

Everlasting Sigh

Moses Sumney

Sighing on the embers of a fire
That must be allowed to die
The bed of coal, it must run cold in time
But your body heat brings life

Crying in a river running dry
Made your eyes a clouded sky
But if you're a god
Made from a God
Made from a god
Let your whispered word be divine

If vultures can be soul birds, let it die
Leaning on the everlasting sigh

Creator, you create monstrous men
From the ink that clots your pen
Running on a sentence that must end
So your bones can rise again

If vultures can be soul birds, let it die
Leaning on the everlasting sigh