

The Consolation Of Man

Rome

Why should we disguise in order to conceal?
Why then try to hide a wound that shall not heal?
They swore to take us to their lands
Where milk-white blossoms float
And then they swore to always die in splendour
So let us hear the wild songs they sing
And let us feel the wild joys they bring
And we shall than disguise in order to reveal
And we shall swear tonight to never yield
To never give in, to never falter
To never yield or cry for quarter
When old men dream up wars for us to fight in
When old men dream up wars for us to die in

...I don't want to hurt you...but I must, I must...