

So I find myself among
The brave south western hills
Running like a mad man on the moor!
Let the sweet Atlantic rain
Wash away my ills
The men-an-tol shone strangely in the storm

I get the strangest feeling in the air around
It's more than just a feeling
A different way of seeing
A different kind of life
.. something I believe in

Here among the city lights
The feelings not so clean
Neon lights and faceless signs
Hide what I hold dear
But it's there to find if you have the mind
And you don't live in fear of it

I rest among what still remains
Of lives that passed before
Lighting strikes the top of zennor tor
I find myself amazed again
At man's pathetic score
Years of knowledge wasted and ignored

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