

Procol Harum, Beyond The Pale

Who will search for Holy Grail
Past the edge beyond the veil
Who will come beyond the light
Far from reach beyond all sight
Who will share this bitter cup
let the wild dogs tear them up
let the cold winds blow them down
drive them deep beneath the ground

Who will live in darkest night
Dankest gloom and quietest quiet
Buried deep beneath the ground
Far from any human sound

Who will search for treasure trove
Scour the seas and scale the globe
Past the peaks beyond the heights
Furthest reaches furthest sights
Who will share this bitter cup
let the wild dogs tear them up
let the cold winds blow them down
drive them deep beneath the ground