

Horsemen

New Model Army

It is written and so shall be
That all things will come to an end
But if we have to go
Then it's all coming with us
Come hell & high water
It must be, it must be
That on the far horizon
Yeah
They're saddling up the horsemen
Yes
By candle light, by oil light
By the light of computer screens
Hunched over tables
And endless calculations
And then en-scribed with beauty
Upon paper, upon vellum
Engraved upon the stones
It must be, it must be
That on the far horizon
Yeah
They're saddling up the horsemen
Yes
On the far horizon
Yeah
They're saddling up the horsemen