

# 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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