

The Speaker Said

Picking our way down, down the dusty lane
Over rusting cars and fallen angels
All the hooded guards at the factory gates
Kept their heads down low to hide their faces

And the speaker said there was nothing left
And the speaker said we were out of time
And the speaker said we were going to die

These are the bloated men who squandered and devoured
And now they live like Gods in a fortress dome
We are the hollow men who abdicated power
And now we have no chance to save our home

And the speaker said there was nothing left
And the speaker said we were out of time
And the speaker said we were going to die

Today no church has been left standing
There's no desire or taste for worship here
As the world and all that we relied on
Died with prayers sent on plumes of fire

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