

Nineteen Seventeen

The Good, the Bad & the Queen

I see myself moving backwards
In time today
From a place we can't remain
Close to anymore
My heart is heavy
Because it looks just like my home
Pylons rapeseed fields
Powdered skies and trees alone
Thousands of white crosses in a cemetery
I freeze the frame from a passing train

Are you still there or am I losing you?
And every moment lost
Is telling to my heart
Puts me on the form
For silent treatment from the forces above

Our dependence on new gods
Because I'm just passing through
On this battlefield
Where we played our games
And went insane

And we waltzed around the world
As though we were off our heads
And I say why
Why are we not brought to book
And where are we today
Dissolution
Our lousy love affairs
If you don't love me let me go
And as I come up again
I leave a little bit of England
In a field in France