

The Fisherman of Ephesus

Jethro Tull

Ten set out along the rocky road
To suffer for their saintly sins
The great betrayer missing
Having topped himself or split his skin
Now, the young beloved one
Last son of father Zebedee
Comes to the town of Ephesus
To spin the lure and reel them in

Casts a line, sits waiting quietly
For the telltale nibble to reveal
The passing curiosity
The inner need, the faint appeal
Sings sweetly for his supper
Sings of miracles and fairy tales
Of barley loaves and two small fish
To make, for multitudes, a meal

Fisherman of Ephesus
Surveys the spirits' battleground
Flag was flown, a story told
Of crucifix and thorny crown

Hard to go on living
With the guilt of chance survival
All alone to fall from sky
Crash landing on arrival
To walk again the rocky road
No martyrdom to comfort
Wait out the years to join the ten
In fairytale revival

The test of poison cup
A little boiling oil along the way
On isle of Artemis to toil
Write memoirs at the end of day
Then back to lie in Ephesus
Alone among the dozen
As harbour slowly suffocates
And the catch has swum far away

Fisherman of Ephesus
Did he know the fate of others?
Their sticky end, the harsh rebuttal
He alone without his brothers