

## 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