Worn Out Sole To Heel

Skyclad

It's a mountain that we all must climb -
In giant leaps or one step at a time.
I saw a fat old money lender - shoes of silk and ermine,
Laughing as they stumbled on bilstered feet rough shod.
He never helped the poor and weak - viewed them all as vermin,
So when he fell they passed him by and struggled up to God.
Each of us must walk a different track -
No sign to guide us and no turning back.
Chorus:
Humanity in motion - it's the pilgrimage eternal.
Most are blind - but I suspect what rare few know is real.
"You carry me, I'll carry you" - this simple childish notion.
A cable car to Shangrai-La.
Your worn out soul to heal.
The soldier boy is marching proud (with military precision),
Kicking others from the path - so keen to reach the peak.
Never will he get there with this tactical decision -
He spends so much time fighting that each footstep takes a week.
Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
Persta et obdura - omnia vincit amor!
My money's on the holy man - just clad in sack and sandals,
Heard a small child crying there - so turned around and stopped.
Like a beacon now he shines (bright as a million candles),
Alone upon the summit when the selfish have all dropped.
It's no contest - but we still race there,
like the saintly tortoise and the godless hare.
Chorus:
Humanity in motion - it's the pilgrimage eternal.
Most are blind - but I suspect what rare few know is real.
"You carry me, I'll carry you" - this simple childish notion.
A cable car to Shangrai-La.
Your worn out soul to heal.
You're worn out sole to heel,
Your worn out soul too .....
Heal your worn out soul.

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