The Age of the Cathedrals

David Deyl

This is a tale that takes its place
In Paris fair, this year of grace
Fourteen hundred eighty two
A tale of lust and love so true.

We are the artists of the time,
We dream in sculpture dream in rhyme
For you we bring our world alive,
So something will survive.

From nowhere came the age of the cathedrals.
The old world began.
A new unknown thousand years.
For man just has to climb up where the stars are.
And live beyond life.
Live in glass and live in stone.

Stone after stone, day after day
From year to year man had his way
Men had built with faith and love
These cathedrals rose above
We troubadours and poets sing
That love is all and everything
We promise you, all human kind
Tomorrow will be fine.

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But it is doomed the age of the cathedrals.
Barbarians wait.
At the gates of Paris fair.
Oh let them in, these pagans and these vandals.
A wise man once said.
In two thousand, this world ends.
In two thousand, this world ends.

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