

# The Embers Of Eden

Bruce Cockburn

You knelt on the carpet, crimson and stained  
Light trickled over your black dress like rain  
Your lips were hot and my shocked heart screamed  
And I can't scrape my eyes free of this dream

We each occupy the same spacetime  
Matter, antimatter, tangled like vines  
And the awful tolling, and the cold rain outside  
And I cannot scrape this dream off my eyes

And the embers of Eden burn  
You can even see it from space  
And the great and winding wall between us  
Seem to copy the lines of your face

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