

Skyclad, A Word To The Wise

From far outside
Earth's fragile atmosphere
It's clearly apparent that the end is near
The sleeper awakens and removes
His golden casque
Vital signs return to his quiescent craft.

He is truth - a word to the wise
Gods children are so young
They cannot realise
The difference between extinction
And life is now only a matter of time.

In the beginning was the knowledge
He had carried far across
The great unknown
Millenia have passed since he walked
On the savannah where the seeds
Of life were sown.
Yet even deep in slumber he could hear
His children blunder to destruction
The caretaker of creation placed a fail-safe
At the heart of his construction.

Technologies intended
As mans slaves mutated
Now they are his masters
The trust they place in progress
Only serves to bring
The last days nearer faster.

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I can see the oceans
Stagnant and overflowing
Filled with man made waste discharged
From my cosmic auditorium
I view this crematorium
That is your world at large
My ears hear the wailing of your children
In a future close at hand
Just as it was before - so it may be again
(If you don't try to understand)...
The seas will rise before your very eyes
Until they swallow up the land
If your polar ice caps melt
The cards are dealt
And you have died by your own hands
I will never help you while you still persist
In acting like you're blameless
I would rather let your species die forgotten
So your folly remains nameless.

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"When to mischief mortals bend their will

How quick they find the instruments of ill."