

The Keeper

Chris Cornell

I come from far away
My boots don't know this ground
But they know it's real
It doesn't take too long
For this road to become
A battle field

And before I let one more fire go out
Understand that I won't give one inch of ground
From beneath your's and my feet
Whatever the price happens to be

I may not be The Keeper of the flame
But I am The Keeper

Beauty and truth collide
Where love meets genocide
Where laughter meets fear
Confusion all around
As I try to feed these mouths
That have never known singing

And before I let one more tear hit the ground
I will be the one standing between you and the sound of the rounds
Echoing out, out of the dark
The smoke and the spark
Aimed at the heart of the flame

I am The Keeper

I cannot see the light
At the end of the tunnel tonight
My eyes are weary

And before I let one more life get erased
From the ashes I will rise
For you and the ghosts of the names
The faces and frames
The love and the pain
For you I'll remain, though I'm not worthy of
Being The Keeper of the flame

I am The Keeper
I am The Keeper