

Peter Hammill, Still In The Dark

Oh, brighter than a thousand suns,
the march towards the stars
on the wheel, on the car,
off the plane, off the planet
and on in the search.
Yes, we pray in the dark in the Sciences' church.

Upon the tree of knowledge
the fruit is bitter-sweet;
to the man in the street
all its myriad benefits Science confers
but we're still in the dark, much as we always were.

Run your mind down the Sciences;
none of them lay claim to show more than a part
but still we shout out what we know...
the silence is enough to break the mortal heart.

So bow down in adoration to the wonder that is man;
we have learned all we can,
we explore every frontier that straddles our way
but we're still in the dark, though we now call it day.

No, there is no answer,
there is no eternal proof,
there is no timeless truth;
though we learn to encompass yet more with the eye
we are still in the dark when it comes to the why.

We are still in the dark,
bedded down
and so we still lie.