

The Embers Of Eden

Bruce Cockburn

You knelt on the carpet, crimson and stained
Light trickled over your black dress like rain
Your lips were hot and my shocked heart screamed
And I can't scrape my eyes free of this dream

We each occupy the same spacetime
Matter, antimatter, tangled like vines
And the awful tolling, and the cold rain outside
And I cannot scrape this dream off my eyes

And the embers of Eden burn
You can even see it from space
And the great and winding wall between us
Seem to copy the lines of your face

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