

## Join

Wye Oak

How does it begin again?  
How does it amaze?  
Trusting abstraction  
And it has ruined me

Seems I am afraid of it  
An undesired effect  
It resembled weakness  
Mistaken for a strength

It did not come  
Or else it never left

Gently turn the frame around  
Let the water run  
I keep the light on very late  
Don't bother anyone

Something passes over me  
Cutting sharp and bright  
Caught by my attention  
I love the moment

None or too much  
It is the same result

Fall asleep in your bed  
Sleep until I'm up  
I just want a clear head  
Sun on my shoulder