

## **New Model Army "Another Imperial Day"**

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You could be there  
on a dark october night  
waiting for the moment to be  
swimming 'cross the freezing river  
holding a plastic bag of belongings just out of the  
water  
climbing up the banks on the other side  
hiding in the trees so cold  
that you hardly show as a target  
on the heat seeking gear of the border patrol  
but you made it, you're another one over  
sleeping on a bench in a railway station  
in the heart of Europe  
haven't eaten anything for two days straight  
but where there is a will there's allways gonna be a way

And every door is guarded  
and every guard costs money  
so the women are bought and kept and raped and sold  
as slaves  
because the family borrowed from the man  
and the man has allways got to be repaid  
for the deals of the borders and the fake IDs  
and the stolen passports all locked away  
While the women are working and gagging down on  
their knees  
and somewhere in the back of terminal 3  
in the clogged-up corridors of the imigration  
authorities  
whole families with the wrong bits of paper  
are waiting to be sent back to where they came from  
escorted by officials out across the tarmac  
with their wrist bound tight with cable ties behind their  
backs

It's dawn and there's fog in Rotterdam harbour  
and the guard's on his break and the dogs are chained  
by the wire  
three figures come out from behind the cranes  
make across the train tracks  
climb aboard a Panamanian freighter headed for the  
isle of grain

find a place to hide in a stack of containers  
another payload of world trade because  
goods are free to move but not people  
oil is free to move but not people  
jobs are free to move but not people  
money is free to move but not people

And today they got a man hauled off a truck in the port  
of calais  
we watch him in silence as they lead him away  
clutching his battered suitcase  
but his face betrays him, lost and scared and defeated  
sitting in the back of the white port authority van  
well, where do any of us come from, it's pretty hard to  
say  
while high in the sky above us tonight  
the bombers are heading the other way, south and east  
into the blood red crimson sunrise of another imperial  
day

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