

Decades

New Order

Here are the young men, the weight on their shoulders
Here are the young men, where have they been?
We knocked on the door of Hell's darker chamber
Pushed to the limit, we dragged ourselves in
Watched from the wings as the scenes were replaying
We saw ourselves now as we never had seen
Portrayal of the trauma and degeneration
The sorrows we suffered and never were free

Where have they been?
Where have they been?
Where have they been?
Where have they been?

Weary inside, now our heart's lost forever
Can't replace the fear, or the thrill of the chase
Each ritual showed up the door for our wanderings
Open then shut, then slammed in our face

Where have they been?
Where have they been?
Where have they been?
Where have they been?