

Sits in his room at night  
Flits back and forth round the world  
As he calls in the moonlight  
Sees all the empires fall  
Writes it all down with his pen  
In free hand once for all

He sees something to tell but  
He's got no one to tell  
The top secret  
And he means it

All day his mind troubles  
Him as he cures all the ills  
Of the world with his knife  
Centuries pass when he dies  
And the answers get buried  
And mistook for life

He sees something to tell but  
He's got no one to tell  
The top secret  
And he means it

All day his mind troubles  
Him as he cures all the ills  
Of the world...