

New Model Army "Killing"

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It was summer when they finally came, the law of force
and line upon line of machine upon machine, back into
the greenwood,
closer to the heart of things we go - beneath the wires
stretched against the sky,
spitting out in desperation - stop the killing . . .
The wind blows down from St George's Hill through to
Stanworth Woods,
and to the East, on this grey and pallid dawn the lights
from the rigs
blinking out across the poisoned sea, a little group of
ships floating out to meet the coming storm
sailing on in desperation - stop the killing . . .
Raised and bound upon the land, and the everlasting
whispers in diamond
through the trees, in the breath of Eden . . .
Innocent still the faith we hold - our time will come . . .
That which walks the corridors of power is a virus that
mutates;

immune to all resistance, and every turn of history . . .
And all that's left for us is marking crosses upon doors,
and scrawling in the golden sand before each tide
comes rolling in;
screaming out in desperation - stop the killing . . .
Holding on, and out, forever . . .

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