

# New Model Army, One Of The Chosen

It was I that was lost and they that were searching  
It was I that was weak and they had the power  
So I went with the others to the bus that was waiting  
And we drove out for miles to a place in the country  
We were ten to a room, the windows don't open  
We were woken for prayer at four in the morning  
All wired with hunger and energy crackling  
And through the corridors I could hear chanting'

The hall was lit with candles and all the light was golden  
And I felt something bursting, something down inside me  
Singing out aloud about God and Love and Healing  
And everything was moving and I'm on the floor kneeling  
I am part of something I am one of the Chosen  
I am part of something I am one of the Chosen

There is something in us all that wants to surrender  
To be guided through it all like star-eyed children  
And I hated the world as I've come to know it  
And they hated the world with just the same vengeance  
And I wanted reasons and they gave me reasons  
And I wanted purpose, and they gave me purpose  
And here from the inside all the lights are blazing  
And the view of the old world is dull and grey and joyless  
Let it burn inside me, let it burn inside me  
Let it burn inside me, let it burn inside me  
Now we are the Holy Fools, we are the fearless  
We are the Holy Fools we are the fearless  
And I am part of something I am one of the Chosen  
I am part of something I am one of the Chosen