

## Palo Santo

## Shearwater

The wind that lifts the leaves against the night  
The reeds that bow and bend beneath its weight  
The holy sap, its smoky light  
I will not hide

The fish that swim inside the murky deep  
The island shores that loom above the sea  
The holy, holy melody  
Will bring them all to me

And play again that melody  
Hidden close to me.