

No Footprints

Bruce Cockburn

Mist hangs above hills
Above mist hangs stone face of mountain
Above mountain face hangs a net of sky --
Crack! there are wings and they rip the net!
And the dance flows on
Everything flows toward the rim of that
Shining cup

Crossed sticks lie on earth
Between crossed sticks -- pile of ash
Something rises on the wisp of smoke
Dog's feet move by fast
And the dance flows on
Everything flows toward the rim of that
Shining cup

Through these channelswords
I want to touch you
Touch you deep down
Where you live
Not for power but
Because I love you
So
Love the Lord
And in Him love me too
And in Him go your way
And I'll be right there with you
Leaving
No footprints when we go
No footprints when we go
Only where we've been, a faint and fading glow...