

Hands Like Houses

"Don't Look Now, I'm Being Followed. Act Normal"

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Is this the edge of the world?
We chased the horizon down 'til it hung beneath our feet.
Now I'm drifting blind.
All I know is we can't move closer.

I've never seen the lights of the north,
The constellations are so unfamiliar.

We followed far, as far as this machinery takes us,
To some imaginary place where the compass drifts
And our lips shift to our cheeks.
Is this the edge of the world?
All I know is we can't move closer.

I've never seen the lights of the north,
The constellations are so unfamiliar.

Searching for some apparent place,
Where floated needles decide the way.
I'd dig in my heels but I might crack the ice.
Give me some solid ground.

The frost is sinking in, in my cheeks,
In my chest, in my fingertips.
'Desperation,' we name every cape beyond the last.
Frozen senseless. Every day is a winter solstice.
The view's a wonder, but I can't take it in.

Is this the edge of the world?

I've never seen the lights of the north,
The constellations are so unfamiliar.

Sun, make canvas of coastlines, so I know where I stand.
Make canvas of coastlines, so I know where I stand.

Sun, make canvas of coastlines, so I know where I stand.
(We round each cape to find a bay to call our own.)

Make canvas of coastlines.
(We round each cape to find a coast to call our home.)

I've never seen the lights of the north,
The constellations are so unfamiliar.

So unfamiliar, so unfamiliar.
(Sun, make canvas of coastlines, so I know where I
stand.)
So unfamiliar, so unfamiliar.
(Make canvas of coastlines.)

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