

Slade, Forest Full Of Needles

There's a main line to destruction, only two miles to Hell's gate
There's a hypnotic reaction to the destiny of fate
There's a rise and fall of angels, only idols on parade
There's a ring of gladiators, who all think they've got it made

On into the forest full of needles, stretching as far as can be seen
Looking at nothing, nowhere, no-one, a forest that points that once was green

There's a straight road going forward - There's a winding road behind
Which to take is your decision - neither one is clearly signed
There are questions still unanswered and people to meet and places to go
There are causes still worth fighting for - which is right, well who's to know?

On into the forest full of needles stretching as far as can be seen
Looking at nothing, nowhere, no-one - A forest that points that once was green

There's a side road to salvation, said to lead to Heaven's door
There'll be mighty falls of empires, battles lost and won at war

On into the forest full of needles, stretching as far as can be seen
Looking at nothing, nowhere, no-one - a forest that points that once was green

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