

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