

The Ark, Laurel Wreath

I'm afraid
embarrassed to
I have never
seen anything like you
My God, you're great
greater than I did expect
and the night
is silver
'round your neck
and the night
is silver
'round your neck

Men high and low
sing hymns to you
Your sons and daughters
do what you want them to
I want to wear
your love like a laurel wreath
And the night turns silver
when you breathe
And the night turns silver
when you breathe

I'm out of time
you bring me down
you leave me naked
standing out of line
'cause you're a soul
on an endless trek
and the night is silver
'round your neck
and the night is silver
'round your neck