El Dorado (iv) F E A R

Marillion

i. Long-Shadowed SunI remember.
The enchanted English walled garden
Days of summer air and honey-suckled nights
The capricious dance of lavenders and cabbage-whites
Made more than 3D, glowing in the evening long-shadowed sun
Nowhere better. But in England, although nothing really changes, the weather always does...ii. The GoldThe gold stops us
The gold always did
The gold took more lives than Uranium
Than Plutonium
Pandemonium...
The thunder approaches
The heavy sighing of the monster...
Come to break the heavy weather
Come to silence all the singing birds
Tearing up the sky like paper
White-welding through dark steel of clouds
And the release of the sudden rainThe gold stops us
The gold always did
The gold took more lives than Uranium
Than Plutonium. Pandemonium.
The Gold!Jet engines and demolition
And the summer rain
Like finding a lost child
The roads are travelled by many
Like promises of peace
And some choose not to go
The f e a r looks like bravado
It always did
I see them waiting, smiling
On the borders in dawn's mist
Or lost to the world in their upturned boats
I'll be free or I'll die trying to be
Trying to BE.iii. Demolished LivesI see myself in them
The people at the borders
Waiting to exist again
Brothers, sisters, sons and daughters
Denied our so-called golden streets
Running from demolished lives

Into wallsThe "haves" and the "have nothings"
The accepted and rejected
We can't keep letting them in
We can't keep letting them in?The gold stops us
The gold always did
The gold took more lives than Uranium
Than Polonium. Pandemonium.And as I stand here wondering why
A man beheaded on a smartphone
Falls into my pocket from the sky
Modern life
Everything is everywhere .'know what I mean?
Handy.
And obscene.iv. F E A RF E A R is everywhere here
Under the patio
Under the hard-earned bought and paid-for home
Cushions, scented candles and the lawn
Mowing to the beat and the rumble of the coming stormWe all know about the wars that are raging
All the millions who just cannot see
There's so much more that binds us than divides us
But our f e a r denies it
While the papers stir it
The colours of the flag we wave
Were and will become blood red againAnd the madmen all say they hear voices
God tells them what to do
The wars are all about money
They always were
And the money's dressed up in religion
And when it's not showing off, the money's hiding.Something is cooking inside me...
It ain't ready, but already...
I'm becoming harder to live with
Becoming harder to live with
You say I'm becoming harder to live with
I'm becoming harder to live with
But you can't see into my head
You can't see into my head
You can't see into my headNo, you can't see into my head.And the roads are full of weapons
That slide by in the night
Tanks all covered in yellow mud
Pass you on the motorway
As you drive by with the kids and the buckets and spades
Happy Days.v. The Grandchildren of ApesMetal in the air
Brimstone in the lungs
Breathe deeply of it
The wind is carrying the pictures
The rain is muttering the names

The wind-chimes in my garden ring like keys
To all the stolen doors.We are the grandchildren of apes, not angels
But only we are gifted with the eyes to see
On days without f e a r, when our heads are clear
That angels, we could be.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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