

## Tomorrow Came

### New Model Army

I was born in the Spring and raised as a child through the years  
of the great harvest  
The last of the generation that blew away the prison walls of the past  
And we celebrated victory over the remains of the old order  
By blasting into space, into the mountains, into the forests and into the ice  
We sang songs of love and freedom  
And we vowed to protect the weak even as they were cast aside  
For the follies of everlasting youth were to be our new religion  
For each person's dream was to be made flesh and the world it was ours

As we slashed and we burned and laid waste to it all  
To the glory and the vanity of rock and roll  
Saying I want it all now  
As our children stood and watched us in silence  
Pray god they'll forgive us

So the seeds planted for the future withered even within our own lifetimes  
For it was the ties we so hated and destroyed that had made us strong  
And the walls of every house now echo with that old refrain  
There must be more money, there must be more money  
Remember all those songs of love and freedom  
As if they were the same thing - now we know they were not the same thing  
They echo in empty beauty down through the boarded-up streets  
To the sound of closing doors and the locking of the gates

As we slashed and we burned and laid waste to it all  
To the glory and the vanity of rock and roll  
Saying I want it all, give me more and more  
As our children stood in silence and watched us  
And now pray god they'll forgive us