Broken Barricades

Procol Harum

It was all once bright jewels
Glittering sand
The oceans have ravaged
Strangled the landWaste fills the temples
Dead daughters are born
The presses are empty
The editor's tornWhose husband was the first to fall?
Who died the worst death of them all?
How many splinters in each separate band?
How many stations in the final hand?Now gather up sea shells
And write down brave words
Your prayers are unanswered
Your idols absurdThe seaweed and the cobweb
Have rotted your sword
Your barricades broken
Your enemies, Lord

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