

Skyclad

"A Survival Campaign"

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[or A young Mr Polly takes the train]

So we lie and wait for dreaded and demanding down
Come wrest us from our safe and sleepy beds
Over by the window lie the raiment and the weapons
That we need to take into this world today
Armoured by opinion, with statistic and schoolboy's
charm
We take our place amongst the rank and file
Young and proud and free, we are the 'gilded youth'
The chosen 'few'
The vanguard of our generation here

Marching out in the battle, after the glory in this
enterprise
Likes pieces on a board, we're pushed around
As cannons roar and missiles fly, into this melee we
are thrown
We dearly learn survival has her price
Now profit is a noble cause, we're honourbound to
follow on
Believing 'Good' and 'Right' are on our side
Will we be remembered in dispatches or in legends
long
Will our story often be retold ?

But dragons slain in PC games
just can't assuage, you anger reigns,
You struggle on in spite of all you learn,
Baffled by their industry and bold commercial
wizzardry
The young crusader's beaten by the game
Yet in a quiet shade of evening when I lay me down
And relive all the struggles we have made
A smile creeps across the face that bears
the scars of war time can't erase,
I loosen off my grip and fade away
I loosen off my grip and fade away
I loosen off my grip and fade away
I loosen off my grip and fade away
I finally close my eyes and fade away

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