

Before the Deluge

Ian Byington

Some of them were dreamers and some of them were fools
Who were making plans and thinking of the future
With the energy of the innocent, they were gathering the tools
They would need to make their journey, back to nature
While the sand slipped through the opening
And their hands reached for the golden ring
With their hearts they turned to each other's hearts for refuge
In the troubled years that came before the deluge
Some of them knew pleasure and some of them knew pain
And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered
And on the brave and crazy wings of youth
They went flyin' around in the rain
And their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered
And in the end, they traded their tired wings
For the resignation that living brings
And exchanged love's bright and fragile glow
For the glitter and the rouge
And in a moment they were swept before the deluge
Now let the music keep our spirits high
And let the buildings keep our children dry
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by
When the light that's lost within us, reaches the sky
Some of them were angry at the way the earth was abused
By the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power
And they struggled to protect her from them, only to be confused
By the magnitude of the fury in the final hour
And when the sand was gone and the time arrived
In the naked dawn, only a few survived
And in attempts to understand a thing so simple and so huge
Believed that they were meant to live, after the deluge
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