

Firth of Fifth

Genesis

The path is clear though no eyes can see
The course laid down long before
And so with Gods and men, the sheep remain inside their pen
Though many times they've seen the way to leave He rides majestic, past homes of men
Who care not or gaze with joy
To see reflected there, the trees, the sky, the lily fair
The scene of death is lying just below The mountain cuts off the town from view
Like a cancer growth is removed by skill
Let it be revealed
A waterfall, his madrigal, an inland sea, his symphony Undinal songs, urge the sailors on
Till lured by the sirens cry

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