

Bruce Cockburn

"God Bless The Children"

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Night comes The mask of the world Resolves into
round bits of silver on the table Round arrow nocked
against the bow Round fruit devoured by time While the
moon climbs

Sea swells Illusion is queen In the shallow graves of
experience time-centred Grave silence reigns over the
stars Graven image hanging in time While the earth
unwinds

With rain the world grows us older Lord let us not be
lost God bless the children with knowledge of the cost
Day comes The hawk of gold Springs forth in flame
from a highway paved with diamonds Lion rampant on
a green field Ramparts cracked into the sky While the
Christ stands by

With pain the world paves us over Lord let us not betray
God bless the children with visions of the Day

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