

# Skyclad, The Ilk Of Human Blindness

Midsummer 2045 they lay upon  
The beaches burning  
Insects on a ball of rock  
Upon it's axis slowly turning  
Steel and concrete melanomas  
Punctuate the hot sunrise  
Spines now chilled by global warming  
Microwave their last goodbyes.

For sixty years or more they say  
Mankind had known there'd come a day  
When there would be a price to pay.  
"Square Eyes" watched  
The fools game show  
The first to go and last to know  
Sat eating junkfood on death row  
(Feeding the fall of the human empire)

No prophet cast the money lenders  
From their polystyrene temples  
Noone heard the penny drop  
All interest shown was incidental.

Pity the chairman of the board  
For all these years he's piled his hoard  
But penniless he'll meet the lord  
As all the world prepares to die  
He stands before the needles eye  
Whilst countless millions pass him by  
(Fleeing the fall of the human empire)

Recalling all those wasted hours  
Of motions passed and minutes taken  
Maybe now he feels remorse  
For all the souls he has forsaken.

Silhouettes of living corpses  
Remnants of a transcient race  
March toward the red horizon  
Evanescence without a trace.

The proud rub shoulders with the meek  
On debris littered city streets  
They fight like dogs for scraps to eat  
The welfare state's in dissaray  
All social order slips away  
The "Primrose Path" lead to decay  
(The Curtain falls on the human empire)

Codes of conduct redefine  
As justice turns to legal crime  
These monsters masked by human features  
Are by far the blindest creatures.