Skyclad

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I'll sing to you of days departed,
Times when men proud and stouthearted carved their names on history's bloody
Page,
The corpse of chivalry long dead
Is turning in his loamy bed indignant at your new 'enlightened' age
White-collared knights at boardroom tables dream their own financial fables,
Fight to make their incomes larger--mounted on their 'credit charges.'
Held within the safety of this mundane existence--
Facing endless grey Mondays of dull nine to fives,
We all climb the social ladder with a dogged persistence,
Forging chains we shall carry for the rest of our lives.
We cannot see through clothes may maketh man they cannot give us shelter--
On this mortal helter-skelter if our loyalties are torn,
Between the values we believe in and the egos we are feeding--
We stand all together naked as the day we were born.
And so cast off the lies that are our lives and find the truth within.
SKYCLAD--the veil has lifted,
SKYCLAD--now I see through,
SKYCLAD--your mask of illusion,
SKYCLAD--to the fake that is you.
Financial wizards read their spells from filofaxes
Concrete hells of their own making pass for Avalon.
These men self-made by shrewd investing spend their weekends child-molesting,
Lost in 'green-belt' dreams they do no wrong.
Your mortgage payment rocket--
Like your blood pressure rising,
Executive stresses are the dragons you fight.
In your Armani armour you are practically shining,
So have no code of honour--you must always be right.
Just give me a simple life--my tastes are not demanding,
And whatever life may hand me I'll accept it in good grace;
For I am just a simple lad with few ideas about my station,
So ale and song will apt suffice to keep me in my place.
How can you know the cost of everything yet never see its worth?
If you think because you've paid the piper you should call the tune--
Well think again my friend life is a gain of chance,
By Fate's command we win or lose,
But still retain the right to choose
If we should stumble on--or shed our cares and dance

SKYCLAD--the veil has lifted,
SKYCLAD--no I see through,
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SKYCLAD--to the fake that is you.
You charge each other for the time and breath it takes to say 'good morning,'
But the truth is slowly dawning--things are getting out of hand,
We all pursue our shattered dreams along the roads to our own ruin--
Watch our empires sink and wash away like castles made of sand.
And so cast off the lies that are your lives and find the truth within

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