

Lily Of The Midnight Sky

Bruce Cockburn

Over the slow slide of continents
Over the salt pans pipelines masts and pavilions
Shimmering crescent moon recedes into working dawn --
Lone crow against pallid sky
Single plume of white smoke on yellow speckled plain
Yellowing leaves sparkle in cold breeze --
Wave patterns among wave patterns
Particles disperse and rejoin Dissolve and reform like the lining of a womb
Still The cold of your absence blows from
The silent TV, the parking lot The balcony with clothes waving
good-bye hello
In the rising day You keep fading away Don't
I know that you're always around
I can reach you if I try Lily of the midnight sky
Soldiers of sunrise -- shooting into a forest of flowers
Slow motion Petals float into pink crimson white
Grow wings Flutter into mountainous distance
Flutter like a stadium full of applauding hands
I raise a fist to the marauding sun that has hidden you away
I'm the rag in a bottle of gasoline
Longing to ignite Ich will alles All of you --
Shining on the panther skin of night
Mirrored in a black lake in a night that glistens like blood on gold
Nobody else could be you If only I could see you
I should be able to touch you somehow I can reach you if
I try Lily of the midnight sky
While you look from on high Spare a smile as
I Put on my dog mask and howl for you
I can reach you if I try Lily of the midnight sky