

Morning Falling

David Crosby

His open eyes
At first light
We see
An echo of his mothers smile At her breast
His sister pressed
Outside
The sun begins to warm the ancient tile They came that day, hollow men
Agents of a god they could not know
A mile above, distant eyes
Miss desperate pleas that pictures could not show
The morning falling A shackle snaps
Beneath cold wings
Below
The shepherd is pulled toward home The shadow falls
A falcon calls
Below
His world becomes a mountain of stone They came that day, empty men
Agents of a god they'll never know
High above, those eyes
See what seems to be on screens that glow
The morning falling His eyes can see
But his mind can't hold
What he has seen
The absence of the lives they used to live A world away
The trigger is pulled
And here there is no reason to forgive

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