

## Chariot of the Sun

Rick Wakeman

Phaeton asked his mother  
Pleading with her, was he the son  
Of the God Apollo, "Please tell me am I the one"  
The sun as a witness  
Was called for its truthfulness  
"Go to the land whence the sun rises.  
Built of gold and jewels  
Is the palace of the sun.  
Demand of Apollo.  
Are you his rightful son?"  
And so he ventured in time  
Spring was crowned with thorns  
And Summer's ripe grain formed as a wreath  
Autumn stained with juice of grapes  
Winter icy still beneath  
"Am I your son?"  
"Can I drive your chariot.  
Your chariot of the sun?  
Chase the tests of nature  
Until the race is won?"  
Afraid of the danger at first he declined  
"The dangers are such that you cannot survive"  
Still the wish was granted, horses springing forward as one  
Serpents coiled down below, felt the heat as if it were sun  
Control no longer, the world on fire  
Still he journeyed through  
Rivers boiled and earth cracked  
Fishes sought their lowest depth  
Earth cried out in pain  
Could she withstand such a test?  
Jupiter sent thunder, lightning  
Rain to water the fire  
And to quench new thirst  
The chariot was burning, into cooling waters it fell  
Phaeton rests now and on his stone  
The words are written.  
"No more the chariot of the sun which could not bring him home."