

Burden Of The Angel/Beast

Bruce Cockburn

From the lying mirror to the movement of stars
Everybody's looking for who they are
Those who know don't have the words to tell
And the ones with the words don't know too well

Could be the famine
Could be the feast
Could be the pusher
Could be the priest
Always ourselves we love the least
That's the burden of the angel/beast

Birds of paradise, birds of prey
Here tomorrow, gone today
Cross my forehead, cross my palm
Don't cross me or I'll do you harm

We go crying, we come laughing
Never understand the time we're passing
Kill for money, die for love
Whatever was God thinking of?