

# Skyclad, Trance Dance (A Dreamtime Walkabout)

Where the past meets the present we walk hand in hand,  
Barefoot and naked--but kings of our land,  
The souls of my forefathers course through my veins as I watch the  
sun sink 'neath these ancestral plains.  
Outcast in the outback--forgotten by time,  
Lie the fragile remains of a world that was mine.  
What money could not buy--the strong chose to steal,  
To them power and riches were all that was real.  
Then sold into slavery (iron-ore digger),  
I am your 'abbo'--your lacky--your 'nigger.'  
Awaken the neo-neanderthal man that sleeps within all of us touched by his  
hand,  
He's the last grain of hope left unspoilt by our games--so tread  
soft in his footsteps and whisper his name.  
A DREAMTIME WALKABOUT--is all that remains of the past,  
A DREAMTIME WALKABOUT--the 'missing link' holds the chain fast.  
Watch us skip the dark fantastic--silhouettes against the sky,  
Bodies bathed in starlit twilight--high above our spirits fly.  
Every picture tells a tale of hidden wisdom they have found,  
Man is just a part of nature--not the other way around.  
This 'savage' nobility rule without thrones,  
And by birthright inherit things we'll never own.  
Though progress encroaches--the last of their kind still reach  
from their bodies with prehensile minds.  
We sons of the wilderness--unchained and free,  
Cast our spirits to fly with the birds through the trees.  
(See a bloodline that extends from Genesis to fiery end).  
Over bushland and billabong astral forms soar--  
'Til the therms of our passion can bear us no more.  
(Its shadow cast upon the land still undefiled by human hand).  
Unaware what you search for is already mine.  
Awaken the neo-neanderthal man that sleeps within all of us touched  
by his hand,  
He's the last grain of hope left unspoilt by our games--so tread  
soft in his footsteps and whisper his name.  
A DREAMTIME WALKABOUT--is all that remains of the past,  
A DREAMTIME WALKABOUT--the 'missing link' holds the chain fast.  
As you cower in concrete boxes--sheltered from the light of day,  
Pause a moment (stop and wonder)--who's most savage you or they?  
Every picture tells a tale of hidden wisdom they have found,  
Man is just a part of nature--not the other way around.