

# Gigabyte Wars

## New Model Army

Well, you never grow up, you just get older, carrying  
all the familiar burdens with you, walking back on  
the hometown streets on a night devoid of stars.  
No one ever said it was going to be just, you really  
ought to know by now how She's all red in tooth and claw;  
after all, weren't you the one screaming for more?  
In the gigabyte wars - round and round we go,  
beneath the vapour trails - tangled up inside in a web of lies,  
hostages of fortune and savage tales.  
Well, you entered stage in blood and pain, gulped for air  
and then you cried out - this is just the way it comes;  
that's Stupid Questions again . . .  
It's not the things that you fear that come to get you,  
But all the things you don't expect, face down in a  
drowning pool of unfulfilled desire, in the gigabyte wars . . .  
Then comes the rain - just seems to make the night grow hotter,  
we listen to the drops as they clatter on the roofs of the cars;  
sometimes it seems like you're going to suffocate in this  
conspiracy of noise - but though the ties they stretch to break-point,  
still they hold, still they hold, and blood runs still in crimson streams  
and dries like the earth - but still they hold.  
In the gigabyte wars, once we were lost, then we were found;  
once we were found - then we were lost again.  
Get real, if a real exists - there's nothing more than this,  
Strung out on nothingness . . .

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