

Consider The Thief "On High"

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Of how many cities brought to light,
How many cities are there left to find?
And who could search them all?
There hide two for every one,
I was daunted by the sun.

Of all the ascents that I contrive
All of the summits seemed at first so high
For every mile there
I see two that lay ahead

'Till a great light
Burned a new sight
Of what years hold
Days could not know.

Of everything with the morning, and
Everything in time.
Oh, Everything is smaller
When you see it from on high
From the earth to the ocean
I see another state of mind
Everything with the morning, son
Will put all your fears to flight

What the years hold
Days cannot know.

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