

# the lighthouse

The days are black and white  
Sunup becomes the night  
He wants to own the light  
At the top of the lighthouse

The battle rages on  
No sleep from dusk to dawn  
The nightmare from beyond  
And around the lighthouse

The wind picks up and the ocean swells  
The whiskey flows and no one can tell  
Which way is up, and what is truth?  
The light, the bastion, is the proof

As sea salt fills the air  
He climbs the slippery stairs  
And turns his glassy stare  
To the light of the lighthouse

The beauty is too much  
Too lovely not to touch  
Reason loses its clutch  
Blame it on the lighthouse