

# Brave New World 2

## New Model Army

The thick black smoke comes rising up, silent in these dreams  
There's faces leering through the haze, that ripples in the heat  
And words are just some place to hide, a wall that we can run behind  
When truth is itching, twisting, turning, but locked away deep down inside  
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all We sat up talking late last night, trying to make some sense  
But we were just skirting round with clever words  
And all the things that we pretend  
There's guard dogs straining at the leash, with the soldiers standing by  
Staring into empty space beyond the twisted wire  
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all  
So when this nightmare's over, will you just rock me back to sleep  
Tomorrow is another day, passive in their Brave New World

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>