

## Good Morning, Magpie

## Murder by Death

A seam across the sky  
As if it was torn  
The sky is filling  
With flocks and swarms  
They burst through the branches  
They tumble and fall  
Little gods surveying their worlds  
Examining it all

My wings are dusted  
With frost and cold  
For a little thing like you  
I'm too heavy a load  
You'll struggle and falter  
Amble around  
Just follow some other storm  
Cause I'll only weigh you down

You carry me home  
My love  
Still you carry me home  
Little dove

A change in the winds  
Smoke on the breeze  
The sky is filled  
With the scent of burning leaves  
The vapors rise  
From the glen in the east  
Where the path is clear for you and me

You carry me home  
My love  
Still you carry me home  
Little dove

You'll ride towards the sun  
As it guides you home  
But don't be afraid, little bird  
You aren't alone  
A hoard of friends  
Will keep darkness at bay  
You're the needle  
In the hay

I'll take you with a steady hand  
Make the seam reborn  
The rip will be sewn up again  
By the same hand that had it torn

You carry me home  
My love  
Still you carry me home  
Little dove  
Still you carry me home  
My love  
Still you carry me home

Little dove

Hear it approaching  
The shuffle of feet  
The clamor of metal  
And hounds in heat  
We'll steal away  
To the glen in the east  
Where the path is clear  
For you and me