

In the Deepest

Johnny Flynn

In the deepest, in the dark
In the colour of the fox's bark
I see my hand in folded glory
Painted picture of an untold story
In the thickets, in the fence
In the marching of a thousand men
Faintest whisper, a lovers' yearning
The land will tell you that the story's burning

I saw light, she had death in her lands
I saw the ring on my mother's hands
Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, oh
Gloria, oh

I'll be the earth, I'll be the sky

You be the mystery and don't tell me why
Cut through disaster, cut through the pines
I indicate you, I see the signs
This streelight's charging, I'm coursing through
I'm every sunrise, I'm the morning dew
Strangers bend to help me, strangers stretch and guide me
Some that carry omens wandered right beside me

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