

We all came back from the war  
I wish somebody would tell me the score  
We raked old Poseidon over the coals  
Shook his shells, shook his shoals

Where can a soldier fix himself a drink  
Forget the noise, forget the stink  
And the opium is running pretty low  
'Cause when the pain comes back, I don't want to know

Across yonder ocean the natives are fierce  
Their ears are filled their teeth are pierced  
But it's not their spears that spill your breath  
They kill their enemies by loving them to death

We were on some battlefield  
I felt something soft go through my shield  
I felt something warm enter my guts  
I was bleeding bad but there were no cuts

They captured three of us, took us back to their village  
After a long long time I could decipher their language  
They worshipped Baal, they worshipped the sun  
They worshipped the son of the evil one

They were more than voracious, they sucked our ambition  
They let me go on one condition  
That was when I came back to my native shore  
I tell you they don't want to play with us anymore

But a part of me will never be free  
And the part that's free will never be me  
But a thing of love and beauty is in my head  
A message from our enemies, and here's what they said

They said that love = hate  
And death = fate  
An enemy always = an adorer  
But priest = aura

Yeah, and life = time  
And time = space  
And space = sublime  
And human = race

Oh and woman = man  
And pot = pan  
The fauna ought to equal the flora  
But priest = aura

And beginning = the end  
The end always = the start  
But straight = bent  
The mind sometimes = the heart

And you = me  
The land = the sea

Richer = poorer  
And priest = aura