It's time to rebuilding Dresden, the great machines come arumbling in

The desecration of the ruins and everything that might have bee ${\bf n}$

You showed me the square in the melting snow

As the light was beginning to fade

But your melancholy eyes betrayed you

Just as you have been betrayed

I get culture shock coming back to the west - I can feel the wicked sting

I see the stores all glittering like idiot's gold beckoning the innocents in

The constructed face of a civilised world, complete cosmetic control

But it's not far back to the caves and the trees

And soon it will be time to go

Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.

121st street and rising the western dream aspires
The crack kings like to drive German cars and there's children up for sale

The streets are left scorched and barren

There's twenty-seven channels on the cable television

Get gang murder hype from Tinseltown to sell a movie about Malc olm ${\bf X}$

But freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.

So pinned down and what do we get?
A longer piece of rope for our cute little necks
Sweet liberty and her faithlessness
Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom