Heresy

MÑŒrnau

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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