

# Van Der Graaf Generator, A Plague Of Lighthouses

Still waiting for my saviour,  
storms tear me limb from limb;  
my fingers feel like seaweed...  
I'm so far out I'm too far in.  
I am a lonely man, my solitude is true  
my eyes have borne stark witness  
and now my nights are numbered, too.

I've seen the smiles on dead hands,  
the stars shine, but they're not for me.

I prophesy disaster and then I count the cost...  
I shine but, shining, dying,  
I know that I am almost lost.  
On the table lies blank paper  
and my tower is built on stone  
I only have blunt scissors,  
I only have the bluntest home...  
I've been the witness, and the seal of death  
lingers in the molten wax that is my head.

When you see the skeletons  
of sailing-ship spars sinking low  
You'll begin to wonder if the points  
of all the ancients myths  
are solemnly directed straight at you...