

The Wreck-Age

Tygers of Pan Tang

We're frightened by the arms race,
We're frightened by nuclear waste,
We're frightened by this stale mate,
We're frightened by the growing hate

Who cares about humanity,
Who cares about you and me,
The results are plain to see

Living in the wreck-age
How did we reach this stage,
Living in the wreck-age,
Living in the wreck-age,
Living between the blades,
Living in the wreck-age

They keep their secrets from us,
And they expect our trust,
They never believe what they're told,
And they tell us we must,

It's always the same,
It will never change,
There will be no refrain