

Our Gleam of Hope

(To Raoul Wallenberg)

In the midst of the black storm,
So chokingly dense,
Came a breeze of cleanest air,
To a sparkle of brightest sense.
A flame gave light
So that lies would stand bare,
And no one could crawl behind words
Like “entrapped” and “ensnared”.

This solitary man, amongst us
Now with glory to his name
Became our gleam of Hope
In a world of guilt and shame.
Like a cliff in churning water,
He stood firm to lead the way;
So that no one could deny
Or from truth go far astray.

Salvaging the deserted,
He took his last stand.
No shield upon his arm,
No sword in his hand.
But his words bit like steel
On the slayer’s awkward lies;
And with cunning tricks he snatched the victims
Out of their bonding ties.

This solitary man amongst us
Now with glory to his name
Became our gleam of Hope
In a world of guilt and shame.
Like a cliff in churning water,
He stood firm to lead the way;
So that no one could deny
Or from truth go far astray.

When the light poured in,
In freedom’s sacred name
By the twinheaded dragon
He was stolen without shame ...

(Music and lyrics: B. Olander)