

Cockburn Bruce**"Man Of A Thousand Faces 540"**

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I'm looking to be by a window
that looks out on the sea
anybody here know
where such a place is?

surf of golden sunlight
breaking over me
man of a thousand faces

in the Garden paths take form
but the hailstorm guards its own
things forbidden, things unknown
you must travel on alone

in memoriam friends come round
but the hard ground holds its own
time for pulling, time to ride
it's my turn but where's the guide?

on the jetty shadows lie
and the gulls cry once or twice
swelling thunder, truth is hid
behind the glass eye of the idol...
anybody here know
where such a place is?

you know, these city towers,
jewels on the Serpent's crown,
twist the space between them
till every eye is blinded

Lord will you trade your sunlit ocean
with its writhing filigree
for any one of my thousand faces?

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