

Victory

Killing Joke

Across the sand under a crescent moon
In celebration of our feards
And rumours circulating in the street
The candle burns the world awaits

We ask is this some kind of victory?
Where is the dream, where is the sanity?

As crying echoes down the corridors
The child comes running to his mother's arms
And all the things I hold so dear to me
I love my wife, I love my family

Raise up your heads and voices
The promise of beyond
With courage face the moment
Remember who you are!

A frightened people losing dignity
The shadow of an island in their minds
While fools are bent on making history
With nothing gained, is this our destiny?