

# 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