

D'amour pour Paris

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The City of Lights

A city I have never seen;
A city my heart has broken for.

A senseless act of terror,
Primal and disgusting at best.

Angels wept that night
As they gathered up the victims.
They carried the weary souls
Among flashing lights.
Hearts were breaking
As they completed their task.
As they comforted the fallen,
And led them gently by hand.
But who would comfort the living?
Who could comfort the "lucky ones"?

"A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle"
James Keller once admitted;
But it was never more true than on this night.
All around the world,
We saw blue, red, and white.

On the night the City of Lights went dark.

And the whole world was there,
Grieving for those in Paris.

The whole world was there,
Grieving with Paris.

