

Wakeman Rick

"The Forest"

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Journey on through ages gone, to the centre of the earth

Past rocks of quartz and granite, which gave mother nature birth

Burial ground of ancient man, his life no more is seen,

A journey through his time unknown, I wonder where he's been

Wonder where he's been, wonder where he's been, wonder where he's been

The shore now gone behind the hills, a forest in our sight,

Rocks and distant mountains, bathed in waves of blinding light

Forests from far gone time, no living man has seen,

A private prehistoric world, for you and I a dream

Brownish hue dictates my eye, no colour hides their fear,

Flowers faded, dull and cold, now bleached by atmosphere

Creatures twisting under trees, huge monsters soaked with rage

Hidden deep below our earth, a frightening, bygone age

Their shepherd came, now long extinct, a huge primeval man

The three men filled with disbelief, just turned as one and ran.

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"I believe in Women's suffrage. Women may suffer as much as they want."

-The great, Godlike Eric Wincentsen

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