

The Last Crusade

Sam Roberts

The crusaders and their stooges
All you renegade rulers
All you spotlight fugitives
All you shakers, all you movers
All you cutthroat dealers
And you small-time users
All you turncoat schemers
All you victors, all you losers

You play the king and you play the pawn
You give up and you soldier on
This is the last crusade we're on
This is the last crusade we're on

There's a lighthouse on a battered shore
Gotta fight now, never mattered more
And the black tongues spitting poison
Spare no one
Gotta keep on, gotta keep on
Till the Ghosts of War come marching in
They've been reborn, they're free from sin

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Now tell me, who do I look like to you?
Someone you thought you knew
Drinking wine in the afternoon
A rebel today is tomorrow's tycoon
Arm in arm, arm in arm
We are our father's sons and daughters, one by one
Marching off to kingdom come
And we're hunting down
We're trying to find

The architects of the wasted mind
And the way we laugh and the way we live
Brace for the aftermath
Something's got to give

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