

They stand tall against the grey night,
Towers tiered of defiant light
which hold, but reach, in rapids rushing
caught by time
ever on towards the dark.
Here the lonely leaf flutters,
caught amidst the draft.

All the eyes that see,
all who cannot speak
all those rushing feet
Still I sit and keep
the vigil of the lost man.

Guard with me the loneliness
Hold with me the silences.
Bare in bravery the isolation
the constant search for consolation.

Hold fast the threefold chord
Treasure the weary toil,
Against the failing vanity,
When tyranny bows to its king
our sorrows will be seen
when the shattered seals that bind

are broken for the one that finds,

so rest alone, and sit with me

Pause to wonder at this mystery,

Come and weep, and let us keep

the vigil of the lost man.