

# 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

This little light of mine  
I was told to let it shine  
But I stood idly by...