

Between Two Mysteries

Mount Eerie

I've seen summons buried in more air, buried in space.
And I just lied down in the snow, buried in space.
I've seen moss covered stumps in dying light, taking on
shapes.
Black wooden mythologies, I know a place.

Layer after layer of comprehension,
Welling up in the morning light between two mysteries.

The town rests in the valley beneath twin peaks, buried
in space.
What goes up there in the night, in that dark, blurry
place?
Driving to work in the morning, we live in graves,
always trying to climb out of the hole, buried in space.

And the songs fade, and the singer's die,
but my heart will not stop thumping,
the shapes in the dark still look convincing,
so here I am.