

# Heresy

## Deadfall

All around that dull gray world from Moscow to Berlin  
People storm the barricades, walls go tumbling in  
The counter-revolution, people smiling through their tears  
Who can give them back their livesAnd all those wasted years?

    All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?All around that dull gray world of ideology  
    People storm the marketplace and buy up fantasy  
    The counter-revolution at the counter of a store  
People buy the things they want and borrow for a little moreAll those wasted years  
    All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?Do we have to be forgiving at last?  
    What else can we do?  
    Do we have to say goodbye to the past?  
Yes, I guess we doAll around this great big world, all the crap we had to take  
    Bombs and basement fallout shelters, all our lives at stake  
    The bloody revolution, all the warheads in its wake  
All the fear and suffering, all a big mistakeAll those wasted years  
    All those precious wasted years  
    Who will pay?

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