Babakoto

Skyclad

Bush of ghosts is burning
In the forests of the night
We hear spirits call to move our souls

Hear their voice in many things
Animals and birds and trees
Babakoto and his kind

They will help us sing our song
Reach across the gulf of time
They will help us sing our song
We must try and understand

Commutate a falling leaf
Catch the breathing of the sands
Raindrops on a windowpane we must understand

Spirits move amongst us all
Ask the ancients of this world
If we only read the signs

They will help us sing our song
Reach across the gulf of time
They will help us sing our song
We must try and understand

Standing in the dark
This non-spiritual man
Blessed by ignorance
Twentieth century damned
Staring at the dawn
With a shotgun in his hand
Blood by reasoning
Technological

Standing in the dark
This political animal
Blessed by ignorance
Twenty-first century damned
Staring at the dawn
With a camera in his hand
Desire is reasonable
Technological

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