

All Of This

New Model Army

There's a sentry in a uniform to watch the VIPs along the hall
Strategical discussions taking place behind the steel plated wall

The agents issue the statements to the waiting press who circulate the words

Justification, propaganda, Western foreign policy across the world

In the name of the people

All of this is done in the name of the people

They read their books and study hard, cigarettes lit in the claustrophobic gloom

West of the University Road, the world outside is ghost-like in the room

Frustrated and impatient and intelligence sharp and twisted like a child

Death is an aphrodisiac now, the fuses on the table slowly wired

In the name of the people

All of this is done in the name of the people

Hold me tight, hold me fast

Standing here on the wrong side

Of this bullet-proof glass

There are no questions left for us to ask

It's soldiers night at the discotheque, pick up a girl and drink to home afar

Spending money like water on the watered drinks available at the bar

The ones who never were given much, never asked much of anything in recall

But there's a black bag in the corner and it doesn't belong to anyone here at all

In the name of the people

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