

Wanderers

The Receiving End of Sirens

This little light of mine
I was told to let it shine
But I stood idly by
And watched that poor flame die I kept it from the bushel and brush
Away from the grasp of men
I left that lantern in the light
Where my flame could blend right in I will bear this cross
And I will wear these thorns
I will bear this cross
I will wear these thorns But I know all this dark won't swallow
All the light I hide but still host her
I'll learn to hold
She will grow and grow
And she will shine so bright "Don't let Satan blow it out"
The teachers always said
But soon enough he figured out
It wasn't worth his breathe
'Cause this little light of mine
Is losing all its bright Not to the dark, I hold inside
But to the dark kept from its sight
Below the smoke still burns a fire
A small spark lives 'neath all these ashes
Promise me you'll blow until I glow I will bear this cross
I will wear these thorns But I know all this dark won't swallow
All the light I hide but still host her
I'll learn to hold
He will grow and grow
And she will shine so bright I've learned to smolder
All the smoke but no flame
Ashes, ashes, we all fall down Ashes, ashes, we all fall down
(I will bear this cross)
Ashes, ashes, we all fall down
(I will wear these thorns) But I know all this dark won't swallow
The light I hide but still host her
I'll learn to hold
She will grow and grow
And she will shine so bright Ashes to ashes, we all fall down This little light of mine
I was told to let it shine
But I stood idly by

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