A Word to the Wise

Skyclad

From far outside Earth's fragile atmosphere It's clearly apparent that the end is near The sleeper wakens and removes His golden casque Vital signs return to his quiescent craft. He is truth - a word to the wise Gods children are so young They cannot realise The difference between extinction And life is now only a matter of time. In the beginning was the knowledge He had carried far across The great unknown millennia have passed since he walked On the savannah where the seeds Of life were sown. Yet even deep in slumber he could hear His children blunder to destruction The caretaker of creation placed a fail-safe At the heart of his construction. Technologies intended As mans slaves mutated Now they are his masters The trust they place in progress Only serves to bring The last days nearer faster. He is truth - a word to the wise Gods children are so young They cannot realise The difference between extinction And life is now only a matter of time. I can see the oceans Stagnent and overflowing Filled with man made waste discharged From my cosmic auditorium I view this crematorium That is your world at large My ears hear the wailing of your children

In a future close at hand Just as it was before - so it may be again (If you don't try to understand)... The seas will rise before your very eyes Until they swallow up the land If your polar ice caps melt The cards are dealt And you have died by your own hands I will never help you while you still persist In acting like you're blameless I would rather let your species die forgotten So your folly remains nameless. He is truth - a word to the wise Gods children are so young They cannot realise The difference between extinction And life is now only a matter of time. "When to mischief mortals bend their will How quick they find the instruments of ill."

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