

Paramaecium, Even The Walls

(Music by A. Tompkins and I. Arkley)

Faded by the hands of time
Faint echoes of my childhood dream
The images of days gone by
Are seldom what they seem

The candlelight spells out my name
The breeze from below leads the dance of the flame
Suddenly no one recalls
Yesterday's men have vacated the halls

And they all stay away from the home of their youth
And they all say they pray but pretend with the truth
I know I once was like them, old in word and deed
But my youth survived and revived
The ravages of need

Never has an open door
Presented me itself to claim
Even though the walls persist
In singing out my name
Even the walls know my name
The candlelight flickers the dance of the flame
Suddenly no one recalls
All of my deeds are adorning the halls

And the way that I've lived
Makes the world that I've known
And I know what I give I must give on my own
For it seems each room holds the key
To open other doors
As I make my way through the house
I'm finding more and more

Folded years before this day
The dust has found its chance to fall
The note from one of loving thoughts
Was never read at all

Even the walls know my name
The candlelight flickers the dance of the flame
Suddenly no one recalls what they said
Yesteryear's heroes are waking up dead

And I owe my whole life to the name on the page
And I look to my wife in the midst of my age
We both have lived with the thought
Of travelling afar
For this house is old and our home
Will find us where we are