

## Golden Age of Leather

Blue Öyster Cult

Raise your can of beer on high  
And seal your fate forever  
Our best years have past us by  
The golden age of leather

This was the night not long to come in the year of our Lord A.D

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Where in a desert way-house, poised on the brink of eternity  
Four and ninety studded horsemen closed the knot of honor  
As only drunken soldiers can

And passed from man to man, a wanton child to dead to care  
That each would find his pleasure as he might  
For this fantastic night was billed as nothing less than the end of  
An age  
A last crusade, a final outrage, in this day of flaccid plumage

And there was worn no cloth but leather  
Made supple by years of stinging cinders  
And here were seen the scars of age  
For age had been the common call for one last night together

Down colored the sky (the ritual feast)  
Some had died (they were buried with their bikes)  
Each grabbed a rag (from a man with a sack)  
Torn strips of color (the red and the black)

We made a vow to give it all we had to give  
We made a vow to die as we had lived

They flew the colors, they began to fight  
They flailed at each other like bugs at a light  
Bodies and bikes beyond repair  
Smell of oil and gas in the air

Then the wind whipped the desert with a giant hand  
And the humans and the Harleys caught the shifting sand  
And the old ranger weathered the storm  
And he topped the rise by the middle of morn  
He saw rippled dunes, calm and surreal  
And a glint of a shaft of chromium steel

Golden age