

# New Model Army, Deadeye

To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few  
Voice of reason, censored view  
The truth is the News and the News is the truth  
As if that'll do as a lame excuse for  
Killing the slavers, taking the slaves  
Burying the dead, then robbing the graves  
Stealing the modesty from heroes brave  
Making the tears gush like waves

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on  
To the rhythm of the gunfire and the voices of concern  
Deadeye claims to be some conscience for us all  
But I was never born to be some fly upon the wall

Window dressing and the tinsel wreath  
Stealing the pity and the widow's grief  
Sentimental with a furrowed brow  
Pinning the heart on the blooded sleeve

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on . . .

And yes I've crouched beneath the glow - dazzled by it all  
But this is not the world I know or people I recall.  
To the thoughts of the many from the minds of the few:  
Voice of reason, censored view  
A little knowledge is a dangerous thing  
Here is the butterfly, here's the wing

Ch: Deadeye watches, still the killing carries on . . .