

The Interlude

Pagan Altar

A World stripped of its colour devoid of love and hate.
There's no one left to stand before St Peter's pearly gates.
To see the chaos man has wrought,
Brings havoc to his brain.
The few that's left on judgement day,
Have been acquitted as insane!

A silent World of shapeless things, of torn and twisted form.
Man sits amid the wreckage waiting vainly for the dawn.
The glory of man has come and gone,
A broken shattered dream.
The only sound to rent the air,
Is a stifled choking scream!

Blindness follows darkness man awaits impending doom.
His mind lies dead, to arise no more, no awakening from the gloom.
Lost amid the twilight world
Of never ending night
He needs no more his senses,
Least of all he needs his sight!

The chariots of fire rode roughshod through the World.
Men of vision stood ridiculed, seen but never heard!
Cries of disillusionment,
Drowned by mans desire.
The need for mass destruction,
Fuelled the raging fire!