

I stood alone upon the highest cliff-top,
looked down, around, and all that I could see
were those that I would dearly love to share with
crashing on quite blindly to the sea....
I tried to ask what game this was,
but knew I would not play it:
the voice, as one, as no-one, came to me....
'We have looked upon the heroes
and they are found wanting;
we have looked hard across the land,
but we can see no dawn;
we have now dared to sear the sky,
but we are still bleeding;
we are drawing near to the cliffs,
now we can hear the call.
The clouds are piled in mountain-shapes,
there is no escape except to go forward.
Don't ask us for an answer now,
it's far too late to bow to that convention.
What course is there left but to die?
We have looked upon the High Kings,
found them less than mortals:
their names are dust before the just
march of our young, new law.
Minds stumbling strong, we hurtle on
into the dark portal;
No-one can halt our final vault
into the unknown maw.
And as the Elders beat their brows
they
know that it is really far too late now to stop us.
For if the sky is seeded death
what is the point in catching breath?...Expel it!
What cause is there left but to die
in search of something we're not quite sure of?'
What cause is there left but to die?
What cause is there left but to die?
What cause is there left but to die?
...I really don't know why...
I know our ends may be soon
but why do you make them sooner?
Time may finally prove
only the living move her and
no life lies in the quicksand.
Yes I know it's
Out of control, out of control:
Greasy machinery slides on the rails,
Young minds and bodies on steel spokes impaled....
Cogs tearing bones, cogs tearing bones:
Iron-throated monsters are forcing our screams,
Mind and machinery box-press the dreams.
...but there still is time...
Cowards are they who run today,
the fight is beginning...
no war with knives, fight with our lives,
lemmings can teach nothing;
death offers no hope, we must grope

for the unknown answer:
unite our blood, abate the flood,
avert the disaster...
there's other ways than screaming in the mob:
that makes us merely cogs of hatred.
Look to the why and where we are,
look to yourselves and the stars and in the end
What choice is there left but to live
in the hope of saving
our children's children's little ones?
What choice is there but to live?
What choice is there but to live?
What choice is there but to live?
to save the little ones?
What choice is there left but to try?
