

New Model Army

"My People"

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Stare across the crowd
The fear and love in their faces
The children of the tribes
Prisoners of the flags unfurling
Protect us in these changing times
The warm embrace, the killing price

My people right or wrong

Remember running from the hall
As the voices screamed behind us
I felt I'd die for you
In the sunlit hills of our home
The moments come then recede away
The empty words, the hollow light of day

My people right or wrong

And outside is cold
Staring up at the lighted window
And in the bitter home
The thicker the blood, the faster it keeps on flowing
Get in your place, boy, let's take what's ours, boy
Understand the price, boy

I've seen those who try to make
A life without kin for ever
So I've taken my place
Uncertain at your shoulder
The last few prayers, the whistle blow
And into the fray once more we go

My people right or wrong

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