Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Dear Old Greenland

On the way to Greenland I shall find
All the disparate fragments of my mind
And I, I shall return a different man
And darling, do, oh darling, do all that I can
On the way to Greenland I shall find
No mundane distractions of any kind
And if, if beneath the ice fields there's a room
You know it's there I'll find my peace a lovely tomb
Friends, Greenland is a place where souls go to dry out
It is a vast and terrifying place of ice fields and tundra
Bereft of fire and in the horror of its imposing irrelevance
There is a sort peace
Peace and pain, the peace of nothing
Well friends, I'm telling you I'm going there
Fear is lying dying in the sands
Yes, and it's breathing from the gills of my Greenland