

Phillip Thomas

"My Time Has Come"

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Dust drew down the desert night
Stallions kick and moan
All along the ridge the stormy light
Assailing the fortresses of stone
Father Eli took his watch,
His keen eyes fixed right into the sky
Daybreak rose, his chair was rocking still
No message could anyone find
Yena had a secret dream,
To touch the stuccoed stars
From the deep of snow-enchanted woods
He called them from afar
Hunter's by the Deadman's Spit
All struck dumb, the forest crowned in flame
The dragon rose into the burning air
Then everything lay still again - and so it's..
Oh, my time has come
I never hoped for something quite like this
Oh, my time has come
I never hoped for something quite like this
Shadows in the creeping mist
The dark beams circled close,
Baronesses played a hand of whist
Unseeing, the monolithic host
Meters racing, dials jammed,
The heat sears, the metal twists and tears
They're all out on Pan Am 109
The giants melted into thin air... and hear me...
Oh, my time has come
I never hoped for something quite like this
Oh I wait in the night
I'd packed my bags by ten past six
Subscriptions paid and sent
Through the fields to the landing strip
I'll always wonder what you meant
Diamonds dancing, mountains shake
Wind bellows, the valley struck with gold,
With my photo of the Prince of Wales,
I might not get back there till you're old...
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