

# John Cale, The High And Mighty Road

Before the end of the beginning, before the finish credits role, there is a brief but brutal truth along the way.  
There is a will to test the power, there is the struggle for control of the basic rights of passage along the way.  
It is a journey for the taking, it is a choice that can be made.  
It is the soul that may be shaken, it is the spirit to be sane.

There is hypocrisy and wonder, when fortunes pale and empires home to an ancient way of magic.  
Money changers seeking payments for the privileged to be so bold, to say the train is not too crowded.  
And the courage may be tested, by judgement harsh and cold, from the monitors of progress along the way.  
There are the words that have been spoken, there is the life that's been portrayed, it is a promise to be made.  
Pale treasure, fragile beauty, or the messages set in coal, we delivered as nostalgic on that high and mighty road.

Sacrifice and deprivation are spiteful paradoxes sold as begrudging restitutions along that high and mighty road.  
And yet the faces, oh God the faces, they seldom change from young to old, they only seem to grow old.  
It is the future we are trading, it is the prices that we pay, it is the mind that is mistaken, it is the heart that is broken.