

The Top of the World Club

Peter Hammill

And the future spread before us like a feast, we saw clearly to
the curve of the horizon, felt like everything we'd wanted was
in reach, all we so eagerly awaited And the perfume on the air
, oh, I could taste it....

(Decline and fall, decline and fall is coming to us....

And when the fall comes it will hit you pretty hard when the fo
rtified castle proves a house of cards and the sweet cup of ple
nty's shattered into a million shards.

Your Weltanschauung is now cut down at the core and your self-e
stimation's falling through the floor now there's not much stil
l standing of the edifice by which you once swore and which you
used to adore.)

The air is thin, the air is thin, the top of the world club's w
hat we're in; how thin the air, how thin the air, the top of th
e world club isn't there any more. My crawling skin, my crawlin
g skin, what circle of hell are we fallen in, so dread and drea
r, so dread and drear, the pressure above an atmosphere, open-j
awed. All the stars are darkening, all the stars extinguishing
one by one.

Worlds we thought were ours to own disappeared and gone, disapp
eared, disappeared.