

When there is disappointment  
A life disjointed, left out here in the rain  
Ill-affected, misdirected  
Yet so genuine all the same

While there is truth in anger  
That desperate clamber  
The progress through the pain  
Sometimes ideals die and havoc cries  
As wisdom fall from grace

Imagine the impossible  
Expect the inconceivable  
Prepare for the deplorable  
Enforce the indestructible

'Cause it will happen here  
Every fifty to a hundred years  
When our hearts grow cold

And the fear takes hold  
It will happen here  
Every fifty to a hundred years

When there is mass confusion  
Rising delusion escaped from reality  
Ill-affected, misdirected  
Yet so genuine all the same

While there is truth in anger  
That desperate clamber  
The progress through the pain  
Sometimes ideals die and havoc cries  
As wisdom fall from grace

Imagine the impossible  
Expect the inconceivable  
Prepare for the deplorable  
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