

Caedmons Call, High Countries

A bus station, in the steam from the rain
In this line of pale strangers, should I go or stay?

The whole field of vision, fades beneath me now
And the houses spread for a million miles,
in this gray town

And the weight of glory, if you held it in your hand
It would pass right through you, so now's your chance

Would you fall to pieces
Would you fall to pieces
Would you fall to pieces
In the high countries?

We are just pilgrims of the great divorce
I am witness to the light and I am captive to my own remorse

And the weight of glory, if you held it in your hand
It would pass right through you, so now's your chance

You drink the cup to the bottom, but it burns in your hands
The cup was poured out on the Maker instead

Out on the green plains, I am but a ghost
Bound up with all that I call "mine"; still the light grows