

Sixty Stories

"Blind By Morning"

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BLIND BY MORNING
Listen to the grass grow
Lay me down
The eye of god upon us
Shake the very ground
Play for me the smoke rain
Grass will always grow
Ground beneath the mill wheel
The saddest song I know
Low and to the left
This soul hung by a chain
Wings of the lion
Rays of distant pain
The higher that I climb
The closer to the sun
Keys to the temple
Are buried in the ground
Winter lingers long
Solstice soon will come
Now I need your light
Come morning I'll be blind
If I receive your light
I'll be blind by morning

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