

## The Light-Keeper's Light Remains On

There's a place called heaven with clouds in the sky, where birds either chirp or they cry

But in this heaven, there's darkness at night, except for the glow of one light

And in this heaven, the tower holds pure, worn down but purpose still sure

Since medieval times brought ivy to the wall, the light-keeper's house still stands tall

Though you'll think I'm drunk, I wrote this when I was free and relieved an old mythology

Once-upon-a-time stood a keeper so proud, his light still burnishes the clouds

A shield against demons, a vision in dark, no other sound but the larks

The keeper was afflicted with vainglorious pride, his secret the light-house did hide

Once day he vanished, no token, no trace, except for that light in his place

Now there's desolation, so bleak and so bare, his keep is the only thing there

The passage of time sees the tower still strong, all life and benevolence gone

Though it may be far-fetched, I'm calling this isle strong, 'cause light in that window stays on

All around, the birds chirp and soar in the sky, by night-time no glimpse, but that light

A presage of time, forgotten and be-tossed, the light-keeper has paid his cost

I'll return to the comfort of bustle and light, my home-town, in contrast, in sights

Where people rush by me indifferent and cold, my story may never be told

In a land far away, when day-light is gone, the light-keeper's light will be on

The light-keeper's light will stay on...