

Two Small Deaths

Wye Oak

Two small deaths happened today
While I was at work
While I was at play

A vast light darkens my door
So I cannot cry
Now what is that for?

Is this the way my mind works
Forwards, always onwards
Is this the way my brain waits
Backwards, sideways

I've no heart strong and that's why
Sting to miss and to mourn
Love, wild at its path
Sing

I'm saving up all of my strength
For when I finally fail
At keeping you safe

When my last friend should leave me
It's all right, easy