

All of This

New Model Army

There's a sentry in a uniform to watch the VIPs along the hall
Strategical discussions taking place behind the steel plated wall
The agents issue the statements to the waiting press who circulate the words
Justification, propaganda, Western foreign policy across the world
In the name of the people
All of this is done in the name of the people
They read their books and study hard, cigarettes lit in the
claustrophobic gloom
West of the University Road, the world outside is ghost-like in the room
Frustrated and impatient and intelligence sharp and twisted like a child
Death is an aphrodisiac now, the fuses on the table slowly wired
In the name of the people
All of this is done in the name of the people
Hold me tight, hold me fast
Standing here on the wrong side
Of this bullet-proof glass
There are no questions left for us to ask
It's soldiers night at the discotheque, pick up a girl and drink to home
afar
Spending money like water on the watered drinks available at the bar
The ones who never were given much, never asked much of anything in recall
But there's a black bag in the corner and it doesn't belong to anyone here at all
In the name of the people
All of this is done in the name of the people

Songwriters

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