

Jethro Tull, Hammer On Hammer

Was there a time when I was Jupiter,
Ringed like Saturn, with sacred belt?
Anvil sweating under blows,
Hammer on hammer, cold steel to smelt.
Coiled serpent, silently waiting,
Takes the bait I place beneath.
The darkened deeps so far from shore.
Line cut, dagger to sheath.
Stage must be set for mortal battle,
Völva prophesy fulfilled.
At Ragnarök, gory conclusion:
Drowning world to raise, rebuild.
Vlad, the bad, seethes and schemes,
An empire past he must renew.
Tough man in waiting, stares at me
At White Nights, 1992.
Sabres rattle, pipelines tremble,
Wasted opportunity
To build a better motherland,
A nobler place in history.