

Wipers

"Abney Park"

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Darkness, the streets of London he searched for souls
Alone he'd never achieve his lofty goals
Peasants and beggars he found to aid his plans
Train them & give them the strength to share his lands

Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone

An island lost & alone he forged for them
Away from the city where they did fend
Beauty he gave to the place: green trees, white sand
The souls in creation had held no hand

Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone

Naked he stood as the people did wage their war
This island was the treasure that they fought for
Love & honor was fought with no valor

The dead were lying slain at every door

Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone
An island of my own, like old Prospero built
For my life I atone & I'm armed to the hilt

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WELCOME TO THE PARK!

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