

A Window to the Past

John Williams

From far outside it, earth's fragile atmosphere
It's clearly apparent that the end is near
The sleeper awakens 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 realize 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
Millenia 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 man's 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, the word to the wise
Gods children are so young
They cannot realize the difference between extinction
And life, is now only a matter of time
I can see the oceans, stagnant 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 hand
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, the word to the wise
Gods children are so young
They cannot realize 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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