

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

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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

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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!