

# New Model Army, Red Earth

The rock is made of diamond, the rivers wash with gold  
The sun beats down in rhythm, pounding on our reason  
Pounding on our reason, ringing in our skulls  
Sometimes this land looks empty ' it plays so many tricks on you  
The soil of dried blood-sown with seed of people  
Overrun with armies that grow out of the earth  
They flow down from the mountains, spring out of the ground  
The shacks they all have numbers  
The dirt tracks run in straight lines  
Vanity and uselessness, the minds of prison guards  
Praying on a Sunday, dressed up in our finest  
Any god is welcome ' any god that will come  
To give back what was taken, take back what was given  
Blood and death and sacrifice, the curse of wasting plague  
And all the beauty tainted and east of Eden cast

Children walking bare foot in the golden dust  
Boys with blinding eyes, perfect skin and bible names  
Machetes and AKs, perfect skin and bible names  
Machetes and AKs, perfect skin and bible names  
Take back what was taken, take back what was taken  
Take back what was taken, machetes and Aks

All the waiting, all the walking all the miles  
All the working in the fields and in the mines  
In the orchards of the rulers  
Bring us cure, bring us deliverance from evil  
From the sins of all the fathers  
Bring us water, bring us vengeance, bring us power  
Catch a sound in the dead of the night  
The clicked triggers of security lights  
By the pool where the shadows stir... silent, silent  
Through the scented garden moving in  
By the waving of the skeleton trees... closer and closer  
And through the doors and through the walls and'