Maybe this time it will happen, maybe this time wait & see Who's to blame when words of honour Are discarded shamefully

Down in the busy streets, rain falls down in sheets Windswept men are coming home from work Shoppers drag their bags & youngsters drag their fags While hidden in the shadow evil lurks

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Down in the busy streets friends & lovers meet Sit in bars & moan about their day As beer & banter flows, little do they know Apocalypse is just a breath away

Laugh & cry, don't ask why, safe inside your cages
Take your cup, drink it up, sleep the sleep of ages
Payback time, for your crime, pave the way to Hades
Flames & noise, for the boys, shrapnel for the ladies

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Down in the busy street people lifted from their feet As bricks & glass fly outward from the blast And in a single breath, life turns to death A future bold becomes a shameful past

Maybe this time it will happen, maybe this time wait & see Who's to blame when words of honour Are discarded shamefully