

Originally performed by Joy Division  
Here are the young men, a weight on their shoulders  
Here are the young men, well where have they been?  
We knocked on doors of hell's darker chambers  
Pushed to the limits, we dragged ourselves in  
Watched from the wings as the scenes were replaying  
We saw ourselves now as we never had seen  
Portrayal of the traumas and degeneration  
The sorrows we suffered and never were freed  
Where have they been  
Weary inside, now our hearts lost forever  
Can't replace the fear or the thrill of the chase  
These rituals showed up the door for our wanderings  
Opened and shut, then slammed in our face  
Where have they been