

# Modern Times

## New Model Army

It seems strange to write about these things now  
But the time has probably come when we should  
Accept whatever is past and gone and never will return  
Looking back to the beginning  
I see a flood of painful memories  
And the bitter hurt and wounded pride that comes with our defeat  
We set out with our heads held high  
So sure of our ground, our righteousness  
The new Jerusalem to be built with love and guts and truth  
But in the end we surrendered easily  
It's no use pretending otherwise  
Well most of us had a little something to lose, enough to break our nerve  
Well, some of us made an easy peace  
And moved into the brave new world  
It's hard for the true believers to look back now and realize  
That for many of the crowd it was just the fashion  
The cause of the moment well we  
If anyone should know that you can look pretty dumb  
Standing in last year's clothes  
And some of us, shell-shocked still  
Ran for shelter and do the rituals  
The same old way pretending that someone out there cares  
And some of us live in the modern world  
We give unto Caesar what is due  
And harbor the bitterness of defeat and daydreams of revenge  
Now nothing you see out there is real  
It matters not what you believe in  
It matters less what you say but only what you are  
It matters what you are, it matters what you are  
It matters what you are

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