

New Model Army "Charge"

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Our history speaks in thunder from a thousand village
halls
In blood and sweat and sacrifice, in honouring every
call
So the forces gathered against the thorn a-piercing in
their side
A brave new world is beckoning so the olden world
must die.
In the offices of the city, at all the tables of oak and
power
The snares are laid and baited for the approaching of
the hour
A hundred justifications and the presses are ready to
roll
The gateways to the nation they are firmly under
control

Chorus:

On, on, on, cried the leaders at the back
We went galloping down the blackened hills
And into the gaping trap
The bridges are burnt behind us and there's waiting
guns ahead
Into the valley of death rode the brave hundreds

We called for some assistance from the friends that we
had known
But this is the 1980s and we were on our own
We never felt like heroes or martyrs to a cause
Just battle-weary soldiers in a bloody civil war

The massacre now is over and the order new enshrined
While a quarter of the nation are abandoned far behind
Their leaders offer the cliché words, so righteous in
defeat
But no one needs morality when there isn't enough to
eat
The unity bond is broken and the loyalty songs are fake
I'll screw my only brother for even a glimpse at a piece
of the cake
We only cry in private here behind the shuttered glass
When we think of the charge of this brigade, the

severing of the past

Chorus:

On, on, on, cried the leaders at the back

We went galloping down the blackened hills

And into the gaping trap

The bridges are burnt behind us and there's waiting
guns ahead

Into the valley of death rode the brave hundreds

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