## Mitchell Joni "Slouching Toward Bethlehem"

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(based on a poem by W.B. Yeats)

Turning and turning

Within the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer

Things fall apart

The center cannot hold

And a blood dimmed tide

Is loosed upon the world

Nothing is sacred

The ceremony sinks

Innocence is drowned

In anarchy

The best lack conviction

Given some time to think

And the worst are full of passion

Without mercy

Surely some revelation is at hand

Surely it's the second coming

And the wrath has finally taken form

For what is this rough beast

Its hour come at last

Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born

Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born

Hoping and hoping

As if by my weak faith

The spirit of this world

Would heal and rise

Vast are the shadows

That straddle and strafe

And struggle in the darkness

Troubling my eyes

Shaped like a lion

It has the head of a man

With a gaze as blank

And pitiless as the sun

And it's moving its slow thighs

Across the desert sands

Through dark indignant

Reeling falcons

Surely some revelation is at hand

Surely it's the second coming

And the wrath has finally taken form

For what is this rough beast Its hour come at last Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Raging and raging It rises from the deep Opening its eyes After twenty centuries Vexed to a nightmare Out of a stony sleep By a rocking cradle By the Sea of Galilee Surely some revelation is at hand Surely it's the second coming And the wrath has finally taken form For what is this rough beast Its hour come at last Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Slouching towards Bethlehem to be born Ã,© 1988, 1991 Crazy Crow Music BMI

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