

Will Oldham, Joya

God bless the chaos, I'm ready to go
Made my provisions written my notes
Too bad that folks remain on the earth
To see me deny no to renew my birth
And even my swallow my sweet one of all
Will be angry and bitter and briefly withdraw
For I've done much protecting and hiding of hardness
The awful emotion I never could bear
I was always afraid to reveal what I'm knowing
Like I have a particular kind of thing growing
Indifference, a bosom ally to despair,
Soaks itself in to the skin and the hair

I keep all my cards at my chest without playing
The ones that I knew I was all this time saving
And rarely referred to it rarely gave clues
That I had the deep sickness I tried not to choose
That I had here inside of me a key to self-knowing
So base and respected neglected and flowing
Perversion and what might be called paranoia
Description defies though the concurrent Joya
And every corpuscle and each fold and wrinkle,
Subknuckles, perception of what's within my vision
And hearing distorting and feeling is lying
But it never succeeds to prevent me from trying