

Barclay James Harvest

"In Memory Of The Martyrs"

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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

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We are love, we are, we are love

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