

## 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