

Bruce Cockburn

"Celestial Horses"

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Here come those silver celestial horses
Rays of the moon in the mountain air
Im steeped in the stream of the last wild hot spring
Maybe Im melting but I dont care
Theres darkness in the canyon
but the light comes pounding through
for me
and for you

Tomorrow may be a hissing blowtorch
may be a silken sky shaken by the wind
that whirls in the wake of those whispering horses
But theres always a pillar of cloud on the valleys rim
Theres darkness in the canyon etc

Still river full of the depths of candles
burning for the free ones riding on the other shore
Even at the heart of these breathing shadows
you can feel us gathering at the door
Theres darkness in the canyon etc

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