

# The Weather

## New Model Army

We will not be satisfied, for there is nothing we cannot alter  
Until we find a cure of death, until we walk upon the water  
There came a time when I could make sense of nothing  
I went down to a little shrine to wash away the sins I was carrying  
There came a moment of absolution  
The blessed light shone down from the heavens  
Was just about the time that the gunmen burst in firing  
It's pretty hard to think at all when all about is screaming  
Electricity charge crackles in the air  
The lightning is going to strike but we don't know where  
Or when, we just know that it's coming  
And we change just like the weather  
The winds blow a little stronger  
The high tide reaches a little further up the beach  
And the sun burns hotter  
And we all grow a little madder  
As the pressure rises up a little higher  
And you and I we just get harder  
And the spaces between us wider  
Now beauty and landscapes are what appear on the screen  
Where the forests have been manicured and the oceans clean  
Through the telescopic sights, the drones and the satellites  
We can sit back in a chair and stalk our prey  
We command the machines and the machines obey  
The animals turn in panic and try to get away  
We fetishize the things we love and then kill them anyway  
And deep in the ground, amongst the bones  
A million dragon's teeth are sown  
While high above the systems realign  
In a swirl of water and air  
And we change just like the weather  
The wind blows a little stronger  
The high tides reach a little further above the beach  
And the sun burns hotter  
And we all grow a little madder  
As the pressure creeps up a little higher  
And the rivers flow a little deeper  
As the floodwaters stretch a little further  
And the hillsides they just grow drier  
And the fires catch a little faster  
And you and I we just get harder  
And the spaces between us wider  
And we change just like the weather  
The winds blow a little stronger  
The high tide reaches a little further up the beach  
And the sun burns hotter  
And the hillsides they just grow drier  
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And you and I we just get harder  
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