

Dodona

Patrick Wolf

A sea of Iris Attica
All at first
I recall of this remission
Psychosis sunrising
On the shoulders
Of the mountain
Carry me to cross
The poison pit
Abseil the crystal abyss

And no more
Give no more
To the hollow
Tomorrow is down
So to the bottom now
At Dodona
Over and out

Berate that whipping boy
Whose trauma is employed
To brigadoon and overwhelm him
Can no more be him
His tongue is rattling
But broken bells
Don't make a sound
No matter how
Hard you hit 'em
A deafening silence

But no more
I give no more
To the hollow
Tomorrow is down
Then to the bottom now
At Dodona
Over and out

From the oracle of manipulation
The vicegerent of violation
The prophet of the racketeer
I cut the string
Disappear

There is a crack in the ceiling
Of the temple this evening
A lesion of sky
Sunbow and arrow
For you to follow
Out to the open

No more
Give no more
To the hollow

A sea of Iris Attica
A morning since the massacre
A haemorrhage of miracle

A wailing wall of oleander
And egress of seizure
And cradling the stomach
And the mercy of sleep
And the oak tree ululating

Over and out...