Island

New Model Army

The wind blows keen across the ridge
Black against a charcoal grey
We climb up here by the winding path made so long ago
In the valley below the last few lights
glow just like the embers of a fire
We begin to remember, we begin to remember

We came by the sea and we took the land
We spread out across the plains
And on and on to the mountains
Until there was nothing left to conquer
The sound of chopping trees echoed through the woods
We built the ships and the houses
and the bridges and the fortifications
Until there was nothing left to build with
Now in the silver grey dome of the sky
The birds fly home for winter
And we all come down to the shore and stare across the waves
We've got to get off the island

We carved monuments to the angry gods
We hauled stone across the deserts of our own making
From the standing stones to the villages
To the shining palaces looking out over the water
The soil is growing thin, the yield running low
There's too many of us here, too many of us here
And now ragged ribbons of rain sweep in
As the birds fly home for winter
And we all come down to the shore and stare across the waves
We've got to get off the island

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