

# New Model Army, Bloodsports

There are boxes packed with bullets, there are crates all stacked with boxes  
There are uniforms and hardware, there are meals all wrapped in plastic  
Through the night the ships are loading, every night these ships are loading  
Beneath the glare of the burning floodlights and the dancing of the swarmed mosquitoes

And into the fire and the blood red sun the old and rich still send the young men  
Into a world of twisted steel and the acrid smell of metal burning  
And on the streets of hometown now, we watch each other as if we're strangers  
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war

He says: this body I have been given shall be returned unto its maker  
Beneath my clothes these secrets hidden, the sacrifice that I have to offer  
By the checkpoint there are soldiers and the cypress branches waving  
And the light is hard as glass and the sky is blue and cool and waiting

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Into a world of twisted steel and the acrid smell of metal burning  
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These stupid empty words could all be written on the cold pale skin  
Of the dead laid out in shallow graves along the road of bombed out palm trees

And in the corners of the bars and cafes, in every town, in every nation  
There are these blood-sports on the TVs and the loaded toneless voices  
There are cameras by the gravesides and in the executioners' chambers  
There are cameras high above us to guide the missiles down from the heavens

And into the fire and the blood red sun the old and rich still send the young men  
Into a world of twisted steel and the acrid smell of oil burning  
And on the streets of hometown now, we watch each other just like strangers  
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war