

I was made in darkest night
Of chalky ash and children's fright
I do not think you know what you behold
I was made of aching hurt
Of fairy tales and bloody dirt
I hope you do exactly as you're told

Siegfried and Saint George
Potter, Baggins, Beowulf
Were tempered in my forge
So I say to you and yours:

All caught fire in the ivory tower
In the marble arches
In the dust and darkness
And I have you on my mind

Once a mighty tree was grown
For you to know all that is known
I hope you hear exactly what I say
And by your sword a branch came down
And where the blood fell to the ground
It is my cradle and there I must stay

And should ever you return
Well I must confess my story to be true
You will be burned
And I hope that you have learned

All caught fire in the ivory tower
In the marble arches
In the dust and darkness
And all caught fire in the ivory tower
And I have you on my mind
You're on my mind
You're on my mind