Golden Age Of Leather

Blue Oyster Cult

Raise your can of beer on high and seal your fate forever
Our best years have past us by, the golden age of leather
This was the night not long to come in the year of our Lord A.D
Where in a desert way-house poised on the brink of eternity
Four and ninety studded horsemen closed the knot of honor
As only drunken soldiers can
And passed from man to man, a wanton child to dead to care
That each would find his pleasure as he might
For this fantastic night was billed as nothing less than the end of an age
A last crusade, a final outrage in this day of flaccid plumage
And there was worn no cloth but leather
Made supple by years of stinging cinders
And here were seen, the scars of age
For age had been the common call for one last night together
Dawn colored the sky, the ritual ceased
Some had died, they were buried with their bikes
Each grabbed a rag from a man with a sack
Torn strips of color, the red and the black
I cam here willingly and I will go down valiantly
We made a vow to give it all we had to give
We made a vow to die as we had lived
They flew the colors, they began to fight
They flailed at each other like bugs at a light
Bodies and bikes beyond repair
The smell of oil and gas in the air
Then the wind whipped the desert with a giant hand
And the humans and the Harley's caught the shifting sand
The old ranger weathered the storm
And he topped the rise by the middle of morn
He saw rippled dunes, calm and surreal
And a glint of a solitary shaft of chromium steel
Golden age
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