

Waracle

ayreon sings of the uselessness of the countless wars to come,
and the absurdity of the final annihilation by the push of just
one button

by just one man.

echoes of a thousand screams

smoke, blood and fire

a deserted battlefield

millions of men will die

at one man's desire

and the docile mass will yield

all through the ages

men will die before their time

in an everlasting war

as long as man is taught

that war is not a crime

man will fight for evermore

out of the ashes

a war-lord will arise

and tyrannize the land

his reign of terror

will cost many a sacrifice

an inferno is at hand

all through the centuries

men will be caged

in the name of liberty

as long as man shall live

wars will be waged

or will we ever be set free?

set me free!

the road to ruin

gets shorter all the time

as technology will improve

it takes but one man

to commit the ultimate crime

and make the final move