

# TV On The Radio, Stork And Owl

Faceless fall from this life and ah, if you can't  
See the star, you've probably gone too far  
Like the voice that cried on the lonesome tide  
Like the wave was the only love it ever saw

"&quot;What's this dying for?&quot;"  
Asks the stork that soars  
With the owl, high above  
Canyons mighty walls

Owl said, "&quot;Death's a door  
That love walks through  
In and out, in and out  
Back and forth, back and forth&quot;"

Turn from the fear of the storms that might be  
Oh, let it free, that caged on fire thing  
Oh, hold its hands, it'll feel like lightning  
Oh, in your arms safe from the storms

Sky bends, the moon's dress's slung low, slung low  
Dog star taught a dance  
It goes, it goes, it goes, it goes, it goes, it goes, it goes  
Arms out, knees bend, the motion flows  
Like the soft, open petals of a Jessica Rose

So serious  
So it falls apart  
It just reveals the perfect nothing  
Of everything you are, everything we are

Candle of life lights the blights and bruises  
Oh, lay it down in the night, let it soothe this  
Oh, hold its hands and we'll know what truth is  
Oh, in its arms safe from the storms