

## Young Hearts

Axe

Young hearts beating  
In the middle of the night  
Sounding like the thunder  
Of some sacrificial rite  
And the young hearts bleeding  
For the freedom of their youth  
Struggle in the back seat  
Find out the truth

Young hands reaching  
For the goal they can't attain  
His blood begins to boil  
When he thinks that it's in vain  
And a young heart burdened  
With the weight of vanity  
Summons all her strength  
To save her purity

They keep asking questions  
They keep hearing lies  
Don't tell the children

Cover their eyes  
Remember the warning  
And all it implies  
We're seeing the dawn of  
Yesterday's skies

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