

"Conquest of Paradise" by **Vangelis** featuring the magnificent voice of **Dana Winner** a Belgian singer. This song is powerful, sublime, inspiring and the lyrics are reminding us of the "Paradise" we are living on, and the power within each of us, the power of "Love"! It lies in our hands whether this beautiful planet will be destroyed furthermore, or whether we will contribute to his preservation for the sake of our children's and their children's future!

Lyrics: *in Times New Roman Bold font*

Hmmmmmmmmmm.
Hmmmmmmmmmm.
Hmmmmmmmmmm.
Hmmmmmmmmmm.

I feel compelled, in "italicized" type, to put to the right of the line of the lyrics to this song, what they mean to me, a formerly homeless person, in hopes you will understand why I find this song so profound. --Charlie Knight

There shines a light in the heart of man

So many of us that are homeless, or once were homeless, have felt that there was no light in us. Somehow we have felt totally responsible for our homelessness. And our hearts try to become like stone as they have been hurt so very very much, we think we can take no more heartbreaks. But this line says that light is in the hearts of all people, that includes us, maybe, just maybe there is a hope, a way out.

That defies the dead of the night

This light defies the death of the night. We know all too well what the dead of the night is. And if you are asleep at 4AM or so you can very well freeze to death. But this light in all defies, fights back against that dreaded dead of the night.

A beam that glows within every soul

If something glows, then it is not going out. Maybe, it is still alive somewhere, maybe I also can get out of this dead and defeated existence that seems to have to end.

Like wings of hope taking flight

And it is just this thinking, this allowing of hope to have a place in our thoughts and hearts that lets a new reality come to the for-front. It is truly like those hopeful thoughts found wings and started to lift us up out of our dungeon of homelessness, despair and self guilt for where we find ourselves and how we can't seem to help those we love.

A sunny day, when a baby's born

Somehow the birth of a baby makes any day, no matter what the weather, a "sunny one" and we think back to when we were born, what hope our parents had for us, where did we go wrong, can we even now fulfill our hopes for us?

The little things that we say

Oh how true. The littlest things can both hurt and heal. Oh how much a kind word means when you are homeless. And we know the words we tell ourselves determine our futures.

A special sparkle in someone's eye

Oh how long has it been since you saw a sparkle in someone's eye, and just because you were there, too long.

Simple gifts, every day

Yes, it is the simple gifts that matter. The everyday honest affirmations that there is some little value in our existence.

Somewhere there's a paradise

Yes, we believe it. Somewhere, but where? A homeless person's live seems to be one continual "HELL" on earth.

Where everyone finds release

Everyone, that means me also. Cold, hungry, hiding in the auto dealers car at night to stay warm me. I long for this paradise so much. We do not think we can live another day.

It's here on earth and between your eyes

What, the paradise is hear on earth, it is in our heads, it is not someplace way off it the future, it can be NOW?

A place we all find our peace

Peace. Oh what a wonderful word, Peace. It somes some times just when you can sleep. Or be warm, just for a moment -- before being pushed along to somewhere else.

Come - open your heart

There are two commands here. The first is to Come. Like all the miracles Jesus performed, an action has to happen. It is my job to do something, it says COME, but where to I come to? The second is to OPEN your heart. Our hearts are so stone cold shut. Welded shut by hurtful things. It is an act of FAITH to open our hearts, and come before people with our hearts open and oh so painfully vulnerable.

Reach for the stars

I am told to reach for the stars. Not like everyone else seems to say, be happy with the soup kitchen meal you have and the disaster blanket to keep warm. This actually says that I should try to go after the things I have hoped for but thought I was now useless trash and could never do them.

Believe your own power

Believe in me? My own Power? Can't you see I am a bum, I am homeless, I can't even provide a roof over my head. And what power is this. Do I actually have something deep within me that could somehow me get out of this hole I seem to have fallen into. I'll assess what I have to believe in it.

Now, here in this place

Now, not later some time. Now, in this place. This is a horrible place. It is filthy, shouldn't I wait until later?

Here on this earth

The preachers always talked about in heaven. What do you mean here, on this earth..

This is the hour

This is what hour? The hour for action. Can I really bring myself to do anything but try and be invisible?

It's just a place we call paradise

It is JUST a place we call paradise. Paradise is the highest thing I can think of, not JUST a place.

Each of us has his own

What do you mean each one has his own paradise.

It has no name, no, it has no price

Yes I understand no price, but I don't understand no name.

It's just a place we call home

A place we call "HOME". Yes, you hit that one on the head, HOME is "paradise" for us and just as illusive. But come to think of it, all I really want in life is sumed up in that word. HOME, my paradise, for me and those I love. I want it so awfully badly. Can I really have my paradise, my home?

A dream that reaches beyond the stars

Yes, you have that one right. Having my HOME where I have a little bit of paradise and peace and “release” is a dream that is a reach, way out there, beyond the stars.

The endless blue of the skies

Out there also, you are talking about “pie in the sky” stuff here. But the idea is that it CAN happen. Can it to me???

Forever wondering who we are?

Yup, that's true. Who am I. Who are We. Is there not some sort of meaning for our existence, there has to be.

Forever questioning why?

And that is also true. Why did I become homeless. So many say it was my fault. I don't know. I don't think I was completely to blame for it. But what do I do now?

Come - open your heart

Here is that call again. To COME from where you are and open your heart, to vulnerably present yourself.

Reach for the stars

To let your dreams be known and to actively move toward accomplishing them. Even while homeless?????

Believe your own power

The command is to believe my own power. Not as strang as it sounds at first. When I was a little baby I had to believe I could stand up and crawl and walk before I could do it.

Now, here in this place

Here we go again. NOW. Not later, not next year, not when I get suitable housing. Do it now, in this rotten dump I'm in.

Here on this earth

Not in a next live. I am told to do it while on this earth, now.

This is the hour

And not tomorrow, or later, but at this very hour. In other words, to open my heart, reach for my dreams and believe in my ability to get there & to start that movement here & now.

There shines a light in the heart of man

Now the reaffirmation that not all is dead and dark down in me, there is in all people the same light for a new day.

That defies the dead of the night

And this light stands up against all that I have dreaded in the unknown, the “night” of my current troubles.

A beam that glows within every soul

This light is within everyone. And it glows. It is growing.

Like wings of hope taking flight

Now my job is to not hamper them. Let those dreams, those hopes and goals, those “do I even dare talk about it” things I want to do and accomplish, Let them be like WINGS of hope and let them soar. Let them take flight and bring me out of this hell-hole of homelessness into a new bright life.

Like wings of hope taking flight

If you really want to help me, help me to help myself. Help me to allow these “wings of hope” to grow strong and “take flight” as I try things I vowed I would never try again.

Enjoy it :) Love and Peace Curiosity

extra text emphasis (and comments by the homeless person) by Charlie Knight