

# Rick Wakeman, The Forest

Journey on through ages gone, to the centre of the earth  
Past rocks of quartz and granite, which gave mother nature birth

Burial ground of ancient man, his life no more is seen,  
A journey through his time unknown, I wonder where he's been

Wonder where he's been, wonder where he's been, wonder where he's been

The shore now gone behind the hills, a forest in our sight,  
Rocks and distant mountains, bathed in waves of blinding light

Forests from far gone time, no living man has seen,  
A private prehistoric world, for you and I a dream

Brownish hue dictates my eye, no colour hides their fear,  
Flowers faded, dull and cold, now bleached by atmosphere

Creatures twisting under trees, huge monsters soaked with rage  
Hidden deep below our earth, a frightening, bygone age

Their shepherd came, now long extinct, a huge primeval man  
The three men filled with disbelief, just turned as one and ran.