

## Dark Ages

Jethro Tull

Darlings are you ready for the long winter's fall?  
said the lady in her parlor  
said the butler in the hall.  
Is there time for another?  
cried the drunkard in his sleep.  
Not likely  
said the little child. What's done  
the Lord can keep.  
And the vicar stands a-praying.  
And the television dies  
as the white dot flickers and is gone  
and no-one stops to cry.  
The big jet rumbles over runway miles  
that scar the patchwork green  
where slick tycoons and rich buffoons  
have opened up the seam  
of golden nights and champagne flights  
ad-man overkill  
and in the haze  
consumer crazed  
we take the sugar pill.  
Jagged fires mark the picket lines  
the politicians weep  
and mealy-mouthed  
through corridors of power on tip-toe creep.  
Come and see bureaucracy  
make its final heave  
and let the new disorder through  
while senses take their leave.  
Families screaming line the streets  
and put the windows through  
in corner shops  
where keepers kept  
the country's life-blood blue.  
Take their pick  
and try the trick  
with loaves and fishes shared  
and the vicar shouts  
as the lights go out,  
and no-one really cares.

Dark Ages  
shaking the dead  
Closed pages  
better not read  
Cold rages  
burn in your head.