

Empty Vessel

Dirty Projectors

We're facing forward or
With our eyes closed
We are dreaming of the coast

We have a basket wrapped
In a cloak and in it's
What we cherish most

Overhead is a bird is coming
To rest on our crowns
Weightless and with
Out a sound

There is no other one
I can see there's only
You and only me

No matter how the whole world
Is underneath the burden
Of multitudes

We are just another empty vessel
Filled by warmth
Forged in crucible
Of hope

Empty vessel
Empty vessel
Empty vessel