

Good Morning, Magpie

Murder By Death

A scene across the skyline as if it was torn
The sky is filling with flocks and swarms
They burst through the branches, they tumble and fall
Little gods surveying their worlds, examining it all
My wings are dusty with frost and coal
For a little thing like you I'm too heavy a load
You'll struggle and falter, amble around
Just follow some other storm 'cause I'll only weigh you down
You carry home, my love
Still you carry me home, little dove
A change in the wind, smoke on the breeze
The sky is filled with the scent of burning leaves?
The vapors rise from the glen in the east
Where the path is clear for you and me
Still you carry me home, my love
Still you carry me home, little dove
You rode towards the sun as it guides you home
But don't be afraid, little bird, you aren't alone
A hoard of friends will keep darkness at bay
You're the needle in the hay
I'll take you with a steady hand
Make the seam reborn
The rip will be sewn up again
By the same hand that had it torn
You carry me home, my love
Still you carry me home, little dove
Still you carry me home, my love
Still you carry me home, little dove
Hear it approaching, the shuffle of feet
The clamor of metal and hounds in heat
We'll steal away to the glen in the east
Where the path is clear for you and me

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