

. . . and the shadows grow long

The shadows are too long
for this time of day at this time of year.
The middle-aged have seen it all before,
the young are curious, the old are worried.

There are no blazing dragons in the sky
no two-headed sheep, no talking trees,
we are too modern for that
and superstition is now not our way.

Yet the shadows are too long, too long,
for this time of day at this time of year.

Progressives pledge salvation
if we repent and mend our ways,
confess our guilt, prostrate ourselves in
abject supplication for an end to coming woes.

Their naysayers preach tradition.
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition,
that we are the authors of our own demise
for scorning tradition
and must repent and mend our ways.

Yet still the shadows grow,
too long for this time of day
at this time of year.

Snake oil sales are booming,
headlines shock as only headlines can shock,
rumours, explanations course the net,
yet still the shadows grow,

too long for this time of day
at this time of year.

The middle-aged have seen it all before,
the young are curious.
The old are worried.