

Holy Holy

Wye Oak

Holy, holy, holy
There is no other story
Holy, holy, holy
It is madness seeking mastery

Holy, holy, holy
Would you like to know me?
A tongue without a mouth to feed
And only seeking agony

For the joys and secrets I have stored
Here I lie awaiting our reward
Attention for the blessed, final count
The ties that hold your mind and lock me out

No patience can contain this
All human joy is precious
And I alone should know this
And everyone should notice

Holy, holy, holy
There is no other story
It is madness seeking mastery
We will be who we want to be

For the joys and secrets I have stored
Here I lie awaiting my reward
Attention for the blessed, final count
The ties that hold your mind will not give out

Oh, they will give out