

Dark Ages

Jethro Tull

Darlings are you ready for the long winter's fall?
said the lady in her parlor
said the butler in the hall.
Is there time for another?
cried the drunkard in his sleep.
Not likely
said the little child. What's done
the Lord can keep.
And the vicar stands a-praying.
And the television dies
as the white dot flickers and is gone
and no-one stops to cry.
The big jet rumbles over runway miles
that scar the patchwork green
where slick tycoons and rich buffoons
have opened up the seam
of golden nights and champagne flights
ad-man overkill
and in the haze
consumer crazed
we take the sugar pill.
Jagged fires mark the picket lines
the politicians weep
and mealy-mouthed
through corridors of power on tip-toe creep.
Come and see bureaucracy
make its final heave
and let the new disorder through
while senses take their leave.
Families screaming line the streets
and put the windows through
in corner shops
where keepers kept
the country's life-blood blue.
Take their pick
and try the trick
with loaves and fishes shared
and the vicar shouts
as the lights go out,
and no-one really cares.

Dark Ages
shaking the dead
Closed pages
better not read
Cold rages
burn in your head.