

# Lily Of The Midnight Sky

Bruce Cockburn

Over the slow slide of continents  
Over the salt pans pipelines masts and pavilions  
Shimmering crescent moon recedes into working dawn --  
Lone crow against pallid sky  
Single plume of white smoke on yellow speckled plain  
Yellowing leaves sparkle in cold breeze --  
Wave patterns among wave patterns  
Particles disperse and rejoin Dissolve and reform like the lining of a womb  
Still The cold of your absence blows from  
The silent TV, the parking lot The balcony with clothes waving  
good-bye hello  
In the rising day You keep fading away Don't  
I know that you're always around  
I can reach you if I try Lily of the midnight sky  
Soldiers of sunrise -- shooting into a forest of flowers  
Slow motion Petals float into pink crimson white  
Grow wings Flutter into mountainous distance  
Flutter like a stadium full of applauding hands  
I raise a fist to the marauding sun that has hidden you away  
I'm the rag in a bottle of gasoline  
Longing to ignite Ich will alles All of you --  
Shining on the panther skin of night  
Mirrored in a black lake in a night that glistens like blood on gold  
Nobody else could be you If only I could see you  
I should be able to touch you somehow I can reach you if  
I try Lily of the midnight sky  
While you look from on high Spare a smile as  
I Put on my dog mask and howl for you  
I can reach you if I try Lily of the midnight sky