

The Attack

New Model Army

Now the talking's over, plans are laid and the hour is set
Glances round the table, eyes all shining, dark and bright
We meet again at daybreak for the day that will be ours
We're tomorrow's history
So just check your weapons, say your prayers.
Now the evening's over, voices muffled in the cold night mist
We leave the house together, home to rest up in the last few hours
Heads against the pillows with eyes that will not close
Of all the dreams that we've ever had
This is the one, this is the one

Now the night is over - dawn cracks open like a breaking shell
Now the waiting's over - as we walk in silence through the empty streets
We meet beneath the tower, greetings empty like the taste inside
Turn towards the valley and the day that has waited for us all our lives
Even in this age of concrete, even in this age of reason
There comes a time when you put your life
Into the hands of the gods.