

Peter Hammill, Mr X (Gets Tense)

The current affair gets to be my business,
I heard the news on the radio:
the sun on earth... what is this?
Is that the way that the crazy goes?

Attention tuned to the satellites,
looking down for an overview.
In the chapel of space we are acolytes.
In the battle of time we're all soldiers too
and the relative choir push the energy higher
under fire.

The sliding show in the macroscopic,
finger on the button pointing to progress.
The apparatus roll, no-one here can stop it,
too busy learning more always knowing less.
Soon turkey-wrapped in the spaceman blanket
we'll offer up lame duck apologies
and settle down for the final banquet,
the gourmet dish of technology...
cryogenic device catches all human life
under ice.

The current affair gets to be all our business,
it's filtered in through the T.V. screen.
The norm, the average... what is this?
When it goes blank what does that all mean?
And what's the drive of each individual?
And what's the way that the story ends?
Is it Mr X, left as the last residual
holder of the flame, conscience of all men?
But he's so tense to expire
he throws himself on the wire
under fire.

Is this the way the world ends?
Under ice,
under fire?
Has there been some mistaken design?
Under ice.

Got to find the human voice.
Lord, deliver us from Babel.