

## El Dorado (V) The Grandchildren of Apes

Marillion

Metal in the air  
Brimstone in the lungs  
Breathe deeply of it  
The wind is carrying the pictures  
The rain is muttering the names  
The wind-chimes in my garden ring like keys  
To all the stolen doors

We are the grandchildren of apes, not angels  
But only we are gifted with the eyes to see  
On days without f e a r, when our heads are clear  
That angels, we could be