

## Van Der Graaf Generator "Arrow"

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Stub towers in the distance  
Riders cross the blasted moor against the horizon  
Fickle promises of treaty  
Fatal harbingers of war, futile orisons

Swirl as one in this flight, this mad chase  
This surge across the marshy mud landscape  
Until the meaning is forgotten

Hood masks the eager face  
Skin stretched and sallow  
Headlong into the chilling night  
As swift as any arrow

Feet against the flagstones  
Fingers scrabbling at the lock, craving protection  
Sanctuary croaks a voice  
Half-strangled by the shock of its rejection

Shot the bolt in the wall, rusted the key  
Now the echoes of all frightful memory  
Intrude in the silence

What a crawl against the slope  
Dark loom the gallows  
One touch to the chapel door  
How swiftly comes the arrow

Compassion you plead, as though they kept it in a box  
Well, that's long since been empty  
I'd like to help you somehow but I'm in the self-same  
spot  
My condition exempts me

We are all on the run on our knees  
The sundial draws a line upon eternity  
Across every number

How long the time seems  
How dark the shadow  
How straight the eagle flies  
How straight towards his arrow

How long the night is  
Why is this passage so narrow?  
How strange my body feels  
Impaled upon the arrow

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