

# Apocalypse Dream

New Model Army

I went up to the mountain, apocalypse dreams in my head  
There was fire upon the horizon but it was just the sunrise turning red  
Maybe it's time, maybe it's time . . .

Each night I walk to the edge of the city out to where the darkness begins  
Made a promise out here a long time ago and I've been waiting ever since  
Maybe it's time, maybe it's time . . .

My world has become an empty place  
Of great, wide landscapes and weird painted skies  
Strange patterns and islands of light  
And people move as shadows never touching at all  
I've never been afraid to die, maybe scared to live

I've been across every ocean just chasing after storms  
My crew long dead or deserted now and the seas nothing but calm

Maybe it's time, maybe it's time - to turn the ship around