

# New Model Army, Freedom

It's time to rebuilding Dresden, the great machines come a-rumbling in  
The desecration of the ruins and everything that might have been  
You showed me the square in the melting snow  
As the light was beginning to fade  
But your melancholy eyes betrayed you  
Just as you have been betrayed  
I get culture shock coming back to the west - I can feel the wicked sting  
I see the stores all glittering like idiot's gold beckoning the innocents in  
The constructed face of a civilised world, complete cosmetic control  
But it's not far back to the caves and the trees  
And soon it will be time to go  
Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.  
121st street and rising the western dream aspires  
The crack kings like to drive German cars and there's children up for sale  
The streets are left scorched and barren  
There's twenty-seven channels on the cable television  
Get gang murder hype from Tinseltown to sell a movie about Malcolm X  
But freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom.  
So pinned down and what do we get?  
A longer piece of rope for our cute little necks  
Sweet liberty and her faithlessness  
Freedom? I don't hear any more songs of freedom