

# Flying Through The Smoke

New Model Army

Red dots, close my eyes, tunnel vision  
The cooling towers like Cathedrals  
Pitch black dark, brighter than the sun  
Less than zero, more than infinity  
Forever the graphics curling on the screen  
Forever the numbers counting on and on  
Flying through the smoke, flying through the smoke

See the body of people move across the floor  
Dancing turning wheeling in the spinning lights  
I remember the music and the noise so loud  
All I could see was you moving your mouth  
Tell me what was it you were trying to say  
Tell me what was it you were trying to say  
And all the time everything was moving away  
Like a slo-mo shot as the camera pulls across the crowd  
Across the faces caught in the last few seconds of life  
And you, like a ghost at the feast  
Your eyes so small and dark and dead, you were uninvited  
And me, trying to remember how nobody saw you  
Sitting next to me on the bus as it turned into Mainstreet  
And the bomb in the bag at your feet  
What was it you were trying to say  
Tell me what was it you were trying to say  
Flying through the smoke in a deafening roar  
Screaming in the panic as the whirlwind hits  
Tell me what was it you were trying to say  
Too late to listen now