

Murder by Death

"Good Morning, Magpie"

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A seam across the sky
As if it was torn
The sky is filling
With flocks and swarms
They burst through the branches
They tumble and fall
Little gods surveying their worlds
Examining it all

My wings are dusted
With frost and cold
For a little thing like you
I'm too heavy a load
You'll struggle and falter
Amble around
Just follow some other storm
Cause I'll only weigh you down

You carry me home
My love
Still you carry me home
Little dove

A change in the winds
Smoke on the breeze
The sky is filled
With the scent of burning leaves
The vapors rise
From the glen in the east
Where the path is clear for you and me

You carry me home
My love
Still you carry me home
Little dove
You'll ride towards the sun
As it guides you home
But don't be afraid, little bird
You aren't alone
A hoard of friends
Will keep darkness at bay
You're the needle

In the hay

I'll take you with a steady hand
Make the seam reborn
The rip will be sewn up again
By the same hand that had it torn

You carry me home
My love
Still you carry me home
Little dove
Still you carry me home
My love
Still you carry me home
Little dove

Hear it approaching
The shuffle of feet
The clamor of metal
And hounds in heat
We'll steal away
To the glen in the east
Where the path is clear
For you and me

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