

Golden Earring, Keeper Of The Flame

From the Album:

* Keeper of the flame

Mother mother, gotta understand,
That mother mother we've got murder on our hands.
Your sons & your daughters
rapin' eachother on the steps of a church,
They no longer depend on
The cry of a wolf in a lightnin' storm
The scream of a hawk,
anxious to get airborne
The fear of a mouse crawlin' out of a hole
Just a few of many story, waitin' to be told
Hungry for good no boogie in the scheme
And baby the sky will never be the same
From many miles away I came
From where the gods smile upon you & play
Your job may be no good, it's just a passing thing
The universe will always change
And I happen to carry a name
I am The keeper of the flame
A message carved into an arm with a shark tooth
Ever so delicate, ever so smooth
The truth is only waitin' and it stabs a deeper wound,
than all the lies the vagabonds have whispered over you
Hey, hey, hey, look out for the drifter on a train
Hey, hey, hey, look out for a showdown in the rain,
With the keeper of the flame
So gather all your hunters, and gather all you prey
Listen to what the wind and the trees have got to say
To all you marble statues and you bricks of clay
Blow you all to kingdom come on your judgement day!