

Obedear

[Cam Meekins](#)

I came down over the sleeping mountains where our
wide toes plunged into the weeping shale to tear our
skin up off from the bottom leaves our ankles bare
don't just wander back and forth and leave it
build it into pinnacles and shrines of some
some ghastly predicament of mine you'll find
leaves us plastered to a bed of hairs with
me all coiled up near the bottom with my chest un-bared
Obedear [oh but dear] the sky is low
gather up its harm in gauze with grateful arms
Obedear [oh but dear] the sky is low
gather up its harm in gauze with grateful arms
oh but dear the sky is low watch
fluent sea men rig their rudders so they'll
graze it with their wind arrows
tis in the fathoms that-that they brush below-low
oh my dreams come back to me, back to me, back to...
oh my wrinkles build on me, build on me, build on...
Obedear [oh but dear] the sky is low
gather up its harm in gauze with grateful arms
Obedear [oh but dear] the sky is low
gather up its harm in gauze with grateful arms

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