

## Josh Ritter "The Remnant"

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I know who you are old man keep running  
I caught your trail as you left the pines  
Out into the fields where you couldn't hide nowhere  
Just a thin stitch up against the rising line  
And up through the blue I knew the stars were tumbling  
Up through the blue I knew the star were tumbling

I know who you are old man keep running  
I tracked you down by the look in the eyes  
Of a thousand gone faces pressed against their  
windows  
Horses hiding in the willows 'til the storm  
passed by  
And a fine gray dust seemed to settle on the future  
A fine gray dust seemed to settle in between  
Your hat and the dapple of my appaloosa  
The only living things that I could see  
And up through the blue I knew that stars were  
tumbling  
Up through the blue I knew the stars were tumbling

I know who you are old man keep running  
I walked across the bottom of the lake below  
Your boat and did you know that when you landed I was  
watching  
As the sky turned dark as the eyes of a foal  
And I'll know you by the shift of the wind in the cobwebs  
The sawdust swirls in the fins of the bullheads  
The craters that you made when you lay down  
dreaming  
Strange constellations that you gave new meaning  
By the teeth marks you made on bones from the ice  
age  
Then smell of the cinder burning slow in your rib cage  
Listen in the distance and you'll hear my shadow  
Footsteps soft as the tread of an echo  
And up through the blue I knew the stars were tumbling  
Up through the blue I knew the stars were tumbling

And the ground will open out into a mouth below us  
And the mouth will open out into the empty sky  
And the whistle as we hurtle through the halls of onyx

The only sound around us as we go by  
And I'll follow you out through the wells of charcoal  
Moonlit stones around the cones of a black hole  
Through the fields where grow the ever and forever  
The tessellated blooms with the voids at their centers  
Through the million rooms in a bead of luminescence  
The filaments on the looms of dimension  
The pillars of creation where they make the planets  
The billion tiny teeth that tear the charge from your  
atoms  
In a trillion tiny bites they'll eat the meat from the pearl  
And throw your soul away a cold grey little world  
And nothing that is hidden will be revealed  
And nothing that is hidden will be revealed  
And nothing that is hidden will be revealed

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