

The Joy Formidable

"The Hurdle"

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I lost a place that I loved.
It disappeared, into the woods where it belonged.
That cool spot, on a sun-patched ridge.
That watery pool, where the animals drank.

Do you hear that sound?
The hurdle crashing down?
Do you miss that breeze?
That's what our brother believed!

It was the land, the land of milk and honey.
That you just watched, being pummeled like putty.

Come back to haunt, all things are two.
Come back to test, as long as it's new.
I'm tired of talk, I'm tired of news.
Hear the herd, heard the herd, sleep on whatever you
do!

Do you hear that sound?
The hurdle crashing down?
Do you miss that breeze?
That's where our mother lived!

Would you tell her now?
The worth of tiny things?
The gather 'round!
Untie an end that's sealed!

That's sealed!
In this vast space it's always sealed.
We won't see!
All the debris we're certain to leave.

(Do you hear that sound?) x3

Do you hear that sound?
The hurdle crashing down?
Do you miss that breeze?
That's why our mother believed!

Believed!

Would you tell her now?
Would you tell her now?
What would she say?
The works of tiny things?

Sell the stars, two by two!
Just like a sheep with a sail behind you.
On and on, on and on.
On and on, when will it stop?

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