## Bruce Cockburn "The Embers Of Eden"

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You knelt on the carpet
Crimson and stained
Light trickled over your black dress like rain
Your lips were hot
My shocked heart screamed
And I can't scrape my eyes free of this dream

We each occupied the same space/time
Matter
Antimatter
Tangled like vines
And the awful tolling
And the cold rain outside
And I cannot scrape this dream off my eyes

The embers of Eden burn You can even see it from space The great and winding wall between us Seem to copy the lines of your face

Instrumental break

The embers of Eden burn You can even see it from space The great and winding wall between us Seem to copy the lines of your face

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