

# Ayla

## The Maccabees

Aimless am I  
listless I'm the blunt of the knife  
Drifting to the corners of life, Ayla

I could make something right  
Gentle with the kindness I'd like  
So often it's a trick of the light, Ayla

And we wait for love  
in the shape of us  
Until the wait is over Under halcyon skies  
Until the wait is over for an innocent life

It's a weight off my mind I could trust you  
You could tell me it's fine  
I could sew you a stitch and save nine, Ayla

None more admired  
and out of soft focused desire  
From honeyed milk to funeral pyre, Ayla

And we'll wait for love  
in the shape of us  
But the state of us, Daedalus  
The wait is over under halcyon skies  
The wait is over for an innocent life  
Until the wait is over, the wait is over.