

Tull Jethro

"Scenario"

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In our [???] of ancient times,
Stood a lone friend of mine.

Reflected by the ever-burning sigh
Of God, who happened by.

And in the dawn, there came the song
Of some sweet lady singing in his ear,
"Your God has gone,
And from now on
You'll have to learn to hate the things you fear."

We want to know, are we inside the womb
Of passion plays and by righteousness consumed,
Or just in life's contentment of our souls?

And so began the age of man.
Well he left his body in the sand.

The glass is raised to a god of high,
Smiled upon them from the sky.

So take the stage,
Spin down the ages, loose the passion,
Spill the rage upon your son
Who holds the gun up to your head,
The play's begun.

And God the director smells a rat,
Pulls another rabbit from his hat,
Sniffs the air, and says, "That's that, I'm going

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