

The Alter

Wye Oak

Oh recourse
Our nature is a force
So, cut it at the source
And go
A life without remorse

I'll obey
Though I am afraid
Of what it is to be alone
Awake
And happiest at play

I'm all smiles
Confident and wild
Wired with every instrument
Control
And careless all the while

Until I recall
Everything and all
Is wrong
Panic is a slow
Dissolve
A terror quiet calm