

# 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