

Roy Buchanan, Black Autumn

Subways stumbling through the night
Flashing rows of neon lights
People with no place to go
Rushing madly to and fro
A shrine where all the nameless robots
Pay homage to their country idol
Got to pass the time of day
Between the canyon walls of stone and steel
The misers count their gold
And wish the world would spin the other way

Silver mantles speak the shouting
Talking loud but saying nothing
Sounds of hungry children crying
Drowned out by cannon firing
As the giant with the passing face manipulates his toys
And one by one they're trampled in the mud
The high priest and his sacrificial counsel hold a meeting
And demand another sacrifice of blood