

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