

Hozier, Through Me (The Flood)

Picture a man,
Seen like a spec out from the shore,
Swimming out beyond the breakers like he's done his life before,
He feels the coming of a squall will drag him out a greater length
But knows his strength and tries to gather it,
And he swims on
Turning back to shore again,
Above the outer atmosphere of a world he's never seen,
And looking down to his new home he feels the rising of a wave,
And knows at once he will not weather it

Like that man
I looked down into the depths when I met you
I couldn't measure it.

Anytime I've struggled on
Against the course
out on my own;
Everytime I'd burn
Through the world I'd see
That the world, it burns through me.

But when I, I'd let go,
My struggling form,
My willing soul
Everytime would flow
Through the world I'd see
That the world, it flows through me.

Picture a grave,
Picture six feet freshly dug,
The sharp temporary walls at the long-term cliff edge of the world,
Light and air find some new deepness there and usher down the sky where one stands by,
And tries make sense of it.
But try measure loss,
Measure the silence of a house,
The unheard footsteps at the doorway,
The unemployment of the mouth,
The waking up having forgotten,
And remembering again the full extent of what forever is.

With each grave,
I think of loss and I can only think of you
And I couldn't measure it.

Anytime I've struggled on
Against the course
out on my own;
Everytime I'd burn
Through the world I'd see
That the world, it burns through me.

But when I, I'd let go,
My struggling form,
My willing soul
Everytime would flow
Through the world I'd see
That the world, it flows through me.