

For Those Who Dare

Greg Lake

Freedom held as a standard, for those who dare.
In a world full of madness are those who care.
Silence draws no applause
for the blood that stains their causes,
but there's freedom for those who dare.

Villified by opponents in times of need.
Those without true commitment will not succeed.
Those who strive for an aim
must beware the way is painful.
Liberation for those who dare.

Ringed in a field of fire, (fire - fire)
strung on a web of wire,
lashed by a wind of steel,
eyes scorched, but hands can't feel.

Front line of politicians,
linguists but not magicians.
Service without concession,
faces without expression.

Hooded eyed underground from the blades of light.
Can't be found, not a sound in the dead of night.
Panic grips whitened lips, fortune smiles and fortune trips them
.
Liberation for those who dare.

Those with nerve torn by tension can't hesitate.
Eyes ablaze with perfection must cool to slate.
Hands are damp, muscles cramp,
skill explodes with practised timing.
And there's freedom for those who dare.
Liberation for those who care.
Victory for those who dare.