

Power and Spirit

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson

Touch down after muddy rugby in the softer evensong.
Steal through open doors to heaven in angelic sing-along.
Tinsel echoes in the rafters still the air in stained glass light.
Our voices chaste, un-broken, pure, take manly message to the fight. I sense the power. And I sense the spirit
move
In stately corridors of oak and stone, vaulted above.
Beyond the nave, beside dark transepts, candles flicker in the quire.
First the glow deep in the belly, tight grip of faith to fan the fire. In the chapel, I am wondrous in the eyes of
lesser boys.
Raptures touch me, lift me, shape me. Brotherhood, an ode to joy.
Stiff white ruffs on cassock'd ranks with hand on heart and hand on sword.
Elevated, born to service, to service of the Lord. I sense the path. I sense the glory road.
Position, influence, my head above the earthly clod below.
Follow me to serve dark Master, He whose number might be His name.
Branded, burning, power unholy, just have to love Him all the same...

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