

## Scorched Earth

Steve Hackett

All our yesterdays, lighted fools  
Led to the edge like blinkered mules  
Trapped within a woven web  
Moon's minions left for dead

Black spots, a falling sun  
Dreamers on the run  
Rising waves flood the sky  
Sold to the man of a thousand lies

Fingers of flame across the land  
It's evening  
Scorched earth forest turning to sand  
We're sleeping

Tomorrow's trees, tomorrow's seas  
Can you breathe tomorrow's dream...

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Tomorrow's dream...