

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