

New Model Army, Apocalypse Dreams

I went up to the mountain, apocalypse dreams in my head
There was fire upon the horizon but it was just the sunrise turning red
Maybe it's time, maybe it's time . . .

Each night I walk to the edge of the city out to where the darkness begins
Made a promise out here a long time ago and I've been waiting ever since
Maybe it's time, maybe it's time . . .

My world has become an empty place
Of great, wide landscapes and weird painted skies
Strange patterns and islands of light
And people move as shadows never touching at all
I've never been afraid to die, maybe scared to live

I've been across every ocean just chasing after storms
My crew long dead or deserted now and the seas nothing but calm
Maybe it's time, maybe it's time - to turn the ship around