

Lightsick

Zola Jesus

Is it over
or has it begun
do you wonder
what will we become when our eyes close
on the starry ends
when we finish our rows
and the folds are dead when the lights go out
on us when the will is real
but fate is a cold, cold thread
and the pins will fall
down to the motherland sit down
let it take you in
kill off
or you let it when when the lights go out
on us when the signals fail to fade
and the waves will break the shade
fight the land
let it take you on
on when the water turns to grey
and the darkness leads the way
fight the land
let it take you on
on when the lights go out
on us

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