

The Tower

Wye Oak

The one, who sings around the sun
Cannot be bothered with the dark
The reason exits with the light
The one, the sun, the nightBegins, until trouble ends
I speak if only to explain
And no one here
Has lost his mind
Intentions are enoughThe one, I love full of trust
They think the answer lies with me
But I am powerless to stop
The world from holding me
In place, the tower of it all
It is the cloud that hangs for days
It is a giant in the tree
The wind, the neck of meWe live as many others live
The fear of dying incomplete
Feeling the fair will tear apart
And turn and worn, startThe one, who sings around the sun
Cannot be bothered with the dark
He's underserving of the lightThe one, the sun, the nightThe one, the sun, the nightThe one, the sun, the night

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