

Archaic Smile

Wye Oak

Sculptor, never leave my side
And expose this empty smile
Could the truth be falsified
And hold it off a little while

Never look quite right
Ponderous and idle
Still I'm gonna try
And show you my--
Archaic smile

Two thousand years below the sea
Moves like a blinking eye
Sixty days in front of me
It is an ocean running dry

Temper all these hidden moves [?]
Behind uneasy stares [?]
Pass me to the centuries
They will never know what's there
What's there

Never look quite right
Ponderous and idle
Still I'm gonna try
And show you my--
Archaic smile