

Oozlum

Patrick Wolf

I broke down
On the road to the isle of grain
Slept in the ochre
Field all day
Waiting for rescue
But nobody came
But for the backward
Bird
My way

Oozlum
What now?
Tomorrow's on your tail and
No more bail out
Too scared to face
What you fear
But stare at the past too long, to there you'll disappear

I formed a mirror of obsidian
Here in my forehead
The year my second life begun
I scry with that black eye
The stations of the sun
Through a glass darkly
But at least I know where I'm going

Oozlum
Turn round
Tomorrow's on your tail
Yesterday's a blackout
Too scared to face
What you fear
But stare at the past too long, to there you'll disappear

You're spiralling
Too fast to catch you
The way is not round
But through
I've been talking to
The horizon
Made it promise
To call your name

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And if help never arrives, I'll learn to hot wire
And towrope you out of your widening gyre
Fate is a risk you can recalculate
So keep your boot on the neck of the night
Wait
Wait