

I was made in darkest night  
Of chalky ash and children's fright  
I do not think you know what you behold  
I was made of aching hurt  
Of fairy tales and bloody dirt  
I hope you do exactly as you're told

Siegfried and Saint George  
Potter, Baggins, Beowulf  
Were tempered in my forge  
So I say to you and yours:

All caught fire in the ivory tower  
In the marble arches  
In the dust and darkness  
And I have you on my mind

Once a mighty tree was grown  
For you to know all that is known  
I hope you hear exactly what I say  
And by your sword a branch came down  
And where the blood fell to the ground  
It is my cradle and there I must stay

And should ever you return  
Well I must confess my story to be true  
You will be burned  
And I hope that you have learned

All caught fire in the ivory tower  
In the marble arches  
In the dust and darkness  
And all caught fire in the ivory tower  
And I have you on my mind  
You're on my mind  
You're on my mind