Enter the Day

Patrick Wolf

There is
No easy way to begin
Telling the story of the year
Of your drowning

With a swamp in your speech
A penalty of the peach
Here in the rage and the resign
Of what remains

Trembling at the helm
At standstill and overwhelm
Oh dear, nearly departed
Now life is a bridge
You cannot cross or burn

Don't go to ground like me
Healed to heavy to be held or lifted

Enter the day when out
Of the shadow of doubt you land, land
In the golden mean

Enter the day when the mouth
Of misfortune spits you out to land, land
Where you ought to be

Old skies
Clearing out 'cross the bay
The abandoned hoverport
Re-wilding away

Where the loaming soils divorce
By the grieving cry of the sparrow hawk

Enter the day when out
Of the shadow of doubt you land, land
In the golden mean

Enter the day when the mouth
Of misfortune spits you out to land, land
Where you ought to be

And somewhere deep in your disorder
Is a sleeping symmetry

(Zadkiel)

Land land land...

Enter the day when out
Of the shadow of doubt

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