

# Lust for Power

## New Model Army

Across the flatlands we came out of nowhere special  
Like a peasant revolution with makeshift weapons in our hands  
We crashed the gates so hard, we'd never heard that kind of sound before  
And braced ourselves for victory and the spoils of the land  
Defenses melt away before our frozen blank surprise  
From the palace now we stare to a million waiting eyes I've got my trophies on the wall, heads I've hunted down  
the hall  
And I guard my winnings well, carry them with me when I fall  
Now the daylight hours pass like the people, I have lost  
In the triumph of the hour, in the bloody cause, lust, lust for power Like a vision she dances through the shafts of  
light  
Everything I've ever dreamed about focused true and bright  
Fortune opens up the ground, blackens out the sky  
I kissed her once, I kissed her twice but I couldn't remember why  
When I was young they taught me well to always play to win  
But they never said what happens when you've won the bloody game I've got my trophies on the wall, heads  
I've hunted down the hall  
And I guard my winnings well, carry them with me when I fall  
Now the daylight hours pass like the people, I have lost  
In the triumph of the hour, in the bloody cause, lust, lust for power, yeah And all desire is satisfied but still the  
hunt goes on  
It's funny how this feeling stays with all the reasons gone Ohh, we've seen them fat and bloated those who once  
could hold a flame  
I've run for home and words gone by but nothing seems the same  
I can watch myself in secrecy, one side of this glass  
From the other my reflection and I don't know which is worse  
Streets are lined with glittering stores and a million fatted calves  
I can catch myself sometimes these days and all I do is laugh  
Laugh, laugh, come on I've got my trophies on the wall, heads I've hunted down the hall  
And I guard my winnings well, carry them with me when I fall  
Now the daylight hours pass like the people, I have lost  
In the triumph of the hour, in the bloody cause, lust, lust for power And I guard my winnings well, carry them  
with me when I fall

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