

Peter Hammill, Candle

Look at the candle, as its life is bought,
as the wick just rolls over and dies;
look at the wax-drops as they cease from their goal
and the game they were playing loses its joy
and the youth which they played in runs away.
How long will you be gone?

Flame sucks at air now and its breath comes short
as it wavers to half its size;
vacuum closes in and it attacks the soul.
Now the force, omnipotent itself, is destroyed
and for lack of itself it wanes away.
How long will you be gone?

So does my mind fly as I fight my thought
and I lose, for I cannot find:
send my eyes long miles, they do not know home.
For the life I was part of breathes its last
and not only life but hope has gone away.
How long will you be gone?
How long will you be gone?