

The White Owl

David Gray

For to quench my thirst
Into the breakers till my lungs burst
For to still my mind
Down through the echoing blue
In a swallow dive
So damn alive
The tightrope the green lasso
And soft hands to bear me through

I'll be the white owl
Winds cover me
I'll be the white owl
Swooping low
I'll be the white owl
No knowing me
I'll be the white owl
Blood my road

Till the first is last
All the smoke of the future
Pouring out of the past
Every vestige gone
Nothing left but the altar
We found each new day upon
All else gone
The light bends the thought gets skewed
Each sky dancing heart stripped nude

Then I'll be the white owl
Winds cover me
I'll be the white owl
Swooping low
I'll be the white owl
No knowing me
I'll be the white owl
Blood my road
I'll be the white owl
Time cover me
I'll be the white owl
Swooping low
I'll be the white owl
No knowing me
I'll be the white owl
Blood my road