

as we sailed through the clouds over plains of emerald green
a million dead unseen we were justifiably proud
they saw the doors opening they saw the smothered ground
they heard the fire ravaging we thrilled at every sound
judges of the night with the calculus of godly might
cause the world to weep as we lay your body down to sleep

how it all tortures endlessly gone tomorrow the same
can you in all humility give all that power a name
when the kiss of a feather has worn the mountain down
in its annual orbit of the sun

when will the suffering cease and do we all deserve our peace
(destiny is but to run)
will our wealth increase when will we all be released
(future's only just begun)

but it was not always like this now i gaze with jaundiced eyes
on the fruit of our exploitation i stop to wonder why
where has it all gone all the time that we won
all our lives and all of this waste

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