

Van Der Graaf Generator

"A Plague Of Lighthouse Keepers: Presence Of The Night / Kosmos Tours"

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Still waiting for my saviour,
storms tear me limb from limb;
my fingers feel like seaweed...
I'm so far out I'm too far in.
I am a lonely man, my solitude is true
my eyes have borne stark witness
and now my nights are numbered, too.

I've seen the smiles on dead hands,
the stars shine, but they're not for me.

I prophesy disaster and then I count the cost...
I shine but, shining, dying,
I know that I am almost lost.
On the table lies blank paper
and my tower is built on stone
I only have blunt scissors,
I only have the bluntest home...
I've been the witness, and the seal of death
lingers in the molten wax that is my head.

When you see the skeletons
of sailing-ship spars sinking low
You'll begin to wonder if the points
of all the ancients myths
are solemnly directed straight at you...

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