

El Dorado (V) The Grandchildren of Apes

Marillion

Metal in the air
Brimstone in the lungs
Breathe deeply of it
The wind is carrying the pictures
The rain is muttering the names
The wind-chimes in my garden ring like keys
To all the stolen doors

We are the grandchildren of apes, not angels
But only we are gifted with the eyes to see
On days without f e a r, when our heads are clear
That angels, we could be