

Overture / Temple of Syrix

Benedictum

I. Overture

And the meek shall inherit the earth...

II. Temples of Syrix

...'The massive grey walls of the Temples rise from the heart of every Federation city. I have always been awed by them, to think that every single facet of every life is regulated and directed from within! Our books, our music, our work and play are all looked after by the benevolent wisdom of the priests...'

We've taken care of everything
The words you read, the songs you sing
The pictures that give pleasure to your eyes
It's one for all and all for one
We work together, common sons
Never need to wonder how or why

We are the Priests of the Temples of Syrix
Our great computers fill the hallowed halls
We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrix
All the gifts of life are held within our walls

Look around at this world we've made
Equality our stock in trade
Come and join the Brotherhood of Man
Oh, what a nice, contented world
Let the banners be unfurled
Hold the Red Star proudly high in hand

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Our great computers fill the hallowed halls
We are the Priests, of the Temples of Syrix
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