

Wilderlove

John Mark McMillan

Plumbed the badlands as a child
Where the dust devils dance
On the dreams of the ivy wild
The places you grow up
The tumbling ground is rough
There is no domestic heart
So what have we become
Just pedestrian
There is no domestic heart
And the wilderlove is hidden within us
And we reckon with it
And we wrestle with it
The wilderlove is hidden within us
And we wrestle with it
We wrestle with it And you are the wilderness
In a fall fast drone to the rise of your vast expanse
And i feel so underdressed
So civilized and small
By the powers that you possess
The places you grow up
The tumbling ground is rough
There is no domestic heart
So what have we become
Just pedestrian
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