

## High Countries

### Caedmon's Call

A bus station, in the steam from the rain  
In this line of pale strangers, should I go or stay?

The whole field of vision, fades beneath me now  
And the houses spread for a million miles,  
In this gray town

And the weight of glory, if you held it in your hand  
It would pass right through you, so now's your chance

Would you fall to pieces  
Would you fall to pieces  
Would you fall to pieces  
In the high countries?

We are just pilgrims of the great divorce  
I am witness to the light and I am captive to my own remorse

And the weight of glory, if you held it in your hand  
It would pass right through you, so now's your chance

You drink the cup to the bottom, but it burns in your hands  
The cup was poured out on the Maker instead

Out on the green plains, I am but a ghost  
Bound up with all that I call "mine" still the light grows