

Shield Your Eyes

Dry the River

I'm burning like an effigy in here:
The summer's come to haunt me.
And I know I'm not the sacrificial deer,
But I wish you could've warned me

Of the Phrygian Lion,
With his excellent eyesight,
At the gate of our love.

I understood the chemistry of peace;
You covered me in warpaint.
When Moses was a whisper in the reeds
I carved you in the floodplain

By the Phrygian Lion,
With his excellent eyesight,
At the gate of our love.

Under sweet autumnal skins is our myth dispelled.
In your strange and simple way.

And the Phrygian Lion,
With his excellent eyesight,
Is what makes it our love.
[x2]

And the Phrygian Lion,
With his excellent eyesight,
At the gate of our love.