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## TRUE BELIEVERS

Once in the halls of the mighty  
I sang the "Internationale"  
While the leader of the country  
Sang along with me

And as the song soared higher  
In a raucous joyful choir  
Our eyes shone with the fire  
Of the men we used to be

Ah, what happened to those dreamers  
All those true believers  
The common man's foot soldiers  
Who tried to storm the barricades?

Is the fire inside still burning  
As they wait for the wheel's turning  
Or are they forever broken  
Their hopes and dreams betrayed?

Now in the halls of the mighty  
They sing of power and money  
While the "Internationale"  
Gathers dust on history's shelf

Farewell to idealism  
And quaint old-fashioned socialism  
Now it's the age of pragmatism  
Of each man for himself

Now in place of true believers  
There's faceless smooth self-seekers  
With one eye on their pensions  
And one eye on the polls

Empty men lead us  
Empty lies feed us  
Empty dreams bleed us  
And empty out our souls