

Peter Hammill

"Candle"

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Look at the candle, as it's life is bought,
as the wick just rolls of and dies;
look at the wax-drops as they cease from their goal
and the game they were playing loses its joy
and the youth which they played in runs away....
How long will you be gone?
Flames sucks at air now and its breath comes short
as it wavers to half its size;
vacuum closes in and it attacks the soul.
Now the force omnipotent itself is destroyed

and for lack of itself it wanes away....
How long will you be gone?
So does my mind fly as I fight my thought -
and I lose, for I cannot find:
sent my eyes long miles, they do not know home!
For the life I was part of breathes its last
and not only life, but hope has gone away....
How long will you be gone?
How long will you be gone?

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