

# Theatre of Hate, Dreams of the Poppy

In fields and cities an air is whistled  
So sons of daughters, journey to glory  
Unfilled life, whose only crime was  
That their time was of an era of innocence  
Oh, they're dreaming  
Oh, while waking  
The reasons for this are insane  
The young are dreaming, while waking  
Above the fields of poppies there's smoke  
A new generation, is waiting for (war).