

## 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