

Motley Crue "Pillars Between Worlds"

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(song-like tale told by a tribe/folk of the world)

We sing with sad hearts this song...For
our hearts have been saddened ever since
the tidings came..The pillars between
worlds..

Mythic tales were told us by a strange and
weary wanderer..His tales were as alive as
if he had seen the wars he told us of..The
downfall of ancient majesties he told us
of..And even the pillars between worlds
that he told us of..

Between worlds, he said..That man weary
and saddened..his sorrow must be great for
his eyes screamed with a grief alike no
black grief we have been burdened with
..None of us could bear to look into to

his painfilled eyes for long..

Pillars..A gate to other worlds..Perchance
to a free and kinder world? Perchance our
souls should be destroyed did we enter?
But alas! We cannot wander so far..A hard
journey and many would die of fatigue or
the biting cold of the north..We also fear
the war hammers of the mountain-men would
smite down many or all of us...

I must wander again, said the weary man
who's eyes looked so much older than
himself..As if he had seen the dawn of
time and the fall of ancient kingdoms..
Be glad for your souls..Think no more of
the pillars between worlds..Be glad for
your souls...

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