# Killing

## New Model Army

It was summer when they finally came, the law of force
and line upon line of machine upon machine, back into the greenwood,
closer to the heart of things we go - beneath the wires stretched against the sky,
spitting out in desperation - stop the killing . . .
The wind blows down from St George's Hill through to Stanworth Woods,
and to the East, on this grey and pallid dawn the lights from the rigs
blinking out across the poisoned sea, a little group of ships floating out to meet the coming storm
sailing on in desperation - stop the killing . . .
Raised and bound upon the land, and the everlasting whispers in diamond
through the trees, in the breath of Eden . . .
Innocent still the faith we hold - our time will come . . .
That which walks the corridors of power is a virus that mutates;
immune to all resistance, and every turn of history . . .
And all that's left for us is marking crosses upon doors,
and scrawling in the golden sand before each tide comes rolling in;
screaming out in desperation - stop the killing . . .
Holding on, and out, forever . . .

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/