

From the cockpit we hear:  
The future is like this  
And all those problems don't  
Exist, scientists can talk and  
Sociologists don't need to interpret  
To the animal-men, and  
Will get the truth from the horses mouth.

The golden rings ascend from the  
Worshipper's grasp and shines  
Like a new sun of soft gold  
Harmonizing energy.

The decaying old miser of the  
Lake has mean little emotions  
And cries as his grip slips from  
The idol ring, He stomps the  
Ground contemplating his coronary  
Plumbing scoffing that the  
Prophets said his idol could fly.

Around Babel the talkers and sociologists  
Are confounded and speak real  
Truth to the new men  
Innately and are not  
Comforted by what they learn