

And then the child becomes the warrior
And you're the worrier so worry over this
What's the thing that has you reaching out to grip it like a phantom limb?
And to the action comes a character
And he reveals a wish to see himself in ink so
You take a pen you write a list called all the stages that the world begins

And then the years relay the seasons
You fill the sky, you give him means to lift his chin
And then the tides relay the oceans
You give him reason for believing
That he's in some creation

To make him grow you give him barriers
To make him grow you give him barriers to fail
Now, he wants to know if there's a narrator
You dry the riverbed and so he builds a well
And when the woman comes, he marries her
And then the woman is another to himself
Now, she wants to know if there's a narrator
She wants to know if there's a narrative to tell

Ooh

And then the years relay the seasons
You fill the sky, you give them means to lift their chins
And then the tides relay the oceans
You give them reason for believing
And then the years relay the seasons
You fill the sky, you give her means to lift her chin
And then the tides relay the oceans
You give her reason for believing
That she's in some creation

Creation (13x)