

Stygian Hand

Jethro Tull

Cobbled road, cobbled way, dark as pitch, grey mist swirling
Something lightly treading, this way comes
Could be the bobby on his beat, torch probe a-curling
Along the dead-end alley between the slums

Crash! The Stygian hand, against my brow
Unholy tempter, with confrontation face
I proffer cross of comfort, defiant exorcism
No starting gun to join this hoary devil's race

Symbol of faith, symbol of sacrifice
Icon of glory, graven in gold
Alpha, Omega, and all things between
Strength to the bearer, good grace to behold

Glimpse of peace and grasp of last hope divine
In the gathering dusk, when nightlights dim
Give firm resolve in times of desperation
As spectral visitants in life's dark corridor swim

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