

The Hermit

Steve Hackett

The mantle of attainment
Weighs heavy on his shoulders
 Guided by a lantern
 Flickering he grows older
 A refuge found in exile
 He shuffles on in blindness
You'll take his hand, he'll lose himself
Bewildered by your kindnessEnshrouded by darkness
 A figure slowly forms
 Through many years of banishment
 No shelter from the storm
 To find this slave of solitude
 You'll know him by his star
Then take his hand, he'll lose himself
 Knowing who you are

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