

Million Dead

"Engine Driver"

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When I grow up I want to be an engine driver.
I'll build up my own head of steam - 25 horsepower.

Old hands,
new power,
more miles per hour - strange light in the ancient mills.
New sights,
old eyes,
giant leaps under small skies - a sense of death in the hills.

But when I pull off, I don't want to follow timetables or tracks.
I will cut new paths through topsoil and tarmac.

Old hands,
new power,
more miles per hour - strange light in the ancient mills.
New sights,
old eyes,
giant leaps under small skies - a sense of death in the hills.

The only thing that I will leave behind is a simple trail;
two stark parallel lines that cut their way away across the land,
which our children will preserve but won't understand.

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