

## Holy Holy

Wye Oak

Holy, holy, holy  
There is no other story  
Holy, holy, holy  
It is madness seeking mastery

Holy, holy, holy  
Would you like to know me?  
A tongue without a mouth to feed  
And only seeking agony

For the joys and secrets I have stored  
Here I lie awaiting our reward  
Attention for the blessed, final count  
The ties that hold your mind and lock me out

No patience can contain this  
All human joy is precious  
And I alone should know this  
And everyone should notice

Holy, holy, holy  
There is no other story  
It is madness seeking mastery  
We will be who we want to be

For the joys and secrets I have stored  
Here I lie awaiting my reward  
Attention for the blessed, final count  
The ties that hold your mind will not give out

Oh, they will give out