

# Barren Cross, Killers Of The Unborn

Imagine you are standing on a stage  
In another time, in another age.  
They begin to cheer at the sound of your guitar  
Out of control, rock'n'roll, you are a star

Midnight, warrior, like a dream, wake up!

Fifty million fans, they know your name  
They all love you so, that's why they came.  
You'll never have the time to spend all the money you earn.  
You 're running too fast, remember the past, when will you learn.

[Bridge]

All night warrior, like a dream  
Things aren't what they seem to be, and there's no end as far as you can see

[Chorus]

Imaginary music, hang on so you don't lose it  
Imaginary music, it's power, don't abuse it

Imagine you 're standing on a stage  
And the beams of light surround you like a cage  
Trapped inside a dream from down below  
You think you've got it all, what you don't know