

Twelfth Night "Sequences 16:21"

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And it seems my time has passed
Before me until now
In sequences of moments
And now I see this poster
They seem to need me anyway
I'll take the shilling sign
I'll make a positive move
To be an action man
The woman seem to want us to go
And so I can't refuse
So I find myself in a country somewhere
Where mayhem's madman minions
All march around a square
Unquestioning obedience
Is the order of the day
Your friends are coloured khaki
And your enemies are grey
THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S PEP-TALK
"Alright my likely lads
You've left your mums and dads, now
Our glorious leaders start a war
To protect the 'ole of 'umankind
That's why they always stay be'ind
What d'ya mean
'Isn't it wrong to kill?'
Not if the top men say so!
Where you're going sonny
General's top chap
Next to him you're a small piece of crap
If none of us went out of fight
We'd never prove our side was right
Now would we?
ATTENTION!"
THE COLONEL'S PEP-TALK
"The front line is a pretty bloody place to be
That's why you go instead of me
Now I'd hate to send you all off thinking
That if you get yours you're going to fret
About your families, so don't
They'll get some lovely souvenirs
A nice bronze plaque
On which will be your name

You'll get free crutches if you end up lame
'Though the numbers of dead
Will contain many zeros
The survivors will return
To a land fit for heroes
Now would I lie to you?
PRESENT ARMS!
Put next to a young boy
In a knee-deep trench
Whose hand even trembles
When he keeps it clenched
We attack tomorrow
In dawn's early light
And as this sinks in
I'm so scared
I can't wait for it and tonight
To be over
ALRIGHT MEN: OVER THE TOP WE GO!
I can't make it
I just can't take it
I trip, strumbling
Caught in the barbed wire
Amongst the heat
And smoke of the crossfire
It's madness, madness
On a station platform
Full of stretchered flesh and bone
Legacy of how easy it is
To destroy whatever's grown
Well maybe there's a reason
That is worthy of a name
Just sick illusions
That I suppose will happen again
Well, next time they ask for men
At least I'm beyond recall
I didn't gain my self-respect
I didn't gain anything at all
If hate and war could solve anything
Don't you think they'd have solved it
A long time ago?
There's good and evil in all of us
It's up to you alone
Which you follow
I know which is my cause from now on
The only one worth sacrifice
The only one I would have remain
When I'm gone -
The flags we weave
Only deceive
We must believe
We must believe ... IN LOVE

BASS AND KEYBOARDS : CLIVE MITTEN
DRUMS AND PERCUSSION : BRIAN DEVOIL
GUITAR : ANDY REVELL
KEYBOARDS
:
RICK BATTERSBY
VOCALS
: GEOFF MANN
WRITTEN BY : ANDY, BRIAN, CLIVE, RICK AND GEOFF
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