

Stygma IV

"The Gardener Of Eden"

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True I was a gardener, once upon a time.
When the world ws young and all the earth was mine
Mine to tend to, to plough and to sow.
Before mankind came and rendered all things low.
And beauty was it's first name by this I would call.
And ready the harvest for one and for all.

The orchards and the wheatfields which could of fed
the world,
Were divided up like money and sold through human
slaves
The rivers fresh, the hillsides that had no need of
name,
Now ran red with the life blood and drunk with guilty
shame.

The gentle bough was broken and twisted out of shape,
And who knows the consequences when the bough
doth break,
The mother soil which reared it's young, now reared
her angry head,
And rain fell down like teardrops upon the flower beds.

The blame for this I'm in no doubt, is mine and mine
alone,
But so proud was I of my work, I had to share it's
growth -
'Tis true I was a gardener in the time before the flood,
Now these greenfingers of mine - are stained by
angels blood.

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