

Oh Lord

Portugal. The Man

Shepherds they came
Stripped of their names
And we were all the daughters
That fell from her to ground
Because she needed us
She needed love
But we're all gone
To strip that ground
Shivered pores were caves
Teeth were all decayed
Jutting jagged rising up
Like welts on backs in strain
We climbed up those banks from our place in
The shade
Built us a fire but never knew what we made
It's not your mind, self, not your thoughts not
Your soul
Because
We are that fire
We're you safe down in my hands
The higher we climb
These shapes show
And this place is more holy when nobody
Knows/goes
Show me what is still free and I will tell you.
It's not your mind your
Self your thoughts your soul