

Antony And The Johnsons, Dirt will crack again

(Live song)

For me

Little rivers from my hands

Pool at the bottom of the stairs

My face

Oh, the cities in my eyes

Doves in the sky

Oh, the crack again

The rainwater

Came from father's eyes

He was made of stone

Glorious

Watch as the curtain came down

And wet the hungry rabbits

Flooding the land

My heart

Oh, the twist of cruel cold turn

To wring me free

Dry eyes by the subtle waters' rise

Dirt will crack again

Dirt will crack again