

Skyclad, Our Dying Island

I woke from my daydream--discovered my nightmare was real,
At the altar of progress to gods of ambition we kneel,
Our database deities--they cannot save us,
Microchip miracles only enslave us.
The high priests of high finance claim that their actions are wise--
But our planet still dies. . .
It dies for the want of more people who care 'bout the poisons we
pump in the seas and the air,
Yet blissfully ignorant--still unaware,
We strive for a future entwined with despair.
You say, "Why waste concern on the rivers and trees--they belong to
mankind to exploit as we please?"
Face up to the fact that mankind's a disease--irrelevant microbes
with colour T.V.s.
Tell me just what kind of fools would laugh and stare death in the face?
Only to worst kind of fools (like you and I--the human race).
If we laugh for long enough it could well be our epitaph,
Mother Earth will laugh the loudest--She will have the final laugh.
BUT WAIT--the time has come to realise,
BELIEVE--the truth our eyes will not disguise.
SPEAK OUT--to say, "It's no concern of mine,"
DECEIVED--is to be party to the crime.
We all toe the line and swallow the lies--and our island dies.
Let computers dictate our emotions--determine the way we should
feel.
Turn our backs to the future now our days are numbered,
And where will we run to when this world is plundered?
Your conscience a whisper drowned out when your avarice cries--
And humanity dies. . .
Without hot winds or tower blocks crashing--no silver-lined mushroom
clouds herald man's passing,
From the Garden of Eden--into death everlasting,
Such a high price to pay for what we took without asking.
Stupidity's legacy is passed down the years--as our knowledge
increases dispelling the fears
That the ghosts of the past may again reappear--as the dawn of the
silent apocalypse nears.
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face?
Only the worst kind of fools (like you and I--the human race).
If we laugh for long enough it could well be our epitaph,
Mother Earth will laugh the loudest--She will have the final laugh.
(The advent of insanity--no future for humanity.
You pander to your vanity--it blinds you to reality.
In temples of indifference we hail the gods of ignorance,
And sacrifice our final chance--behold the death of innocence.)
BUT WAIT--the end is near so we must choose,
BELIEVE--that we have everything to lose.
SPEAK OUT--if empty words are all we're worth,
DECEIVED--it is the end for Mother Earth.
We all toe the line and swallow the lies--and our island dies.
If we think the world is our oyster we'll surely choke on the pearl,
It is ours for a while to respect not defile--but minds drunk with
power still whirl.
The lands we dispute are not ours to pollute--neither the air that
we breathe,
But how will we ever see reason when we can't see the wood for the trees.
Now we hold the future in the palm of our hand--place your faith
In 'Rainbow Warriors' not castles of sand,
The hourglass is empty time is slipping away--so prepare your
excuses for the Judgement Day.
Court is now in session--Mother Nature presides,
The jury are our children--whose futures we've denied.
The evidence conclusive--we have no alibi,

The victim was our planet--the verdict: MATRICIDE.
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