

Arm Yourself and Run

New Model Army

Written up high on a Belgrade wall in 1991
I saw the words of a prophet in a ten-foot scrawl
Arm yourselves and run

Now the streets are quiet for the closing deals
And the Fimbulwinter days to come
And the beats all sound like the hammering of steel
Arm yourselves and run

You can watch revolutionaries/jihadists come
You can watch them fall
Year zero for another age as another age is born
Each fire must rise and rage
Until it burns itself to ashes in the dawn
In the cold smouldering dawn

So I remember the words on a Belgrade wall from 1991
Some backstreet prophet in a ten-foot scrawl
Arm yourselves and run