

Forest Full of Needles

Slade

There's a main line to destruction, only two miles to Hell's gate

There's a hypnotic reaction to the destiny of fate

There's a rise and fall of angels, only idols on parade

There's a ring of gladiators, who all think they've got it made

On into the forest full of needles, stretching as far as can be seen

Looking at nothing, nowhere, no-

one, a forest that points that once was green

There's a straight road going forward - There's a winding road behind

Which to take is your decision - neither one is clearly signed

There are questions still unanswered and people to meet and places to go

There are causes still worth fighting for - which is right, well who's to know?

On into the forest full of needles stretching as far as can be seen

Looking at nothing, nowhere, no-

one - A forest that points that once was green

There's a side road to salvation, said to lead to Heaven's door

There'll be mighty falls of empires, battles lost and won at war

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