

In your wildest dreams he stands before you  
The upright figure of a national glory  
The man in the circle came closer towards me  
Pulled on his belt and tightened his grip  
Don't be afraid this is a family show  
I ran through the streets like a power-mad mullah  
Guns for hire, set your turbans on fire  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you  
Warcry  
Warcry  
Warcry  
In my wildest dreams I see a new world coming quickly  
And I cried out for mercy while you died of blisters  
Living in the gutter crying for your mother  
The pope is explosive  
And witness to fifty years of heavenly seduction  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you  
Warcry  
Warcry  
Warcry  
Scream the bleating voice of patriotic babble  
Warcry  
Warcry  
But you're always crashing with your tongue and eyes  
And you haven't enjoyed the news like this  
Since 1945  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
Sad is the land in need of heroes  
It's so sad when they say how they wish and they will you  
Warcry  
Warcry  
Warcry  
Warcry