All The Lights

"He Who was the Essence of being, and the Lord of the seen and unseen

They suspended and committed what made the Tablet to weep, and the

Pen to groan,

And the cries of the sincere to break forth, and the tears of the favoured ones

to flow"

In the castle of Mahku, looming as the crow flies,

Shade and shadow-land, make your darkest stand

Still the morning star will rise

In the garden of the King, even as the morning-tide

Watch the Nightingale, cast aside His veil, showering gold on everything

All the lights are coming on, all the lights are coming on

Moon and stars one by one, welcoming the dawn

All the lights are coming on

All the lights are coming on, all the lights are coming on

Street-lamps one by one, from the port up to the Shrine

All the lights are coming on

"He Who was the Essence of being, and the Lord of the seen and unseen

They suspended and committed what made the Tablet to weep and the Pen

To groan,

They can beat their brows, they can beat their drums, they can beat us up

But they won't beat love

And we'll take the bombs, take the guns

Heap them up underneath the sun, and we'll melt them down, have a scene,

Turn them into spoons and into guitar strings, guitar strings

All the lights are coming on, all the lights are coming on

Moon and stars one by one, welcoming the dawn

All the lights are coming on

All the lights are coming on, all the lights are coming on

Street-lamps one by one, from the port up to the Shrine

All the lights are coming on