

Wanderers

The Receiving End of Sirens

This little light of mine
I was told to let it shine
But I stood idly by
And watched that poor flame die

I kept it from the bushel and brush
And away from the grasp of men
I left that lantern in the light
Where my flame could blend right in

I will bear this cross
I will wear these thorns

But I know
All this dark won't swallow
All the light I hide
But still host

Her I'll learn to hold
She will grow and grow
She will shine so bright

"Don't let Satan blow it out."
The teachers always said
But soon enough he figured out
It wasn't worth his breathe

'Cuz this little light of mine
Is losing all its' bright
Not to the dark I hold inside

But to the dark kept from its sight
Below the smoke still burns a fire
A small spark lives 'neath all these ashes
Promise me you'll blow until I glow red,
bright fiery red

I've learned to smolder
All smoke but no flame
Ashes ashes we all fall down

(I long to glow like you
embers, bright halogen embers)

I will bear this cross
I will wear these thorns

But I know
All this dark won't swallow
All the light I hide
But still host

Her I'll learn to hold
She will grow and grow
She will shine so bright

Ashes to ashes we all fall down

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I was told to let it shine
But I stood idly by...