

# PJ Harvey, I Inside the Old I Dying

The beech buds wait.  
The aish buds wait.  
The frogs and twoads in lagwood holes  
and hedgehogs in their leafy ditch,  
all waiting for His kingdom.

The eth waits.  
The dead brakes  
host the holly's bloody beads;  
they are His crown of thorns  
and He will rise again.

Oh Wyman, Oh Wyman.  
Unray I for en.

Slip from my childhood skin;  
I zing through the forest,  
I hover in the holway  
and laugh into the leaves.

Oh Wyman, Oh Wyman.  
Unray I for en.

I laugh in the leaves  
and merge to meesh,  
just a charm in the woak  
with the chalky children  
of evermore.