

Lament For The Last Days

Bruce Cockburn

The crescent moon is rising slow
Swiftly blades in ice do grow
On the branches star-bleached snow
Waits while time is passing

Outside the door the dancer whirls
Chiming bells and shining curls
Flying footsteps in the snow
Rhyme the rhythm of ruin

Beside the wall the beggars call
"Man have mercy on us all"
The night-bound choir inside chants on --
A hymn to brick and pistols

You can stumble, you can fall
Or you can make the nations crawl
But when death comes in to call
He don't care about it

Oh, Satan take thy cup away
For I'll not drink your wine today
I'll reach for the chalice of light
That stands on Jesus' table