

# Thus Always To Tyrants

## The Oh Hellos

Let me die, let me drown, lay my bones in the ground;  
I will still come around when the time for sleep is through.  
Over hill, over dale, through the valley of vale.  
Do not weep, do not wail, I am coming home to you.  
Every tomb, every sea, spit the bones from your teeth  
Let the ransomed be free as the revel meets the day  
Let the valleys awake, let them rattle and shake  
In the wind that remakes all that time has worn away  
To and fro, I will not follow  
Where you go, I will not also  
I will look for you as the sun rises higher  
When the dry bones dance with the timbrel and lyre  
There's a wind alive in the valley  
It will fill your lungs, if you'll have it  
Where I go, will you still follow?  
Will you leave your shaded hollow?  
Will you greet the daylight looming,  
Learn to love without consuming?

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