

# Glory

## Wye Oak

I see his eyes moving away from me  
Oh no, is this another albatross?  
He knows he holds dominion over me  
But what I gain is worth the cost  
We share the cold embrace of cousins  
I wonder if I've seen him somewhere else before  
And as I wonder at his ancestry  
I'm ? by the door And in the telling of the story  
I lose my way inside a prepositional phrase  
I read his lips and I see glory  
But what I hear is "be afraid" So from the fog of every morning  
Until the heat of day is still  
I watch the clock as it turns backwards  
I watch the water run uphill And in the telling of the story  
I lose my way inside a prepositional phrase  
I read his lips and I see glory  
But what I hear is "be afraid"

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