## Hine Rupert, A Golden Age

I can no longer count the dreams

Inspired by reconstructions of predicted scenes

The glass and metal fragments racing

Through the pointless heat

I can't go on believing this

Have I lived just to witness the last decade

Or a golden age

Still I love the way this new wind whistles through my house

And papers fly

While Orwell's world is still in doubt

And china shivers on a tray

I am untimely ripped from all forgotten bliss

But not afraid

I can't go on

I can't go on believing this

Have I lived just to witness the last decade

Or a golden age

Could the waiting ever be worse than the shock

Suppose the silver key survived To turn inside the rusty lock

And you and I be found alive

Crouching in our ignorance

By children nearly twice our size

I can't go on believing this

Have I lived just to witness the last decade

Or a golden age

Till they eat their words some wild voice churns deep in my blood

The prophets sigh

We always said you'd never learn

Then cynics long to break the brave

I wish their mouths all stitched so their persistant hiss

Is not obeyed

I can't go on

I can't go on believing this

Have I lived just to witness the last decade

Or a golden age

I do believe there are people needing freedom with good reason

Who will find another way

There's no disgrace in understanding

Why our planet is in panic

Then, while you worry think of everything you miss

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Additional Drums: MICHAEL DAWE Guitar & DALMER