

# Fox Confessor Brings the Flood

## Neko Case

Driving home I see those flooded fields  
How can people not know what beauty this is?  
I've taken it for granted my whole life  
Since the day I was born Clouds hang on these curves like me  
And I kneel to the wheel of the fox confessor  
On splendid heels  
And he shames me from my seat  
And on my guilty feet  
I follow him in retreat What purpose in these deeds  
Oh fox confessor please  
Who married me to these orphan blues  
Its not for you to know  
But for you to weep and wonder  
When the death of your civilization precedes you Will I ever see you again?  
Will there be no one above me to put my faith in?  
I flooded my sleeves as I drove home again

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