

## **New Model Army "Archway Towers"**

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Rolling up tab ends that the baby's collected  
Waiting for the number that clicks on the wall.  
It's open season on the weak and the feeble  
Their meagre ambitions, their impotent fury  
There's bullet proof glass in case there is trouble  
No doors in the building between this side and that  
side.

I've tried to wrestle some unbalanced nightmare  
Tell myself over that I don't really live here  
But the boys run away leaving blood on the pavement  
And a little crowd gathered to watch you pick yourself  
up  
Joining the queue at the video library

To watch ninety five minutes of simulated torture

The conference hall rings to the standing ovation  
The people in blue ties rise from the podium  
Crazy with power, blinded by vision  
The mass-chosen leaders for a brutalised nation

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