Das ist (...) doch (...)

To prepare you,
To prepare you,
To prepare your minds... for this great war.

To each dream its fragrance
To life its dread
To each angst its pain
To each truth its rumour

We have lost our cause
We have drained this fear
With burning glass
With another cheap thrill

Its trust regained
Its strife remote
So be unkind or be sedated

Did tomorrow swear not to spare itself
Nor anyone else?

Anyone else?

...to prepare you, to prepare your mind for the part you must play
in this great war...