

Rick Wakeman, Recollection

Memories of a life on earth go flashing past,
Of home, of Grauben, friends of whom he's seen his last
Contemplating what his life's been worth,
While trapped beneath the earth,
An embryo at birth

Pain and fear destroy the beauty I have seen,
Of caverns, where no other man has been
Silurian epoch hosts me as my grave,
My final blow I wave,
A life too late to save

Crystals of opaque quartz, studded limpid tears,
Forming magic chandeliers, lighting blistered galleries.