

## Skyclad "Our Dying Island"

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I woke from my daydream--discovered my nightmare  
was real,  
At the altar of progress to gods of ambition we kneel,  
Our database deities--they cannot save us,  
Microchip miracles only enslave us.  
The high priests of high finance claim that their actions  
are wise--  
But our planet still dies. . .  
It dies for the want of more people who care 'bout the  
poisons we  
pump in the seas and the air,  
Yet blissfully ignorant--still unaware,  
We strive for a future entwined with despair.  
You say, "Why waste concern on the rivers and trees--  
they belong to  
mankind to exploit as we please?"  
Face up to the fact that mankind's a disease--irrelevant  
microbes  
with colour T.V.s.  
Tell me just what kind of fools would laugh and stare  
death in the face?  
Only to worst kind of fools (like you and I--the human  
race).  
If we laugh for long enough it could well be our  
epitaph,  
Mother Earth will laugh the loudest--She will have the  
final laugh.  
BUT WAIT--the time has come to realise,  
BELIEVE--the truth our eyes will not disguise.  
SPEAK OUT--to say, "It's no concern of mine,"  
DECEIVED--is to be party to the crime.  
We all toe the line and swallow the lies--and our island  
dies.  
Let computers dictate our emotions--determine the way  
we should  
feel.  
Turn our backs to the future now our days are  
numbered,  
And where will we run to when this world is plundered?  
Your conscience a whisper drowned out when your  
avarice cries--  
And humanity dies. . .

Without hot winds or tower blocks crashing--no silver-lined mushroom  
clouds herald man's passing,  
From the Garden of Eden--into death everlasting,  
Such a high price to pay for what we took without asking.  
Stupidity's legacy is passed down the years--as our knowledge  
increases dispelling the fears  
That the ghosts of the past may again reappear--as the dawn of the  
silent apocalypse nears.  
Tell me just what kind of fools would laugh and stare death in the  
face?  
Only the worst kind of fools (like you and I--the human race).  
If we laugh for long enough it could well be our epitaph,  
Mother Earth will laugh the loudest--She will have the final laugh.  
(The advent of insanity--no future for humanity.  
You pander to your vanity--it blinds you to reality.  
In temples of indifference we hail the gods of ignorance,  
And sacrifice our final chance--behold the death of innocence.)  
BUT WAIT--the end is near so we must choose,  
BELIEVE--that we have everything to lose.  
SPEAK OUT--if empty words are all we're worth,  
DECEIVED--it is the end for Mother Earth.  
We all toe the line and swallow the lies--and our island dies.  
If we think the world is our oyster we'll surely choke on the pearl,  
It is ours for a while to respect not defile--but minds drunk with  
power still whirl.  
The lands we dispute are not ours to pollute--neither the air that  
we breathe,  
But how will we ever see reason when we can't see the wood for the trees.  
Now we hold the future in the palm of our hand--place your faith  
In 'Rainbow Warriors' not castles of sand,  
The hourglass is empty time is slipping away--so prepare your  
excuses for the Judgement Day.  
Court is now in session--Mother Nature presides,  
The jury are our children--whose futures we've denied.

The evidence conclusive--we have no alibi,  
The victim was our planet--the verdict: MATRICIDE.  
BUT WAIT--the time has come to realise,  
BELIEVE--the truth our eyes will not disguise.  
SPEAK OUT--to say, "It's no concern of mine,"  
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