

Metaphysical Cantations

Ben Howard

Firework smoke in the valley
It's a working man's day
I'm working
On turning me around
Lifting me out here to be the one that causes affectations
We're searching for Tanit's tomb

Tell her to come and visit me
Metaphysical cantations
Tell her to come and visit me
Metaphysical cantations

Firework smoke in the valley
It's a working man's day
Call it what you will, call it master
Or the echo turning both sides of the coin

Tell her to come and visit me
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That's it, that's us
It's hard to pick the winter from the orchard
Gatekeeper, dancing through the arch to mark the other
Wide eyed, what else?
The snapping of the neck of some small creature
Wide eyed, what else?
Each dewdrop found to be an oracle
That's it, that's us
The master or the echo calling
That's it, that's us
It's hard to pick the winter from the orchard
Wide eyed, what else?
The snapping of the neck of some small rabbit
Wide eyed, what else?
The master or the echo calling

We're searching for Tanit's tomb

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Lifting me up I see large houses
Large houses
Large houses
And privateers

Lifting me up I see large houses
Large houses
Large houses
And privateers

We're searching for Tanit's tomb