

What Is Yet

Blind Pilot

Wake up, my brother
Lift your covers and see your breath
Look out our window
The sky looks hollow and dark as our own death
Bones of our bodies, seeds of our tall trees
And years all frayed
Oh, what will I become, when the pale light brings a dawn
When I can't hear you say "Brother, you don't have to fight
So hard, it eats you up inside
Breathe and feel the sun
You can see it in the shallow tide
You can see it in our mother's eyes
Here, all for what has come
All for what has come "Flock and feather
Tied into each other
And we're born in, burning
To return to one another Flock and feather
Tied into each other
And we're born in, burning
To return to one another Wake up, my sister
Doesn't the water sound nearer
Your road farther away
And no, it don't come easy
There is a wave's weight over me
But I can't hear you say "You don't have to be the only one
You don't have to be the golden sun
Breathe and let it set
You can see it in the way we need
You can breathe it in the cedar leaves
Blowing smoke and sweat
We can see it in the pale light
We can see it in each other's eyes
Here, all for what is yet
All for what is yet"

Songwriters

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