

# Constellations

The Oh Hellos

I can feel it on my tongue  
Brick and mortar as thick as scripture  
Drawing lines in the sand and laying borders as tall as towers  
I babble on until my voice is gone

This hill I'll die on is about 90 meters of bricks  
Colored indigo, inscribed with my name, and lined with cedar  
But the words fall flat like cymbals crashing  
Like molars gnashing

'Cause like constellations a million years away  
Every good intention, every good intention  
Is interpolation, a line we drew in the array  
Looking for the faces, looking for the shapes in the silence

All that's left for me to climb to the heavens is  
The chasm of the night and a matter of time  
But I hear the rumble  
As the tectonic plates start to shake  
And I feel my blood pounding like the beat of a drum

'Cause like constellations a million years away  
Every good intention, every good intention  
Is interpolation, a line we drew in the array  
Clinging to the faces, clinging to the shapes in the silence

Like constellations imploding in the night  
Everything is turning, everything is turning  
And the shapes that you drew may change beneath a different light  
And everything you thought you knew will fall apart, but you'll be all right