

Far Better Thing

New Model Army

In the white washed cancer ward, with my hot blood running wild
I see the pain behind your eyes and the search for reason
And the knowing and the fear of the passing season
Now please give me strength to cut and to keep our secret
Please give me strength to cut That the things we love may remain here still
There is time to waste and there's a time to kill
I see your outstretched hand through the closing door
But it's a far better thing I do than I have done before And so it seems that murder's not so hard
I've eaten flesh and blood each day
And if I believe the things I write through the passing season
Then with a rifle in my hand and with a thousand reasons
I'll wait, far above the crowd in the summer sunshine
And history changes now, forever That the things we love may remain here still
There is time to waste and there's a time to kill
From this barren land come the seeds of war
So it's a far better thing I do than I have done before
Yeah it's a far better thing I do than I have done before

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