

# Whaling Stories

## Procol Harum

Pailing well after sixteen days  
A mammoth task was set  
Sack the town and rob the tower  
And steal the alphabetClose the door and bar the gate  
But keep the windows clean  
God's alive inside a movie  
Watch the silver screenRum was served to all the traitors  
Pygmies held themselves in check  
Bloodhounds nosed around the houses  
Down dark alleys sailors creptSix bells struck, the pot was boiling  
Soup spilled out on passers by  
Angels mumbled incantations  
Closely watched by god on highLightning struck out, fire and brimstone  
Boiling oil and shrieking steam  
Darkness struck with molten fury  
Flashbulbs glorified the sceneNot a man who had a finger  
Not a man who could be seen  
Nothing called  
(Not name nor number)  
Echo stormed its final screamDaybreak washed with sands of gladness  
Rotting all it rotted clean  
Windows peeped out on their neighbors  
Inside fireside bedsides gleamShalimar, the trumpets chorused  
Angels wholly all shall take  
Those alive will meet the prophets  
Those at peace shall see their wake

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