Army

Malachai

they're at it, at it again, at it again ohh
just another day keeping dry
under this leaking eye
is that it again? that it again? that it again? ohh
with one stroke of the pen, Orwell rotates again and
cries 'cos he knows we'd be
so far from love can't see
when the power alone shall be
army, arm me
What was it again? what was it again ohh
so much wool on my eyes
i'm like a sheep in disguise
Hazard a guess, hazard a guess, hazard a guess ohh
back when you crossed the line
did you ever think one day when the shower returns
to the sea
and finds how alone can be
when the tide can no longer recede
army, arm me

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