

Abney Park, Abney Park

Darkness, the streets of London he searched for souls
Alone he'd never achieve his lofty goals
Peasants and beggars he found to aid his plans
Train them & give them the strength to share his lands
Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone
An island lost & alone he forged for them
Away from the city where they did fend
Beauty he gave to the place: green trees, white sand
The souls in creation had held no hand
Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone
Naked he stood as the people did wage their war
This island was the treasure that they fought for
Love & honor was fought with no valor
The dead were lying slain at every door
Welcome to the park. Step inside my home.
It's crowded & it's dark, yet here I stand alone
An island of my own, like old Prospero built
For my life I atone & I'm armed to the hilt
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WELCOME TO THE PARK!