Over The Wire

New Model Army

Behind all the rusting cranes, in the lengthening shadows of the Empire days
there's a world that waits, but it's not needed.
In the teeming rows behind the goal - yelling for blood on the pitch below;
where does all the passion go when it's not needed?
Over the wire, and into the darkness . . .
Come evangelists of the Grand New Age proclaiming the future that they stole,
condemning the things they can't control - just like the priests before;
and now I can hear them call - the ghosts of the 1914-18 war
Where do all the innocents go when they're not needed?
Over the wire and into the darkness . . .And the dawn it will come like blood across the sky,
Not the way that you think, not the way that you dream
In the silence of God, in the fullness of time,
like blood across the sky - the dawn it will come - the dawn it will come.All still, like the pitshafts and the two-mile-down where they buried their hearts;
where does all the loyalty go when it's not needed?
In the plastic seats behind the goal yelling for blood on the pitch below;
where does all the passion go when it's not needed?
Over the wire and into the darkness . . .

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