Peace Lies Waiting

Wild Strawberries

"Murder", cries the cathedral
A hungry hawk, a sword, a ploughshare
Set the stage in Canterbury
Seven years and then, seven years
Seven years and thenPeace lies waiting fugitive, cloistered and longing
Peace lies waiting hovering and above the spear points
Peace stands higher than my fragile sense of needPeace, I leave with you
Not as the world gives or has ever seen
Safe in the ruins, killed but not wounded
I'm pierced with painful joyPeace lies waiting fugitive, cloistered and longing
Peace lies waiting hovering and above the spear points
Peace stands higher than my fragile sense of needWhen he smiles
When he smiles
Even the wind and the rain
Close their eyes
Hold their fireNever seen peace in a vacuum
But I've seen it in a bitter sea
Safe in the ruins, killed but not wounded
I'm held tightly freePeace lies waiting fugitive, cloistered and longing
Peace lies waiting hovering and above the spear points
Peace stands higher than my fragile sense of need

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