

Crash and Burn

Pallas

Talk all we do is talk
All we do is scream, scream
Peace, we dream of peace
But it's impossible
Learn, we never seem to learn
How can we always get it so wrong
We're living in hope
One day we'll all join as one...
Five miles high in a sanctuary sky
The shakers and movers conduct their manoeuvres
Like Gods on Olympus so safe in this place...
The dove hunts the eagle
Unseen, up on high, from an alien sky
Like a flash of blue lightning
A power that is frightening
To cut off his head with just one single blow.....
The dove takes the eagle