

# The Charge

## New Model Army

Our history speaks in thunder from a thousand village halls  
In blood and sweat and sacrifice, in honouring every call  
So the forces gathered against the thorn a-  
piercing in their side

A brave new world is beckoning so the olden world must die.  
In the offices of the city, at all the tables of oak and power  
The snares are laid and baited for the approaching of the hour  
A hundred justifications and the presses are ready to roll  
The gateways to the nation they are firmly under control

On, on, on, cried the leaders at the back  
We went galloping down the blackened hills  
And into the gaping trap  
The bridges are burnt behind us and there's waiting guns ahead  
Into the valley of death rode the brave hundreds

We called for some assistance from the friends that we had know  
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But this is the 1980s and we were on our own  
We never felt like heroes or martyrs to a cause  
Just battle-weary soldiers in a bloody civil war

The massacre now is over and the order new enshrined  
While a quarter of the nation are abandoned far behind  
Their leaders offer the cliché words, so righteous in defeat  
But no one needs morality when there isn't enough to eat  
The unity bond is broken and the loyalty songs are fake  
I'll screw my only brother for even a glimpse at a piece of the  
cake

We only cry in private here behind the shuttered glass  
When we think of the charge of this brigade, the severing of th  
e past

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