

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?