

## **New Model Army "Ballad"**

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When they look back at us and they write down their  
history  
What will they say about our generation?  
We're the ones who knew everything and still we did  
nothing  
Harvested everything, planted nothing.  
Well we live pretty well in the wake of the goldrush  
Floating in comfort on waves of our apathy  
Quietly gnawing away at Her body  
Until we mortgage the future, bury our children  
Storehouses full with the fruits we've been given  
We send off the scrag-ends to suckle the starving  
But still we can't feed this strange hunger inside  
Greedy, restless and unsatisfied.

I was never much one for the great "Big Bang" theory  
Going out in a blaze of suicidal glory  
Not foolish and brave, these leaders of ours  
Just stupid and petty, unworthy of power;  
Just a little leak here and a small error there  
Another square mile poisoned forever  
A series of sad and pathetic little fizzles

And out go the lights, never to return.  
The affair it is over, the passion is dead  
She stares at us now with ice in Her eyes  
But we turn away from these bitter reproaches  
And take up distractions to forget what we're doing

I stand on these hills and I watch Her at night  
A thousands square miles, a million orange lights  
Wounded and scarred, She lies silent in pain  
Raped and betrayed in the cold acid rain  
And I wish and I wish  
We could start over again  
Yes I wish and I wish  
We could win back Her love once again

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