

Spirit Of The West, Darkhouse

The lighthouse winks across the water
Blue-white streamers; a beacon of light
Standing empty, whitewashed tower
Where progress and man pass like ships in the night

We're watching the right hand
Not watching the left hand
Soon we'll be watching the world turn
With no hands at all
We're really amazing
This trail we are blazing
Burning the bridge between our rise and fall....

A weathered old man, tending the flame
Lit a big fire for the child in me
Salty dog in a shoreline castle--
Being replaced by a chip in the sea

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We used to dig! lift! heave!
Now it has turned to it
Programs! computes!
But hardly understands...

A wave of progress is rising and rising,
Rising over this figure of our history
Washing away years of tradition
A life and love buried at sea
Set adrift among the neon and fast food
Countless forms and manpower cues
A castaway on a push button planet
Where progress is measured by how much you lose

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