

O Sleeper

The Oh Hellos

While the weary nations weep
Awakening me from a dream
I see the moonlight steal across my sheets
My love is lying fast asleep
Chasing its beams
She stirs, and then she turns her back to me

The clouds overhead open up
For the wicked and just all the same
And lay low the hills, so to fill
Every valley below to the brim

But like the sun that turns the sky
Illuminating all, in time
The tables in the temple will be turned on their side
And just as it scorches up the dunes
Beneath the height of noon
The pillars of the empire will be burned, in kind

And by the holy rock I stand
As blessed as the sacred ram
I see the trail of shoulders I've climbed over, but
By god, I'll bloody up my hands
With everything I am
To cut away the mountains I've made
And fill the dales below