

Logic of Color

Wye Oak

I am playing a part, again
Surrender and begin
Still clinging to my skin
Your skin
Watch the leader depart
And wait
The truth within the hour
The whole of it is ours to make
So the logic of color is all
The logic of my skin
The color of my eyes
Our eyes
Understand it requires belief
The language that I know
Is written for the wise, the weak

Talk to me and I'll talk back
Let's lock eyes here in real time
Your illogical device
My impossible demand

Everything that you see
Is free
And so is what I made
And so is what I claim to be
When the two are apart
It lives
And nothing is begun
But when we are as one
It gives

Give to me and I'll give back
Let's lock eyes here in real time
Your illogical device
My illegible command

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