

Mike Batt, Children Of The Sky

Out in the deserts of darkness and dreams,
Out though the oceans of sadness we sailed.
Venturing onwards through mystical scenes,
Blown on the whim of the wind that prevailed.
We had no reason to doubt the truth,
Driven by danger and discontent,
And the drums of youth.

Don't let the memory die,
Children of the sky, heroes of the sea.
And as your life passes by,
Remember how it feels to be
Children Of The Sky

Searching on mountains of wisdom and fears,
Searching in forests of feathers and snow.
Travelling through valleys of secrets and tears,
Where only the brave or the foolish would go.
Watching for signs in an empty sky,
We never thought that the rain would fall,
As the years went by.

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"Just the place for a Snark!" the Bellman cried
As he landed his crew with care;
Supporting each man on the top of the tide
By a finger entwined in his hair.

The Bellman himself they all praised to the skies -
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace!
Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise,
The moment one looked in his face!

But the danger was past - they had landed at last,
With their boxes, portmanteaus, and bags:
Yet at first sight the crew were not pleased with the view,
Which consisted of chasms and crags.

He served out some grog with a liberal hand,
And bade them sit down on the beach:
And they could not but own that their Captain looked grand,
As he stood and delivered his speech.