

## **New Model Army "Lurhstaap"**

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One swallow never made a spring  
You can buy a crown, it doesn't make you king  
Beware the trinkets that we bring

When the visionary dreams set hard and gray, as flesh  
made into stone  
You tore the statues to the ground crying, let my  
people go  
Now they're gone, all is gone  
But these changing winds can turn cold and hostile

The freedom, passion and the two-faced call  
They dance together upon the wall  
With nothing left to break the fall

Now twenty-five miles north in the great dark woods  
The college buildings stand  
And the ghosts of hope walk silent halls  
At the death of the Promised Land

All is gone, all is gone  
But these changing winds can turn cold and hostile

One swallow never made a spring  
You can buy a crown, it doesn't make you king  
Beware the trinkets that we bring

In the shadows of the crowded square, a thousand  
paper deals go down  
And hungry sharks from everywhere, smell the blood  
and head for town  
Innocence starts to peel away, how money changes  
everything  
The past, it eats the future up and this blind desire eats  
everything

Now the rats, they leave one stricken ship for another  
sailing past  
Your world was going nowhere slow, while ours goes  
nowhere fast  
And now it's gone, all is gone  
And these changing winds can grow cold and hostile

The freedom, passion and the two-faced call  
They dance together upon the wall  
With nothing left to break the fall

One swallow never made a spring  
You can buy a crown, it doesn't make you king  
Beware the trinkets that we bring

The freedom, passion and the two-faced call  
They dance together on the famous wall  
With nothing left to break the fall

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