

# Skyclad, Worn Out Sole To Heel

It's a mountain that we all must climb,  
In giant leaps or one step at a time.

I saw a fat, old money lender - shoes of silk and ermine,  
Laughing as they stumbled on blistered feet rough shod.  
He never helped the poor and weak - viewed them all as vermin,  
So when he fell they passed him by and struggled up to god.

Each of us must walk a different track -  
No sign to guide us and no turning back.

[Chorus:]

Humanity in motion - it's the pilgrimage eternal.  
Most are blind - But i suspect what rare few know is real.  
"You carry me, i'll carry you" this simple childish notion.  
A cable car to Shangrai-La,  
Your worn up soul to heal.

The soldier boy is marching proud (with military precision)  
Kicking others from the path - so keen to reach the peak.  
Never will he get there with this tactical decision -  
He spends so much time fighting that each footstep takes a week.

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero,  
Persta et obdura - omnia vincit amor!

My money's on the holy man - just clad in sack and sandals  
Heard a small child crying there - so turned around and stopped.  
Like a beacon now he shines (bright as a million candles)  
Alone upon the summit when the selfish have all dropped.

It's no contest - but we still race there  
Like the saintly tortoise and the godless hare.

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You're worn up sole to heal,  
Your worn up soul too ...  
Heal your worn up soul.