

The Levellers

"Men-an-tol"

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So I find myself among
The brave Southsestern hills
Running like a madman on the moor
Let the sweet Atlantic rain
Wash away my youth
The Men-An-Tol shone strangely in the storm

I get the strangest feeling
In the air around
It's more than just a feeling
A different way of seeing
A different kind of life
Something I believe in

But in amongst the city lights
The feeling's not so clean
Faceless signs and neon lights
Hide what I hold dear
It's there to find if you have the mind
And you don't live in fear of it

I rest among what still remains
Of lifes thar passed before
Lighting strikes the top of Zennor Tor
I find myself amazed again
At man's pathetic score
Years of knowledge wasted and ignored

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