

Deante

"Cold Grey Fairyland"

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Chorus:

Children, sweet dreams, hold onto your dreams
Sellafield is only a cold, gray fairyland

The chill of the eastern wind blows across the sea
Taunting the waves and tempting the sun
A blanket of fear of a darkness 'round us __
Down through our hopes, through our blood, down
through our blood

Gray is the night sky, but blacker is the dawn
Faces __ and foreign smiles __ the maze
But tomorrow will be full of promise, full of life
But the chill in the wind cries, "No, no more"

(Chorus twice)

Children, we leave you a wasteland all around
Blighted and slighted your cries go unheard
And the meek shall inherit a cold and barren land
The price of a war undeclared, undeclared

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