

New Model Army, Burning Season

I'm sick of the sight of some snot-nosed kid
Cutting a swathe through the age of deconstruction
Picking at the sores of the dying beast
And winning all the prizes for imagination
I don't know what we've got to lose
But I see the statues beginning to fall
The deisel's turning, the moon is high

Ch: What the hell are we waiting for?
I see the smoke on the blue horizon
I smell the fires of the burning season
What the hell are we waiting for?

I'm sick of the ironies piled up high
In this sneery culture with its knowing smile
I'm sick of the sermons from the Church of Unbelief
All fat, empty and anaesthetised
The emperor's out riding naked again
I can't believe we're still playing this tired old game
Let's get out there and cut him down

Ch: What the hell are we waiting for? . .

On a smoky yellow sunset, I'm sitting at the wheel
As the traffic crawls by on the ten-lane
Bumper to bumper, nowhere to nowhere into the next millenium
I see you drowning in a sea of rage
Let's go back and get the ones who put you down here
The highway's jammed up with disinformation
And the anaesthetic dealers are selling by the million

Ch: What the fuck are we waiting here for? . .