

## Dark House

### Spirit of the West

The lighthouse winks across the water  
Blue white streamers a beacon of light  
Standing empty, whitewashed tower  
Where progress and man pass like ships  
In the night  
We're watching the right hand  
Not watching the left hand  
Sonn we'll be watching the worl  
D turn  
With no hands at all  
We're really amazing  
This trail we are blazing  
Burning the bridge between our rise  
And fall....  
Weathered old man, tending the flame  
Lit a big fire for the child in me  
Salty dog in a shoreline castle  
Being replaced by a chip in the sea  
- chorus -  
We used to dig! lift! heave!  
Now we has turned to it  
Programs! computes!  
But hardly understands.  
A wave of progress is rising  
And rising  
Rising over this figure of our  
History  
Washing away years of tradition  
A life and love buried at sea  
Set adrift among the neon and fast food  
Countless forms and manpower cues  
A castaway on a push button planet  
Where progress is measured my how  
Much you lose  
- chorus -