

Procol Harum, Fires (Which Burnt Brightly)

This war we are waging is already lost
The cause for the fighting has long been a ghost
Malice and habit have now won the day
The honours we fought for are lost in the fray

Standards and bugles are trod in the dust
Wounds have burst open, and corridors rust
Once proud and truthful, now humbled and bent
Fires which burnt brightly, now energies spent

Let down the curtain, and exit the play
The crowds have gone home and the cast sailed away
Our flowers and feathers as scarring as weapons
Our poems and letters have turned to deceptions