

The Sky Beneath My Feet

Skyclad

O come ye young of Hamlyn--you who know my tune so well,
Where it beckons you must follow--be it Heaven (be it Hell).
Forget your mothers grieving as I pipe you down the street,
With a shilling in my pocket--and the sky beneath my feet.
Chameleons bask in the 'arc-lite' reflection--awaiting a chance curtain call,
And here from the wings I have watched them and wondered if God does exist
after all.
On life's Ferris Wheel all the dreamers ride free (from the top you can only
go down),
No-one but yourself is to blame if you presume to walk upon water then drown.
Now your bridges are burned--it is time that you learned there is no turning
back,
All your airs and graces should vacate their places for the qualities you lack.
Though empty vessels made most sound--not one wise word was said,
Vainglory hunters seek their prey where angels fear to tread.
FOLLOW ME--follow and I will lead,
With truth that hurts like stick and stone.
When rats that scuttled ships departed--
Birds of a feather sought their own.
To make their dreams a lantern that outshines the brightest star,
Turn whispers into battlecries the winds shall carry far.
When hearts shielded by conviction--keeping beats so pure and strong,
Are at last as one united (a communion of steel--The Sword of Song).
We gathered together as sister and brother to dance when the world was abed,
Until the next dawn in the grey light of morning these lambs to the slaughter
were led
Out of the shadows these vagabonds congregate (those who have stuck to their
guns),
While tinseltown satellites frantically circulate orbiting mirror-ball suns.
I will not play a part in this infantile farce--your offer I decline,
Building walls of pretension to conceal your intentions was just a waste of
time.
Though in your life of make-believe the best things came for free,
Why should I trust my plans in the 'capable' hands of a shallow fool like thee.
FOLLOW ME--follow and I will lead,
With truth that hurts like stick and stone,
When rats their scuttled ships departed--
Birds of a feather sought their own.
The goose that lays the golden egg--I'll sacrifice and bury it,

If you don't believe me watch me as upon its grave I spit,
Worldly treasures have no worth--but self-respect is beyond price,
And Hell's the best alternative when faced with your fool's paradise.
Some say I bite the hand that feeds--but to these disillusioned eyes
'tis sweet revenge to watch it bleed (it has only fed me lies),
The dead horses you were flogging could not rise and stand upon its legs,
Behold the leper-minstrel has been cured and nevermore shall beg.

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