

Beirut, The Penalty

Like an ancient day and I'm on trial
Let them seize the way, this once was an island
And I could not stay for I believed them
Left for the lights always in season

Impassable night in a crowd of homesick
Fully grown children, you'll leave the lights
Your family may not wait, Sir, keep on believing
Our parents rue the day, they find us kneeling
Let them think what they may, for they've good reason
Left for the lights always in season