

Reload

New Model Army

If I have to see another fucking Union Jack
Flying on the orders of the government, I'm going to be sick
The favourite colours of the heirs of the slavers
Taking everything and stashing it away in a pretty little Carib
bean island
The company captains' children are heading uptown
Dressed to the nines for the taking of applause
They like to slap each other on the back for the campaign funds
As the champagne flows at the giving of awards

While the lights grow dim all across our town
It's only debt that trickles down
Ah, behold! Another smoking gun
Reload, reload, reload

They ride in a fleet of cloak-black, bullet-
proof Mercs away from the crowds
All staring at themselves in the mirror-glass windows
There's nothing to see so just follow the money all of the way
To a pretty little paradise tax-free Caribbean island
We get what we deserve are the precious little words
That the billionaire oligarchs like to tell themselves
Sitting pretty at the tables of the bent casinos
Counting out the winnings from a fixed-
up game of organised thievery

And the gold on the coins is not real
And the margins made are a fucking steal
Ah, behold! Another smoking gun
Reload, reload, reload

So the gold on the coins is not real but money comes like a god
And money acts like a plague, then money acts like a drought
And all we feel is rage and all we hear is rage
We're only fuel for them to burn, we're only fuel for them to b
urn

Another little death and the game is done
So reload, reload, reload
And the lights grow dim all across our town
It's only debt that trickles down
Ah, behold! Another smoking gun
Reload, reload, reload...