

New Model Army, Modern Times

It seems strange to write about these things now
but the time has probably come when we should
accept whatever is past and gone and never will return.

Looking back to the beginning

I see a flood of painful memories

and the bitter hurt and wounded pride that comes with our defeat

We set out with our heads held high,

so sure our ground, our righteousness,

the new Jerusalem to be built with love and guts and truth

But in the end we surrendered easily.

It's no use pretending otherwise . . .

well most of us had a little something to lose, enough to break our nerve.

Well, some of us made an easy peace and moved into the Brave New World;

it's hard for the true believers to look back now and realise

that for many of the crowd it was just the fashion, the cause of the moment,

well we if anyone should know that you can look pretty dumb

standing in last year's clothes.

And some of us, shell-shocked still, ran for shelter and do the rituals

the same old way pretending that someone out there cares

And some of us live in the modern world.

We give unto Caesar what is due

and harbour the bitterness of defeat and daydreams of revenge.

Now nothing you see out there is real,

It matters not what you believe in.

It matters less what you say but only what you are.

It matters what you are. It matters what you are.