

Mr.X (Gets Tense)

Peter Hammill

The current affair gets to be my business I heard the news on the radio The sun on earth... what is this? Is that the way that the crazy goes? Attention tuned to the satellites, looking down for an overview. In the chapel of space we are acolytes. In the battle of time we're all soldiers too and the relative choir push the energy higher Under fire.

The sliding show in the macroscopic finger on the button pointing to progress. The apparatus roll, no-one here can stop it, too busy learning more - always knowing less. Soon turkey - wrapped in the spaceman blanket we'll offer up lame duck apologies and settle down for the final banquet, the gourmet dish of technology, cryogenic device catches all human life Under ice.

The current affair gets to be all out business. It's filtered in through the T.V. screen. The norm, the average... what is this, when it goes blank what does that all mean? And what's the drive of each individual? And what's the way that the story ends? Is it Mr. X left as the last residual holder of the flame, conscience of all men? But he's so tense to expire he throws himself on the wire Under fire.

Is this the way the world ends? Under ice. Under fire Has there been some mistaken design? Under ice Got to find the human voice. Lord, deliver us from Babel.