

Children's Memory

Axe

Time, look back in time
Ages lost in a veil of mystery
Signs, so many signs
Pointing to bloodshed and misery
So many battles, too many wars
Bodies piled like an altar to the sun
So many swords sharpened with lies
Excuses for destruction that's been done

And the kings will dine on the travesty
While the funeral pyres burn
We choke upon the smoke
Yet we refuse to learn

Who has the right, the magical touch
To take what we needed so much?
Can't turn my back, can't close my eyes
No matter how hard I try
Can't all our hearts beat as if one
Even though damage is done?
And we'll make this just a children's memory

Nothing but struggle is life
The only coin we have with which to trade
We are in trouble
How many times must the same debt be paid?

As the royal few sit and brew their tea
In the sacrificial blood
They refuse to see that the final destiny is dust

Who has the right, the magical touch
To take what we needed so much?
Can't turn my back, can't close my eyes
No matter how hard I try
Can't all our hearts beat as if one
Even though damage is done?
We must make this just a children's memory

And the kings will dine on you and me
While the funeral pyres still burn
We choke upon the smoke
Yet we refuse to learn, refuse to learn

Who has the right, the magical touch
To take what we needed so much?
Can't turn my back, can't close my eyes
No matter how hard I try
Can't all our hearts beat as if one
Even though damage is done?
We must make this just a children's memory

Who has the right, the magical touch
To take what we needed so much?
Can't turn my back, can't close my eyes
No matter how hard I try
Can't all our hearts beat as if one

Even though damage is done?
We must make this just a children's memory