

In Memoriam

Steve Hackett

For someone else the blues and greens
The dreaming spires the skin-tight jeans
The armchair armies on the march
The transfer unit tube and mask
Who needs all the endless lies
That serve to keep the world alive
To taste the sweetness of the grave
And not regret mistakes I've made

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Goodbye to all the angry dawns
Committee meetings pistols drawn
You can keep the rave reviews
The priests the guards the prisons and zoos
Goodbye to all the nation's pride
Farewell to those all choosing a side
In hut number twelve they're issuing guns
But only for the chosen ones

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