Prologue

Legend

Life is just a constant illusion, carpeted dreams of man's confusion

Expertly stripped of reasons why, dissected clean and barely alive

Freedom is a dream of the dead, a martyrs cry deep within your head

Where air is not a worthy cause, to destroy the land with mindl ess wars

England, your children die in vain, for reasons of political ga in

And fathers weep into the past, where once they wanted life to last