

Jethro Tull, A Passion Play Edit No. 8

Colors I've none -- dark or light, red, white or blue.
Cold is my touch (freezing).
Summoned by name -- I am the overseer over you.
Given this command to watch o'er our miserable sphere.
Fallen from grace / called on to bring sun or rain.
Occasional corn from my oversight grew.
Fell with mine angels from a far better place, offering services for
the saving of face.

Now you're here, you may as well admire all whom living has retired
from the benign reconciliation.
Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights seen in the sky
(flashing).
I just / lit a fag then / took my leave in the blink of an eye.
Passionate play -- join round the maypole in dance (primitive
rite) (wrongly).
Summoned by name / I am the overseer / over you.