

Hills Of Morning

Bruce Cockburn

Underneath the mask of the sulphur sky
a bunch of us were busy waiting,
watching the people looking ill-at-ease,
watching the fraying rope get closer to breaking.

Women and men moved back and forth
in between effect and cause
and just beyond the range of normal sight
this glittering joker was dancing in the dragon's jaws

Let me be a little of your breath
moving over the face of the deep --
i want to be a particle of your light
flowing over the hills of morning.

The only sign you gave of who you were
when you first came walking down the road,
was the way the dust motes danced around
your feet in a cloud of gold.

But everything you see's not the way it seems --
tears can sing and joy shed tears.
You can take the wisdom of this world
and give it to the ones who think it all ends here!

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