

Dies Irae

Patrick Wolf

The night is yet to fall
Not yet your funeral
While we're alive, alive, alive, alive
What can I do to help
You hold back tomorrow?

Show me your unfinished painting
What bird here were you intending?
No, it's just the sun in my eyes (hey!)
Reminds me of a book I've been
Putting off reading the ending of
Yes, it's later than we think
But not too late of my love, let you know

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Hold tight
Let the daylight deepen between us
The sleep of reason produces monsters
Go dance in the kitchen with him
You've been his religion and his joy
And it's later than he thinks
But not too late of your love, let him know

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Hush now, darling
The horseshoe bat
Ovaling over us
The time is near

Please stop crying
The low sky sighing
Now stay close
The time is near

The badgers huddle
In the tree tunnel
I love you too
The time is near

Take this moment
You'll always
Have home in it
The time is here