

What Is Yet

Blind Pilot

Wake up my brother,
Lift your covers and see your breath.
Look out our window,
The sky looks hollow and dark as our own death.
Bones of our bodies, seeds of our tall trees,
And years all frayed.
Oh what will I become, when the pale light brings a dawn,
When I can't hear you say.

"Brother, you don't have to fight
So hard it eats you up inside.
Breathe and feel the sun.
You can see it in the shallow tide.
You can see it in our mother's eyes.
Here, all for what has come.
All for what has come."

Flock and feather,
Tied into each other,
And we're born in, burning
To return to one another.

Flock and feather,
Tied into each other,
And we're born in, burning
To return to one another.

Wake up my sister,
Doesn't the water sound nearer,
Your road further away?
And no, it don't come easy.
There is a wave's weight over me,
But I can't hear you say.

"You don't have to be the only one.
You don't have to be the golden sun.
Breathe and let it set.
You can see it in the way we need.
You can breathe it in the cedar leaves,
Blowing smoke and sweat.
We can see it in the pale light.
We can see it in each other's eyes.
Here, all for what is yet.
All for what is yet."