

# Rush, Heresy

All around that dull grey world  
From Moscow to Berlin  
People storm the barricades  
Walls go tumbling in

The counter-revolution  
People smiling through their tears  
Who can give them back their lives  
And all those wasted years?  
All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?

All around that dull grey world  
Of ideology  
People storm the marketplace  
And buy up fantasy

The counter-revolution  
At the counter of a store  
People buy the things they want  
And borrow for a little more  
All those wasted years  
All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?

Do we have to be forgiving at last?  
What else can we do?  
Do we have to say goodbye to the past?  
Yes I guess we do

All around this great big world  
All the crap we had to take  
Bombs and basement fallout shelters  
All our lives at stake

The bloody revolution  
All the warheads in its wake  
All the fear and suffering  
All a big mistake  
All those wasted years  
All those precious wasted years  
Who will pay?