

In your wildest dreams he stands before you
The upright figure of a national glory
The man in the circle came closer towards me
Pulled on his belt and tightened his grip
Don't be afraid this is a family show
I ran through the streets like a power-mad mullah
Guns for hire, set your turbans on fire
Sad is the land in need of heroes
Sad is the land in need of heroes
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you
Warcry
Warcry
Warcry
In my wildest dreams I see a new world coming quickly
And I cried out for mercy while you died of blisters
Living in the gutter crying for your mother
The pope is explosive
And witness to fifty years of heavenly seduction
Sad is the land in need of heroes
Sad is the land in need of heroes
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you
Warcry
Warcry
Warcry
Scream the bleating voice of patriotic babble
Warcry
Warcry
But you're always crashing with your tongue and eyes
And you haven't enjoyed the news like this
Since 1945
Sad is the land in need of heroes
Sad is the land in need of heroes
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you
Warcry
Warcry
Warcry
Warcry