

## 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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