

## **New Model Army**

### **"Fate 3 20"**

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(Sullivan)

I put my hands into the roaring flames  
I felt the pain as it started to burn  
I've done the same thing over again and again  
As if I never ever wanted to learn  
Moving through the world at obsession speed  
Leave a dust trail crossing the land  
I'm crying out in fury to the gods of fate  
Come on, get me if you can  
I'm a master at the art of how to kill  
I've killed the things that I love the best  
There's blood on the walls of my home  
Patterned with the coward's kiss  
And love it is the key that unlocks the door  
But you never know what's waiting behind  
Crying out in fury to the gods of fate  
Come and get me if you can  
I'm screaming in the wind, screaming in the rain  
Screaming in the face of the storm  
Howling out in the roaring surf  
With the waves crashing down into foam  
To feel something without a weakness

She batters me down into the sand  
Crying out in fury to the gods of fate  
Come on and get me if you can  
Now I understand what they told me years ago  
How the stakes get higher and higher the further  
that you go  
Now it's a bad time to look for forgiveness  
It's a bad time for searching for home  
The Wall came down in a thousand pieces  
Now everybody's building their own  
Disillusioned little children of the Western world  
Time hangs heavy in our hands  
We cry out in our fury to the gods of fate  
Come on and get us if you can  
We're crying out in our pride to the gods of fate  
Come on and get us if you can  
I'm crying out to the gods who couldn't care less  
Come and get me if you can

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