

Procol Harum, Broken Barricades

It was all once bright jewels
And glittering sand
The oceans have ravaged
And strangled the land
Waste fills the temples,
Dead daughters are born
The presses are empty
The editors torn

Whose husband was the first to fall?
Who died the worst death of them all?
How many splinters in each separate band?
How many stations in the final hand?

Now gather up sea shells,
And write down brave words
Your prayers are unanswered,
Your idols absurd
The seaweed and the cobweb,
Have rotted your sword
Your barricades broken,
Your enemies Lord.