

I sacrifice my power on the altar of your love
That it may be born again on another world

In this library I could lose myself
Transports, gateways on every shelf
Dark words, bright words of ice and fire
As if an angel did descend and use the writer as a pen
For here are 'avalon of the heart'
'flight into freedom'
Macdonald's 'lilith' and 'fantastes'
Lewis's 'perelandra'

I sacrifice my power on the altar of your love
That it may be born again on another world

Come friend, let us climb the winding flights of stairs
Through the narrow door into the chamber bare
A single candle burns as we seat ourselves
Words take form in our minds and repeat themselves:
"my beloved and I are one
My beloved and I are one
My beloved and I are one
My beloved and I are one"

I sacrifice my power on the altar of your love
That it may be born again on another world

Out here on the tower the air is cold and clear
The stars and moon are bright above us
A night wind whispers in our ears
And it loves us
And though your body weary is
In this grand canyon state of mind
If high stream of dreams and truth be told
And our intentions be entwined
Then from these high flung tower walls
Let healing grace and blessings fall
Over all this cracked and broken land
From northern crag to southern down
From universal hall to camden town
From city square to village green
From parliament to housing scheme
From iona to the hill of dreams

I sacrifice my power on the altar of your love
That it may be born again on another world