

The Divine Comedy, Motorway To Damascus

Daybreak on the motorway to Damascus
A heavenly angel flagged me down
And asked for a ride into town
For God's sake, on the motorway to Damascus
This heavenly angel, wise and pure, proceeded with a guided tour:
"Behold! A shining city of silver grey and white,
Of solar-panelled rooftops glinting in the light
And wind-power generators turning soundlessly through the night"

Mid-day on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel flapped its wings
And told me more exciting things
Like how one day this motorway to Damascus
Would disappear without trace, the unsustainable replaced
"Behold! The new New Forest in four hundred shades of green
Stretching out before us where it always should have been
A botanical thesaurus for as far as the eye can see"

Nightfall on the motorway to Damascus
The heavenly angel looked at me
And said "Well, what's it gonna be?
The long haul, or the shorter way to Damascus?
Choose with care and you will find that one day there will come a time
When the silhouetted ruins of the crumbling cooling towers
Are but ivy-clad reminders of a long-forgotten power"
Must the monkeys leave Gibraltar's rock and ravens flee the Tower
Before we look and see ourselves for what we really are?