

Hieroglyphs

The Oh Hellos

Stamping your heels along with the drum
Praying the serpent's underneath one of 'em
Like there's some villain left to defeat
Instead of a dance with a rhythm and beat

Cause you've been too busy thinking ahead
Of where we're all going after we're dead
To maybe consider our bodies are worth
More than the dust that we can return

To the ground again
We turn that old wheel round again

Well, even the great celestial hieroglyphs
Are bodies of dust illuminated, and if
The heavens can be both sacred and dust
Oh, maybe so can the rest of us

Cause I've seen the line of ocean and shore
The tumbling tide of water and soil
And I've seen the day's fading begin
The gradient wake of the sun that spins

Around again
It'll burn that old wheel down in the end