

Bardon, Alyson

And so the time has come,
to fight for right and wrong.
There is no one to save us from ourselves.
Along the troubled road,
a story will unfold
Of fantasy born any age of innocence.
I can see the rain begin to fall,
watch as the wind blows,
can you hear this voices when they call ?
Yesterday's heroes.
A game of consequence,
we have to take the chance
and do our best
to keep the past alive.
Soon we will return,
a lesson to be learned,
by those who try to keep
the flame from burning.
I can see the rain begin to fall,
watch as the wind blows,
can you hear this voices when they call ?
Yesterday's heroes.
Here we're helplessly searching for truth
is it me ? Is it you ?
Will our lives just crumble away ?
I can see the rain begin to fall
watch as the wind blows.
Can you hear this voices when they call ?
Yesterday's heroes.