

# El Dorado (ii) the Gold

## Marillion

i. Long-Shadowed Sun I 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 Gold  
The 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 rain  
The 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 fear 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 Lives I 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 R F 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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