

The Midnight Clear

Sufjan Stevens

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious sign of old
Enraptured secret sign of fear
In brave disguises

Old shoes and thirty feet
The prophet's sign of prophecy
I resign to petty things
Like angels bending on their knees

Do you delight, do you delight, in me
I laughed about it
Come to me now, come to now, and bring
That rapture's moment
I wasn't changed, I wasn't changed, one bit
Though you may doubt it
I don't suppose, I don't suppose, you'd care
To ask about it

The dead of winter takes a grip
And moves around us
All night our labors clap and kiss
Like working mothers

Old wounds and thirty feet
The clock it sounds of properties
I resign to glorious things
Like angels bending on their knees

Do you delight, do you delight, in me
I laughed about it
Come to me now, come to now, and bring
That rapture's moment
I wasn't changed, I wasn't changed, one bit
Though you may doubt it
I don't suppose, I don't suppose, you'd care
To ask about it

I will delight, I will delight, in this
Though you may doubt it
Come to me now, come to me now, my kiss
And ask about it

I will delight, I will delight, in this
Though you may doubt it
Come to me now, come to me now, my kiss