

## **PARADISE LOST**

### **I**

'Whose mortal tast  
brought Death into the world, and all our woe'

We have crossed the line  
We have paid the ferryman  
And set sail on the ship of fools

Our journey lies over rough seas  
Our hopes left on shore  
Hanging from the last surviving tree

### **II**

'Soloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God'

We have passed the signs  
We have smashed the barrier  
And marked our course on the road to nowhere

Our expedition melts the ice  
Our dreams submerged  
Drowning in a sea of rubbish

### **III**

'Sing Heav'nly Muse'

We have struck out our eyes  
We have scorched our senses  
And wander blithely to the edge of hell

Our compass a score and an iPod  
Our bland ears anaesthetised  
Listening but feeling nothing

### **IV**

'Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime'

We can watch the tide  
We can see the bodies  
As they float by in technicolor close-up

Our world is a Hollywood movie  
With cartoon faces and a cast of thousands  
Dying by remote a hundred anonymous deaths

**V**

'That with no middle flight intends to soar'

We see metal phalluses rain from the sky  
Sent by a psychopathic dunce in a suit  
And a man with a gun who looks like Jesus

And somewhere the hand of God  
Reaches from a tenth floor window  
And gently caresses the burning sky

**VI**

'Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss'

Whatever is bad is out there  
Whatever may harm us is out there  
This product of more than one country  
May contain monsters

But we are safe  
Immunised, prepacked, drip-fed dross,

We know what we see  
Nothing  
We know what we feel  
Nothing  
Whatever it is is nothing to do with us  
Nothing

**VII**

'What in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support'

Do you see? Do you really see?  
Do you really understand?  
Can you see through the mist to that distant shore?

Shadows dancing round a burning globe.  
This is not on the TV or the IMAX or the WAP.  
This is real. This is real.

So gorge your senses on the end of the world  
Tap your feet to that Bosch apocalypso  
Make your heart sing with that terrible joy

Then turn back.

For God's sake  
Turn back.