

Logic of Color

Wye Oak

I'm playing a part, again
Surrender and begin
Still clinging to my skin, your skin
Watch the leader depart, and wait
 The truth within the hour
The whole of it is ours to make
 So the logic of color is all
 The logic of my skin
The color of my eyes, our eyes
 Understand it requires belief
 The language that I know
Is written for the wise, the weak
Talk to me and I'll talk back
 Let's lock eyes here in real time
 Your illogical device
My impossible demand
Everything that you see is free
 And so I what I made
 And so is what I claim to be
When the two are apart, it lives
 And nothing is begun
But when we are as one, it gives
Give to me and I'll give back
 Let's lock eyes here in real time
 Your illogical device
 My illegible command

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