

## Divine Comedy, The "Motorway To Damascus"

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Daybreak on the motorway to damascus  
A heavenly angel flagged me down  
And asked for a ride into town  
For god's sake, on the motorway to damascus  
This heavenly angel, wise and pure, proceeded with a  
guided tour:  
"behold! a shining city of silver grey and white,  
Of solar-panelled rooftops glinting in the light  
And wind-power generators turning soundlessly  
through the night"

Mid-day on the motorway to damascus  
The heavenly angel flapped its wings  
And told me more exciting things  
Like how one day this motorway to damascus  
Would disappear without trace, the unsustainable  
replaced  
"behold! the new new forest in four hundred shades of  
green  
Stretching out before us where it always should have  
been  
A botanical thesaurus for as far as the eye can see"

Nightfall on the motorway to damascus  
The heavenly angel looked at me  
And said "well, what's it gonna be?  
The long haul, or the shorter way to damascus?  
Choose with care and you will find that one day there  
will come a time  
When the silhouetted ruins of the crumbling cooling  
towers  
Are but ivy-clad reminders of a long-forgotten power"  
Must the monkeys leave gibraltar's rock and ravens  
flee the tower  
Before we look and see ourselves for what we really  
are?

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