

Underground Railroad

Steve Hackett

Hell's children, touched by fire
From the fields, far away
Voices calling, out the way
You no longer, have to stay
Rising flames, arise in pain
Find a voice, on this day

Out of the shackles, a cargo of ghosts
Rattling chains that weigh the most
End of the line, that liberty bell
Locomotion firing onward from Hell
An hour of freedom worth a life in pain
The Lincoln's coming all aboard that train

Through screaming tunnels the engine sings
Into the steam, riding a dream
Hissing furnace chasing time
Circles of fire on a horse of iron
An hour of freedom worth a life in pain
The Lincoln's coming all aboard that train

Keep on moving till the shackles are gone
Cross that water to the land beyond
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