

## Victory

## Killing Joke

Across the sand under a crescent moon  
In celebration of our feards  
And rumours circulating in the street  
The candle burns the world awaits

We ask is this some kind of victory?  
Where is the dream, where is the sanity?

As crying echoes down the corridors  
The child comes running to his mother's arms  
And all the things I hold so dear to me  
I love my wife, I love my family

Raise up your heads and voices  
The promise of beyond  
With courage face the moment  
Remember who you are!

A frightened people losing dignity  
The shadow of an island in their minds  
While fools are bent on making history  
With nothing gained, is this our destiny?