

We Want War

These New Puritans

Some of these trees have been growing for years
The leaves on the floor must be five metres deep
The paths are a labyrinth or even a trap

Some tides don't turn some things never come back. Secret recordings were made in the marsh

I bore a hole in the tree just to see

Knights dance in molecules, here's Gallahad

They're rising back up, they're rising back up. Shadows dance back up, it's happening again

If you listen carefully you might hear them whisper:

"We hold all the secrets, we hold all the words;

But they're scrambled and broken so you'll never know" (And that the Thames flows beneath the grass)

Can't you see them floating like black ash?

Can't you feel them crawling down your back?

Can't you feel them breathing down your neck?

Sea breeze, sea breeze.

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