

Look into the sky my child
Look upon the sun
Open your eyes now
Tell me what I am
Come to my home, in space,
Where we find ourselves face to face
With the red devils
Who order me, "Gypsy, move!"
Not possible. For I am standing
And fate gifts me the rainbow clue
That the black of space is the medium
On which is chronicled our love
And suffering and tedium
Shall burn in yellow gold above.
Mine is the many handed form
With reach of root
And coo of dove;
My friend the centaur in pursuit
Of evil men as evil men ablute.
I have walked a foul path to get here.
I have seen the cat-faced snake-lord.
I know the dates in my mind
When I have run from every stranger.
But my shadow and I will run no more.
We are here to speak in light to everyone.

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