

# 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