

Words Fail Me

Skyclad

Well I woke up this morning with a head full of noise
Down with all the channels the media employs
A thesaurus for breakfast and a long list of aims
Had to make a comment on the fun and games
All sweeping statements, fine sentiments
Like the decline and fall of the occident
All eloquence and persuasiveness
Poets seem to say much more with less

All the beauty of life and nature's wealth
"Is judged with all the blindness of life itself"
So invest in your daughters, educate your sons
Give them real weapons and not just guns

Well I could wring my hands, I could pace the floor
If I could write a letter or file a report
In a world of deception and loathsome lies
The disregarded mob now have hate in their eyes
And I want to condemn them, want to make it fair
A silent scream as you punch the air
Words fail me

Well I wrote this song under a supermoon,
It's a romantic image, doesn't need this tune
But I need these words and these words need this song
To find a place where we both belong
But I keep on trying though the work is hard
Couldn't even write a decent get well card
For a stricken world with all its ills and pain
All your best intentions locked inside your brain
Words fail me, words fail me
Words fail me, words fail me

So here we are at the close of play
Seems like I'll live to write another day
So what's the point? Well the point is "mute"
It's up in the attic with me marching boots
Course it's not all bad, some of it's worse
Some of it even comes chapter and verse
From a holy book that doesn't help me at all
Better things written on a factory wall
Words fail me, words fail me
Words fail me, words fail me

Well they just fail me because they're just lines on a page
Predictable text for the digital age
They fail me because they don't make things clear
They're just hot air falling on deaf ears
They fail me because in the end they're just words
When talk is cheap, mighty seems the sword
Where to now for democracy?
A new dark chapter in our history?

For all the arrogance and ignorance
Couldn't even make a coherent response
When you have to fight to have your say
But all your fine words are just filled away
To say just what I think and to shout it out
Isn't that what all this should be about?
When your voice is ignored and your pleas are rejected
Your opinion unheeded and your views neglected

All lyrical and ebullient
Was meaning to write you but... then it went
All the times you came up with a good excuse
For all the suffering, misery, hate and abuse
All oppressive nouns and syllable stress
Need to get out more - think less
And they fail me now when I need to prevail
When all I need is a hammer and nails

The exploitation of the power games
All the evil done in whoever's name
In the face of all this bigotry
It's not who they love or how they pray
I grapple with my frustration and ineptitude
And hide behind the words of a chosen few
All indignation and deep disgust
A tirade or a rant? Well go on if you must