

Rick Wakeman

"The Journey"

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By horse, by rail, by land, by sea, our journey starts
Two men incensed by one man's journey from the past
In Iceland, where the mountain stood with pride
They set off with their guide
To reach the mountain side
Roped as one for safety through the long descent
Into the crater of volcanic rock they went

Look up from our telescopic lair,
One star for us to share,
We continue on our prayer.
Crystals of opaque quartz, studded limpid tears,
Forming magic chandeliers, lighting blistered
galleries.

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