

In Memory of the Martyrs

Barclay James Harvest

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Life is like a tall ship
Drifting gently from the shore
Time is like a fair wind
With a lifetime to exploreThe beauty that surrounds you
Was meant to be adored
The problems that surround you
Were meant to be ignoredWe are love, we are, we are love
We are love, we are, we are loveI dreamt I held a baby
I dreamt I held a child
I dreamt I held a young man
A prisoner in my handMy hand I could not open
The man grew up inside
A prisoner without reason
Just on the other sideWe are love, we are, we are love
We are love, we are, we are loveThe blood red rose of summer
Grows elegant and tall
In memory of the green grass
Beyond the guardian wallThe green grass grows forever
Beneath the bloody sky
In memory of the martyrs
She'll cover when they dieWe are love, we are, we are love
We are love, we are, we are loveWe are love, we are, we are love
We are love, we are, we are love

Lyrics provided by

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