

Wiseblood

Zola Jesus

This'll be my last home
But this stream will carry me through
But this stream isn't home no more
And truth can make immune

If it doesn't make you wiser
Doesn't make you stronger
Doesn't make you live a little bit
What are you doing?

And this'll be my one remorse
But this stream's kept me abused
And this stream is a hungry course
And time can make it new

If it doesn't make you wiser
Doesn't make you stronger
Doesn't make you live a little bit
What are you doing?

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Doesn't make you live a little bit
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In these parting days, I am losing all my senses
In these timeless days, I can barely see through
In this crowded space, I am losing all my senses
In these drowned out bays, I can barely see through

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