

# Wings Of The Morning

## Caedmon's Call

I woke to the sirens of the city  
They were calling me to hold my head up high  
But the truth was in the dust that hangs like curtains  
From the beggars to the sky

The ads and billboards rained in every language  
The message every politician knows  
When we're fed that we are nothing we'll believe it  
And then do what we are told

The spark of the divine  
I see it in your eyes  
It's there behind the lies that tie you down

On the wings of the morning  
Hope is rising  
In the darkest night  
Your love and light prevail

Ask any good detective, he will tell you  
It's the eyes that always give the truth away  
And in yours I see the feat that's bound and gagged you  
With no hope for escape

It's true that we are fallen as an angel  
But you and me, we're also holy as a prayer  
Made in the image of a giver and a lover  
Who left His throne to come down here

The spark of the divine  
I see it in your eyes  
It's there behind the lies that tie you down

On the wings of the morning  
Hope is rising  
In the darkest night  
Your love and light prevail

We will rise on the wings of the morning  
Though we hide, hide in the shadows of the night  
There is hope, hope in the hands that have made us  
And are holding us tight...

Hope is rising ... on the wings of the morning  
Hope is rising ... in the shadows of the night  
Hope is rising ... from the hands that have made us  
And are holding us tight ...