

## Procol Harum "Fires"

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This war we are waging is already lost  
The cause for the fighting has long been a ghost  
Malice and habit have now won the day  
The honours we fought for are lost in the fray

Standards and bugles are trod in the dust  
Wounds have burst open, and corridors rust  
Once proud and truthful, now humbled and bent  
Fires which burnt brightly, now energies spent  
Let down the curtain, and exit the play  
The crowds have gone home and the cast sailed away  
Our flowers and feathers as scarring as weapons  
Our poems and letters have turned to deceptions

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