

Looking For Europe

Sol Invictus

He went looking for Europe, took love in his hand
With eyes of sunlight, like burning sand
Went to the west, rode to the east
Heard of life and honour, looked into the eyes of the beast
Stood in a city, in the gold house of whores
Said: ''I'm looking for Europe'', then you're looking for war
Sat on the throne of Arthur, held Boudica's sword
Kissed the flags of the great, beneath the towers so tall
Climbed up the hillside, where the eagle still flies
Said: ''I'm looking for Europe'', well be ready to cry
He walked to the forest, to the lair of the wolf
Said: ''I'm looking for Europe, I'll tell you the truth.''''
Some find it in a flag, some in the beat of a drum
Some with a book, and some with a gun
Some in a kiss, and some on the march
But if you're looking for Europe, best look in your heart