

McCarthy

"The Vision Of The Peregrine Worsthorne"

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In Fleet Street I lay down to sleep
In the seediest journalist bar
And in my sleep a vision I dreamed
From afar

In celestial mist made of light
An angel that blinds mortal eyes
This vision I knew knew no wrong
Only right

He took my hand and showed me things I'd never
dreamed
The veil blinding me was lifted
And truth shone, a beacon beaming

The vision said softly to me
"The people are becoming to free
And if you want to sever the tea (?)
Oh baby

Peregrine is looking grim
The economy is falling to pieces
It seems quite hopeless

Stand steadfastly by the friendly in exchange with free
Broadcast calls for order and law
Yet all shall be well, all shall be well"

The Holy Ghost bid me be bold
For wisdom that's weight out of old (?)
Could will if it was spread among men
Once again

The vision departed me then
And I awoke cold and distant
I knew my mission

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