All Is Sold

Iris DeMent

All is sold, all is lost, all is plundered
Death's wings flash black on our sight
All's gnawed bare with sore want and sick longing
So how are we graced with this light?By day there's the breath of wild cherry
In the city, from woods none espies
At night, new and strange constellations
Shine forth in the pale summer skyAnd these houses, this dirt, these mean ruins
Are touched by the miracle too
It is close, the desire, the despaired of
All longed for but none ever knewBy day there's the breath of wild cherry
In the city, from woods none espies
At night, new and strange constellations
Shine forth in the pale summer sky
Shine forth in the pale summer sky

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