

Thus Always To Tyrants

The Oh Hellos

Let me die, let me drown, lay my bones in the ground
I will still come around when the time for sleep is through
Over hill, over dale, through the valley and vale
Do not weep, do not wail, I am coming home to you
Every tomb, every sea, spit the bones from your teeth
Let the ransomed be free as the revel meets the day
Let the valleys awake, let them rattle and shake
In the wind that remakes all that time has worn away

To and fro, I will not follow
Where you go, I will not also

I will look for you as the sun rises higher
When the dry bones dance with the timbrel and lyre
There's a wind alive in the valley
It will fill your lungs, if you'll have it

Where I go, will you still follow?
Will you leave your shaded hollow?
Will you greet the daylight looming,
Learn to love without consuming?