

# Barclay James Harvest, In Memory Of The Martyrs

Life is like a tall ship  
Drifting gently from the shore  
Time is like a fair wind  
With a lifetime to explore  
The beauty that surrounds you  
Was meant to be adored  
The problems that surround you  
Were meant to be ignored  
We are love, we are, we are love  
We are love, we are, we are love

I dreamt I held a baby  
I dreamt I held a child  
I dreamt I held a young man  
A prisoner in my hand  
My hand I could not open  
The man grew up inside  
A prisoner without reason  
Just on the other side  
We are love, we are, we are love  
We are love, we are, we are love

The blood red rose of summer  
Grows elegant and tall  
In memory of the green grass  
Beyond the guardian wall  
The green grass grows forever  
Beneath the bloody sky  
In memory of the martyrs  
She'll cover when they die  
We are love, we are, we are love  
We are love, we are, we are love