

New Model Army, Freedom

It's time to rebuilding Dresden, the great machines come a-rumbling in
The desecration of the ruins and everything that might have been
You showed me the square in the melting snow
As the light was beginning to fade
But your melancholy eyes betrayed you
Just as you have been betrayed
I get culture shock coming back to the west - I can feel the wicked sting
I see the stores all glittering like idiot's gold beckoning the innocents in
The constructed face of a civilised world, complete cosmetic control
But it's not far back to the caves and the trees
And soon it will be time to go
Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.
121st street and rising the western dream aspires
The crack kings like to drive German cars and there's children up for sale
The streets are left scorched and barren
There's twenty-seven channels on the cable television
Get gang murder hype from Tinseltown to sell a movie about Malcolm X
But freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.
So pinned down and what do we get?
A longer piece of rope for our cute little necks
Sweet liberty and her faithlessness
Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom