

Things To Come

Peter Schilling

Lookin' for a fast thrill,
We pound the earth like drums.
Listen and the past will
Speak of things to come.

Let's go back to the time of the Great Race
A hundred million years ago.
The planet was a garden in those days,
Everything under control.
Who'd have thought the mightiest reptile
Would soon to vanish overnight?
Perhaps he just became too wild,
Consuming everything in sight.
He was King of the World then
But his strength caused no help in the end

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A lonely creature stepped from the darkness,
Brighter than the dinosaur.
A beast that was so full of surprises
He made it through a thousand wars.

And his mind was tremendous,
But how well would it serve in the end?

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And even though the system roars
Against the dying of the light,
Our dreams are full of dinosaurs
That vanish overnight.
Though our strength is tremendous,
Will we still have control in the end?

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