

Forward, Russia!

"A Shadows Is A Shadow Is A Shadow"

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Mary paced the street again
She always made her mark and yet
She's got the same regrets
As any other in her town

Michael walked the street again
The seventh time he
Trawled these lands this weekend
Still he had
A thought that he could never shake
Was this right
Is this world so full of hate
I wanted to say

Pacing down the street again
A briskly-striding silhouette
He's walking with the same regret
As every other villain does
And it's true we are filled
With grief and pain
I wanted to say

That what you do is only on your own conscience now
Life is not a series of your own photographs

Thousands made the protest march
They thought they were so strong
And yet they've got the same regrets
As any other pitchfork-wielding mass
We are all criticised for vacancy
I wanted to say

That we can all be occupied
By regrets and foolish hate
We all are the same
And the rebels closed
After years it was time to pretend
I wanted to say
This is not the end
If you want to change

Racing through the streets again

They all race worried for their hurt
And yet they've got the same regrets
As any other who has salt on their tongue
Who has lines on their face
I wanted to say
I wanted to say

But you should have seen this coming
Life is a process
Hey

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