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 kindness

Enshrouded 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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