

Abney Park, Cellophane Wings

Should I start by saying that we all lived in fear, from day to week to month to year?
Or should I start by saying that our food ran short, not a ham or a loaf, a cake or a tort?
No, I should start by telling of the beasts that lived within the courts of our castle, in whose walls lived
They fed off our crops, eat all our live stock, but had far too many teeth for any of us to stop.
Now hold on, let me tell this complete. For there was more to this story than the beasts at our feet.
For the world round our castle was a desert immense, and it was rumored that its dragons lived in press
Now the time would come when we'd have to run to the nearest oasis, cross the dunes under sun.
But which way to go no map did show, so I feared our people had no way to know.
Now you must forgive me if this sounds a bit vain, but you see, only I thought of Cellophane.
Some thought there much too fragile, you must be insane, to think that you could lead the people o
So I started our permanent pilgrimage beyond the walls so dense.
I stumbled hapless and hopeless and helpless into the desert immense
I had to fulfill my promise so I took to the sky, guiding our way on cellophane wings you could see o
I could see the distant forest but the people cowered in fear
They could hear our ancient captives in the desert drawing near.
They all began to quiver and doubt if my theory was true.
I'll be the first to admit our hour of fear I quivered too.
Now the sun bleed dark crimson as the lightning seared the sand.
The Hour of all our destinies was drawing at hand.
Upshot a self defeating word, slashed my wings like a knife.
In the moment before I fell flashed the folly of my life.
If only I saw our salvation, our blind journey was in vain.
But maybe we could have each escaped on wings of cellophane.