

Poor Moon

"Phantom Light"

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A candle burns by an old man's chair
Burns on and on, but there's no one there
The light that comes from the old man's home
They say
Started when he passed away

Sits right there on the old man's desk
Pass days and weeks, hasn't burned out yet
That candle fire by the dead man's chair
So strange
Wonder how it burns that way

Oh, what a cursed and blessed sight
Possessed, enchanted phantom light
It shines so small and it burns so bright
And strange
Don't know how it burns that way

That candle fire by the dead man's chair
They say
Ever since he passed away

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