

Acorn "Hold Your Breath"

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There's a river that parts the valley of this town,
following the road up to your father's farm
Your rosy lungs will empty on the day that you were
born
And no one thought you'd make it past the morning

Hold...

Your brother said your mother was a firefly you buried
in the earth
And every night the firelight warms the tender bits of
skin beneath your shirt
The climbing constellations move in semitones
And sit behind the county line in the melody of
gravitation

Hold...

Calling on the colours of the globe
Sleep amongst the mango trees and poisoned oaks
A flood for every footprint, for every mile we forgot
Though your hands were little, we always?

Hold your breath...

The sanctity of soil
Wandering roots and living oils
Unions underground

All around, mountains like diaphragms
The rhythms of a landscape that is breathing

Hold your breath...

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