

Holy Holy

Wye Oak

Holy, holy, holy
There is no other story
Holy, holy, holy
It is blindly seeking my story Holy, holy, holy
Would you like to know me?
And don't fall unless to free
And lonely seeking as they need Further choice and secrets our heart stores
We are the only way in my real world
A children for the blessed, for an old count
A tri-star upon your mind in my delight All they say is, can we contain this?
A human, you're his precious
And I, oh sure, know this
When everyone should know this Holy, holy, holy
There is no other story
It is blindly seeking my story
We will be who we want to be Further choice and secrets our heart store
We are the only way in my real world
A children for the blessed, for an old count
A tri-star upon your mind in my delight Ah, you will be mine
Ah, you will be mine
Ah, you will be mine
Ah, you will be mine

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