

He panics, feels around for a stone and hurls it at the brightest point.
The sound of breaking glass echoes around the cave.
As his vision is restored he catches sight of two golden gloves
about one foot in diameter hovering away down the tunnel.
When they disappear a resounding crack sears across the roof,
and it collapses all around him.
Our hero is trapped once again.

"This is it" he thinks, failing to move any of the fallen rocks.

All the pumping's nearly over for my sweet heart,
This is the one for me,
Time to meet the chef,
O boy! running man is out of death.
Feel cold and old, it's getting hard to catch my breath.
's back to ash, 'now, you've had your flash boy'
The rocks, in time, compress
your blood to oil,
your flesh to coal,
enrich the soil,
not everybody's goal.

Anyway, they say she comes on a pale horse,
But I'm sure I hear a train.
O boy! I don't even feel no pain -
I guess I must be driving myself insane.
Damn it all! does earth plug a hole in heaven,
Or heaven plug a hole in earth - 'how wonderful to be so profound,
when everything you are is dying underground.'

There's not much spectacle for an underground creole as he walks
through the gates of Sheol.
"I would have preferred to have been jettisoned into a thousand
pieces in space, or filled with helium and floated above a mausoleum.
This is no way to pay my last subterranean homesick dues.
Anyway I'm out of the hands of any pervert embalmer doing
his interpretation of what I should look like,
stuffing his cotton wool in my cheeks."

I feel the pull on the rope, let me off at the rainbow.
I could have been exploding in space
Different orbits for my bones
Not me, just quietly buried in stones,
Keep the deadline open with my maker!
See me stretch; for God's elastic acre
The doorbell rings and its
"Good morning Rael
So sorry you had to wait.
It won't be long, yeh!
She's very rarely late."