

Glory

Wye Oak

I see his eyes moving away from me
Oh no, is this another albatross?
He knows he holds dominion over me
But what I gain is worth the cost

We share the cold embrace of cousins
I wonder if I've seen him somewhere else before
And as I wonder at his ancestry
I miss the meeting by the door

And in the telling of the story
I lose my way inside a prepositional phrase
I read his lips and I see glory
But what I hear is 'be afraid'

So from the fog of every morning
Until the heat of day is still
I watch the clock as it turns backwards
I see the water run uphill

And in the telling of the story
I lose my way inside a prepositional phrase
I read his lips and I see glory
But what I hear is 'be afraid'

And in the telling of the story
I lose my way inside a prepositional phrase
I read his lips and I see glory
But what I hear is 'be afraid'