

## Various Artists "The Eve of the War"

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No one would have believed  
In the last years of the nineteenth century  
That human affairs were being watched  
From the timeless worlds of space

No one could have dreamed  
We were being scrutinized  
As someone with a microscope  
Studies creatures that swarm  
And multiply in a drop of water

Few men even considered  
The possibility of life on other planets  
And yet, across the gulf of space  
Minds immeasurably superior to ours  
Regarded this Earth with envious eyes

And slowly and surely  
They drew their plans against us

At midnight on the twelfth of August  
A huge mass of luminous gas erupted  
From Mars and sped towards Earth

Across two hundred million miles of void  
Invisibly hurtling towards us  
Came the first of the missiles  
That were to bring so much calamity to Earth

As I watched there was another jet of gas  
It was another missile, starting on its way

And that's how it was for the next ten nights  
A flare, spurting out from Mars  
Bright, green, drawing a green mist behind it  
A beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight

Ogilvy, the astronomer  
Assured me we were in no danger  
He was convinced there could be no  
Living thing on that remote, forbidding planet

"The chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one", he said  
"The chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one, but still they come!"

Then came the night  
The first missile approached Earth  
It was thought to be an ordinary falling star

But next day there was a huge crater  
In the middle of the Common  
And Ogilvy came to examine what lay there

A cylinder, thirty yards across  
Glowing hot with faint sounds  
Of movement coming from within

Suddenly the top began moving  
Rotating, unscrewing  
And Ogilvy feared there was a man inside  
Trying to escape

He rushed to the cylinder  
But the intense heat stopped him  
Before he could burn himself on the metal

"The chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one", he said  
"The chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one, but still they come!"

"Yes, the chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one", he said  
"The chances of anything coming  
From Mars are a million to one, but still they come!"

It seems totally incredible to me  
Now that everyone spent that evening  
As though it were just like any other

From the railway station came the sound of  
Shunting trains, ringing and rumbling  
Softened almost into melody by the distance  
It all seemed so safe and tranquil

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