

# Heresy

MÑCernau

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 lives And 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 more All 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 do All 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 mistake All those wasted years  
All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?

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