

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 persistent 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

Additional Drums: MICHAEL DAWE
Guitar & Icicles: PHIL PALMER