

New Model Army, Brave New World 2

The thick black smoke comes rising up, silent in these dreams
There's faces leering through the haze, that ripples in the heat
And words are just some place to hide, a wall that we can run behind
When truth is itching, twisting, turning, but locked away deep down inside
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all

We sat up talking late last night, trying to make some sense
But we were just skirting round with clever words
And all the things that we pretend
There's guard dogs straining at the leash, with the soldiers standing by
Staring into empty space beyond the twisted wire
No, there's nothing wrong here, nothing at all
So when this nightmare's over, will you just rock me back to sleep
Tomorrow is another day, passive in their Brave New World