

# Morning Falling

David Crosby

His open eyes  
At first light  
We see  
An echo of his mothers smile

At her breast  
His sister pressed  
Outside  
The sun begins to warm the ancient tile

They came that day, hollow men  
Agents of a god they could not know  
A mile above, distant eyes  
Miss desperate pleas that pictures could not show  
The morning falling

A shackle snaps  
Beneath cold wings  
Below  
The shepherd is pulled toward home

The shadow falls  
A falcon calls  
BELOW  
His world becomes a mountain of stone

They came that day, empty men  
Agents of a god they'll never know  
High above, those eyes  
See what seems to be on screens that glow  
The morning falling

His eyes can see  
But His mind can't hold  
What He has seen  
The absence of the lives they used to live

A world away  
The trigger is pulled  
And here there is no reason to forgive