

# 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!