

## Language

New Model Army

Give me salt, give me sugar, give me what I crave  
A way to see how the animals see  
Give me a story where the good people win at the end  
I want a room with a view over a world on fire  
Never try to second guess the heart's desires in disarray  
But the words will give us, they'll give us away

The language of love will bring us love  
The language of war will bring us war  
The way that all the words become true  
The way that all the words become true  
The language of love will bring us love  
The language of war will surely bring us war  
We choose it, we own it, we choose it, we own it

Down from the sky they were coming - in this vision of the screaming cacophony of the wild hunt - let them pass, let them go - it would be the worst trip you've ever had, because if there's one thing for sure, it's that the pursuit of happiness will drive anyone mad. So let them go, careering and screeching through the world with the heads of the guilty on spikes paraded out in front of a sea of waving flags.

The language of war will bring us war  
The language of fear will bring us fear  
The language of lies will bring us lies  
The language of love will bring us love

And everything that touches anything makes a sound  
Sometimes all you want to do is scream  
We all had our chances and we know that we blew it  
And so we live with the lie even though we see clean right through it  
And in your beautiful eyes I can see the manifest forming  
It's the things that you fear the most that you're going to make happen

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