

Procol Harum, Whaling Stories

Pailing well after sixteen days, a mammoth task was set
Sack the town, and rob the tower, and steal the alphabet
Close the door and bar the gate, but keep the windows clean
God's alive inside a movie! Watch the silver screen!

Rum was served to all the traitors; pygmies held themselves in check
Bloodhounds nosed around the houses, down dark alleys sailors crept
Six bells struck, the pot was boiling - soup spilled out on passers-by
Angels mumbled incantations, closely watched by God on high

Lightning struck out - fire and brimstone! Boiling oil and shrieking steam!
Darkness struck with molten fury, flashbulbs glorified the scene
Not a man who had a finger, not a man who could be seen
Nothing called (not name nor number) - Echo stormed its final scream

Daybreak washed with sands of gladness, rotting all it rotted clean
Windows peeped out on their neighbors, inside fireside bedsides gleam
SHALIMAR, the trumpets chorused, angels wholly all shall take
Those alive will meet the prophets, those at peace shall see their wake