

Theatre of Hate, Dreams of the Poppy

In fields and cities an air is whistled
So sons of daughters, journey to glory
Unfilled life, whose only crime was
That their time was of an era of innocence
Oh, they're dreaming
Oh, while waking
The reasons for this are insane
The young are dreaming, while waking
Above the fields of poppies there's smoke
A new generation, is waiting for (war).