

Genesis "Firth Of Fifth"

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The path is clear
Though no eyes can see
The course laid down long before.
And so with gods and men
The sheep remain inside their pen,
Though many times they've seen the way to leave.

He rides majestic
Past homes of men
Who care not or gaze with joy,
To see reflected there
The trees, the sky, the lily fair,
The scene of death is lying just below.

The mountain cuts off the town from view,
Like a cancer growth is removed by skill.
Let it be revealed.
A waterfall, his madrigal.
An inland sea, his symphony.

Undinal songs
Urge the sailors on
Till lured by sirens cry.

Now as the river dissolves in sea,
So neptune has claimed another soul.
And so with gods and men
The sheep remain inside their pen,
Until the shepherd leads his flock away.

The sands of time were eroded by
The river of constant change.

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