

The Days

Patrick Wolf

The days, passing days
I see the steeple and trace to the spire
And the sunset
Deepening red
Phoenix and the firefly
And the time stops
Rush hour traffic slows
And my heart starts beating this dark
Through old flesh and cold bones
And I long to be carried on
Just once to be lifted strong
Out of the loneliness and the emptiness
Of the days
Days, passing days
The days I remember
I had your love once
Seized my body whole
And our first dance
Well, I thought by chance
God had matched my soul
But time bought its traveling
This distance and solitude
And in that traveling, myself damaging
I took my love far, far from you
But don't you still long to be carried on?
Once more I could lift you strong
Out of the loneliness and the emptiness
Of the days
Passing days
Passing days
Days
Now tell me
Have we gone too far or did we get too close?
Forgive me, Father, I've no son, here come, ghost
I promise I'll meet you
I'll meet you at the end of the days
The days, passing days
Won't you meet me at the end of the days?

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