

Brave New World 2

New Model Army

The thick black smoke comes rising up, silent in these dreams
There's faces leering through the haze, that ripples in the heat

And words are just some place to hide, a wall that we can run behind

When truth is itching, twisting, turning, but locked away deep down inside

No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all

We sat up talking late last night, trying to make some sense

But we were just skirting round with clever words

And all the things that we pretend

There's guard dogs straining at the leash, with the soldiers standing by

Staring into empty space beyond the twisted wire

No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all

So when this nightmare's over, will you just rock me back to sleep

Tomorrow is another day, passive in their Brave New World