

# Purity

## New Model Army

The rains move in eastwards, in waves of succession  
Drawing lines of grey across the sky  
With history just as close as a hand on the shoulder  
In hunger and impatience we cry  
The battle against corruption rages in each corner  
There must be something better, something pure  
And the call it is answered from the caves to the cities  
Come the dealers of Salvation on Earth  
We've seen the restless children at the head of the columns  
Come to purify the future with the arrogance of youth  
Nothing is as cruel as the righteousness of innocents  
With automatic weapons and a gospel of the truth  
Ch: Revolution for ever, succession of the seasons  
Within the blood of Nature, all raised to rot and die  
This purity is a lie Now immaculate conception in sterilised laboratories  
How the vanity goes on  
Or in the message of the preacher with his morals and obsessions  
The wars that we wage upon ourselves  
Purity is a virtue, purity is an angel  
Purity is for madmen to make fools of us all  
So forgive yourself my friend, all this will soon be over  
What happened here tonight is nothing at all  
Ch: Revolution for ever . . . I will always see Brendan at that broken down piano  
His fingers thick and red, shaking on the keys  
Battered by the years of alcohol and working  
Still playing with the faith that never leaves  
So sit us down, buy us a drink, tell us a good story  
Sing us a song we know to be true  
I don't give a damn that I never will be worthy  
Fear is the only enemy that I still know

Songwriters

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