

## 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  
ORIGINALLY RELEASED ON : 'LIVE AND LET LIVE' MFN.18  
Jan 1984

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