

Cry of the Land

Skyclad

Vibrant and real I lie
Mantled by the open sky
The wind and waves my lullaby
I am the land.

Why do you view me with
Eyes unable to see
The beauty in all that is pure
When it's left to live free?

So hot the fires within my breast
Rock and steel can't stand their test
Yet songbirds in my green beard nest
I am the land.

That which is so strong and old
Cannot be bought or sold
Mine is the green and gold
Wealth without end.

Ruled by the ebb of my oceans
Slaves to the dusk and the dawn
Your petri - dish civilisations
Are buried and born.

I watch as you live
With your heads in the sand
Unable to hear the cry of the land.

I was once a 'Happy Hunting Ground'
Then one day the eyes of science found
A blue - green planet
Spinning round a shining star.

The timeless giver of all life
Offered as a sacrifice
The priceless finds it's price
In the greed of man.

You bury your fears
And your heads in the sand
So you'll never hear the cry of the land.