

Wings Of The Morning

Caedmon's Call

I woke to the sirens of the city
They were calling me to hold my head up high
But the truth was in the dust that hangs like curtains
From the beggars to the sky

The ads and billboards rained in every language
The message every politician knows
When we're fed that we are nothing we'll believe it
And then do what we are told

The spark of the divine
I see it in your eyes
It's there behind the lies that tie you down

On the wings of the morning
Hope is rising
In the darkest night
Your love and light prevail

Ask any good detective, he will tell you
It's the eyes that always give the truth away
And in yours I see the feat that's bound and gagged you
With no hope for escape

It's true that we are fallen as an angel
But you and me, we're also holy as a prayer
Made in the image of a giver and a lover
Who left His throne to come down here

The spark of the divine
I see it in your eyes
It's there behind the lies that tie you down

On the wings of the morning
Hope is rising
In the darkest night
Your love and light prevail

We will rise on the wings of the morning
Though we hide, hide in the shadows of the night
There is hope, hope in the hands that have made us
And are holding us tight...

Hope is rising ... on the wings of the morning
Hope is rising ... in the shadows of the night
Hope is rising ... from the hands that have made us
And are holding us tight ...