

Chariot of the Sun

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Phaeton asked his mother
Pleading with her, was he the son
Of the God Apollo, "Please tell me am I the one"
The sun as a witness
Was called for its truthfulness
"Go to the land whence the sun rises.
Built of gold and jewels
Is the palace of the sun.
Demand of Apollo.
Are you his rightful son?"
And so he ventured in time
Spring was crowned with thorns
And Summer's ripe grain formed as a wreath
Autumn stained with juice of grapes
Winter icy still beneath
"Am I your son?"
"Can I drive your chariot.
Your chariot of the sun?
Chase the tests of nature
Until the race is won?"
Afraid of the danger at first he declined
"The dangers are such that you cannot survive"
Still the wish was granted, horses springing forward as one
Serpents coiled down below, felt the heat as if it were sun
Control no longer, the world on fire
Still he journeyed through
Rivers boiled and earth cracked
Fishes sought their lowest depth
Earth cried out in pain
Could she withstand such a test?
Jupiter sent thunder, lightning
Rain to water the fire
And to quench new thirst
The chariot was burning, into cooling waters it fell
Phaeton rests now and on his stone
The words are written.
"No more the chariot of the sun wich could not bring him home."