

## Cockburn Bruce

### "Burden Of The Angel, Beast"

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From the lying mirror to the movement of stars  
Everybody's looking for who they are  
Those who know don't have the words to tell  
And the ones with the words don't know too well

(CHORUS:)

Could be the famine  
Could be the feast  
Could be the pusher  
Could be the priest  
Always ourselves we love the least  
That's the burden of the angel/beast

Birds of paradise -- birds of prey  
Here tomorrow, gone today  
Cross my forehead, cross my palm  
Don't cross me or I'll do you harm

(Chorus)

We go crying, we come laughing  
Never understand the time we're passing  
Kill for money, die for love  
Whatever was God thinking of?

(Chorus)

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