

# 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

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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

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Large houses  
Large houses  
And privateers

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