

Magic land so far away - was
It worth the voyage in these days?
The lives of soldiers thrown away
In medieval claims to yesterday...
Off the starboard bow
In the heat of the night
We visualize Apocalypse in the fire fight,
The parliament says "it's necessary"
But Birmingham calls you home
The neighborhood, the family, the
Mind begins to ROAM.
Ocean currents flowing
Taking vessels to a war
Whether right or wrong it's a moot point
As we hit the shore
A former king's residence
In the district of the North
The crown of England is risking
All for sovereignty at Stanley Port.
The Mission. The Mission.
Don't Forget The Mission.
But there's no way out
I don't want to stand here and fight anymore
Please - couldn't we find a better way,
I just saw somebody die.
Waving the flag as he fell to the ground -
While the locals rejoiced in liberation.
So take those ice cold islands back -
Almighty Union Jack
A thousand victories will be behind you
In royal fashion the colonies, the land swept up
In the naval destruction out at sea.
No wire to the U.K. - no moral
Ground can prepare us to die at
Falkland Sound.
So take those ice cold islands back
Almighty Union Jack
A thousand victories will be behind you
When will we learn to cease the fire
My friends in modern times - we need a better way.
Because this place belongs to all of us
Responsibility lies within each of us
The revenge we seek will not conquer us...
Listen.
This place belongs to all of us
Responsibility lies within each of us
One earth, one mind can save us
My friends the end is near us.