Blue Rodeo, Comet

There is a comet floating thru this endless night
Embraced with perfect symmetry
Thru the tear drop of infinity
In a window called the universe
With no map or intention
Towards some floating destination
It will find or it will be found
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy
Who sings this song
Sings with a crooked tongue
Looking off into a crooked sky
Wondering
What immortal hand or eye
Could carve this comet
On it's course
Like a blind man riding on a crooked horse
Returning to the source
Where no though has ever happened
And time can't be imaged
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy