

## ENGLAND DESCENDING

Something here in the air  
Catches me unaware  
Where are we going  
This my land?  
Or are you mine?  
Here in my hand  
Earth in my fist  
What have I missed?

I see the ballroom  
Hear the beat  
Then search for dancing  
In the street  
I hear the angels' heavenly choir  
Then smell the devils' tails on fire

What's this - an omen or a lie?  
Battle field dormant  
But still waiting to die?  
I thought war was over, but no  
It seems that we're lined up, ready to go

I see the north of England  
Feed the south  
Nation in two  
Thin belly, big mouth  
One face to the world  
Backs to the wall  
Once bigger than our size  
Now as we are : small

Something here in the air  
Catches me unaware  
What choices now guide us  
Apart from fears?  
No blame, England descending  
No defence, no defending  
An empire that is ending