

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 doorAnd 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 uphillAnd 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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