

We Want War

These New Puritans

Some of these trees have been growing for years
The leaves on the floor must be five metres deep
The paths are a labyrinth or even a trap
Some tides don't turn some things never come back

Secret recordings were made in the marsh
I bore a hole in the tree just to see Knights dance in molecule
s, here's Gallahad
They're rising back up, they're rising back up

Shadows dance back up, it's happening again
If you listen carefully you might hear them whisper:
"We hold all the secrets, we hold all the words
but they're scrambled and broken so you'll never know"

(And that the Thames flows beneath the grass&)

Can't you see them floating like black ash?
Can't you feel them crawling down your back?
Can't you feel them breathing down your neck?
Sea breeze, sea breeze