

Coins for the Eyes: 3/4

Johnny Flynn

We dig for the gods that leave no bones
For the ship that sailed in the sunken sea
The vessel aloft in a sky of storms
The famine road, and the merchant's quay

Come and search, for we who search
And looking for us scar the land
Turn the soil, weave the dream
Thread the river, rake the sand
And dig for those whose stories lie
With buried pasts and futures won
And dig for us as we have done
To lay the dead out in the sun
To lay us dead out in the sun

Coins for the eyes and keys for the door
Fortress, grave goods, chambered tombs
Abandoned villages, rumours of war
We dig for pattern, read the runes

And so a clue to who we are
And where we were and why we will
Inheritors of knowledge now
And ancestors to those who still
Might dig for those whose stories lie
With buried pasts and futures won
And dig for us as we have done
To lay the dead out in the sun
To lay us dead out in the sun