

# Olympus

Sufjan Stevens

Oh, lift up your head, boy  
Don't play pretend dead on the floor  
Now Harryhausen conceived from a cauldron  
Wielding Olympus with eyes on the shore

There's nothing  
There's nothing

Oh, show me the flow of my life  
Bound by Acrisius bronzed from the skylight  
Seeking the oracle's eyes in the night with a sigh  
Seriphos greets us with moments of silence

There's nothing  
How far away?  
There's no place like home  
There's nothing  
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Who will arrange my great escape?  
Hopelessly I have been torn from this outrage  
Tossing and turning uneasy it cost me the cross  
Am I at rest or resigned in my chaos?

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How far away?  
There's no place like home

There's something  
And it's the light on your hand  
There's something  
And it's the touch of my wristband  
There's one thing  
And it's the weight of our wish  
There's one thing  
And it's our very first kiss