

God Bless The Children

Bruce Cockburn

Night comes
the mask of the world
resolves into round bits of silver on the table
round arrow nocked against the bow
round fruit devoured by time
while the moon climbs

sea swells
illusion is queen
in the shallow graves of experience time-centred
grave silence reigns over the stars
graven image hanging in time
while the earth unwinds

with rain the world grows us older
Lord let us not be lost
God bless the children with knowledge of the cost

day comes
the hawk of gold
springs forth in flame from a highway paved with diamonds
lion rampant on a green field
ramparts cracked into the sky
while the Christ stands by

with pain the world paves us over
Lord let us not betray
God bless the children with visions of the Day