

JOHN CARTER'S BARSOOM'S CALLING ME
ACROSS THE FROZEN STARS,
AND AS I PONDER TO REFLECT
I SEE THE FACE OF MARS...

Barsoom

THE RUST RED SANDS LIE ANKLE DEEP,
SWIRLED 'ROUND IN POOLS OF SHADE,
AND LAP UPON DEAD OCEAN SHORES
WHERE MEMORIES ARE MADE...

MARTIAN DUET

I LONG TO WANDER ONCE AGAIN
ALONG THE GRAND CANAL
WHERE POET RHYSLING SANG HIS ODES,
I HEAR THEM ECHO STILL...

AND AS I WANDER THROUGH MY MIND
IN FUTURES YET UNSEEN...
THE TWILIGHT LINGERS ON THE MARGE,
FADING EMBERS OF A DREAM...

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, PERCIVAL LOWELL..?
WHERE IS YOUR GRAND DESIGN,
OF MARS' CANALS AND EMPIRES LOST
'MIDST DUST OF TRACKLESS TIME..?

IN ODYSSEYS WE ROAMED THE ID
MY MARTIAN FRIENDS AND I
BUT NOW THEY'RE GONE, ALL CRUELY SLAIN
BY VIKING'S BALEFUL EYE..?



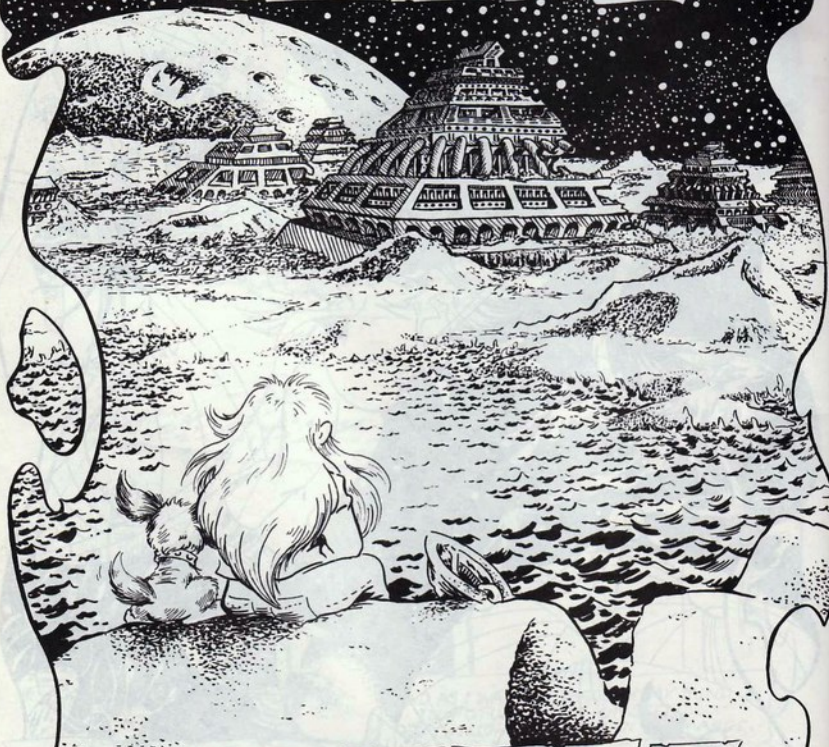
Still,
THEY SPARKLING ECHO THROUGH MY THOUGHTS
LIKE DREAMS OF LOVERS PAST,
AND THOUGH I'D LONG TO CLUTCH THEM NEAR
THEY FLICKER THROUGH MY GRASP...

CYDONIA...

IN EONS PAST, THE ICE COLD SEAS
WASHED ON THESE RUSTED SHORES

WHERE PYRAMIDS ONCE TOUCHED THE SKY
THE MARTIANS STORED THEIR LORE...

BUT NOW THEY SLUMBER 'NEATH THE SANDS
RED SANDS FOREVER MORE...



AND LONG THEY WAIT IN TIMELESS SLEEP
FOR FOOTSTEPS ON THE SHORE...

THEIR ANCIENT DESTINY TO KEEP
OH SLUMBER ON IN TROUBLED SLEEP
WHILE SHIFTING SANDS DRIFT O'ER...

THE MARS THAT WAS IN FUTURES PAST
IT'S GONE, IT'S GONE, IT'S GONE...?
LAID LOW BY SCIENCE'S SIREN CALL
IT'S RELENTLESS RUBICON...

AND AS IT FADES AND IS NO MORE,
I WISH THAT IT WEREN'T SO.
YET MARS STILL CALLS, IT'S MYSTERY
IS THERE FOR US TO KNOW!

OH IF I COULD, I'D LONG TO TREAD
UPON IT'S RUSTED SANDS;
YET SOMEDAY SOON, MANKIND WILL COME
AND THE MARTIANS LIVE AGAIN..?

EPILOGUE

FOR DREAMS LEAD US OUT OF THE JUNGLE
DREAMS LURE US ONWARD AWHILE...
WHEN THE OLD ONES HAVE DISSIPATED
NEW ONES ARISE TO BEGUILE...

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO: EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, H.G. WELLS, ERIC FRANK RUSSELL, C.L. MOORE,
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, STANLEY WEINBAUM, RAY BRADBURY AND ALL THE REST... WHEREVER THEY ARE...