

# Mike Scott, Universal Hall

I sacrifice my power on the altar of your love  
That it may be born again on another world

In this library i could lose myself  
Transports, gateways on every shelf  
Dark words, bright words of ice and fire  
As if an angel did descend and use the writer as a pen  
For here are 'avalon of the heart'  
'flight into freedom'  
Macdonald's 'lilith' and 'fantastes'  
Lewis's 'perelandra'

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Come friend, let us climb the winding flights of stairs  
Through the narrow door into the chamber bare  
A single candle burns as we seat ourselves  
Words take form in our minds and repeat themselves :  
"my beloved and i are one  
My beloved and i are one  
My beloved and i are one  
My beloved and i are one"

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Out here on the tower the air is cold and clear  
The stars and moon are bright above us  
A night wind whispers in our ears  
And it loves us  
And though your body weary is  
In this grand canyon state of mind  
If high stream of dreams and truth be told  
And our intentions be entwined  
Then from these high flung tower walls  
Let healing grace and blessings fall  
Over all this cracked and broken land  
From northern crag to southern down  
From universal hall to camden town  
From city square to village green  
From parliament to housing scheme  
From iona to the hill of dreams

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