

Craftsman's Journey

As a man with little family
And ne'er the guts to dare
The turning point turned out to be
Parting upon the Square

My heart had heard the Architect
Though this ashlar was rough fare
So I approached the Masons' Lodge
And knocked what door was there

I was taken by the hand
With no reason to beware
And then I observed the light
Three flicker and three flare

Then I was properly educated
As my mind was so far bare
I took the craftsman's journey
And I walked that flight of stair

At long last I was made a master
And death held no despair
But my travels were just beginning
The progress is for e'er

So I advanced from a lowly start
Taking seats as was fair
With the hopes I may one day be worthy
Of sitting in Solomon's Chair

Through this I stay ever mindful
That titles are only a snare
For what good is a Master
That no longer lives with love and care

Yet through it all vice still hounds me
Clawing at my soul's lair
Though now I keep it in due bounds
For I am Hiram's heir

I'd always had Baal's Bridge wisdom
But I knew not from where
'Til my Brothers gave me Light
And bid my actions Square