

## Oh Lord

Portugal. The Man

Shepherds they came  
Stripped of their names  
And we were all the daughters  
That fell from her to ground  
Because she needed us  
She needed love  
But we're all gone  
To strip that ground  
Shivered pores were caves  
Teeth were all decayed  
Jutting jagged rising up  
Like welts on backs in strain  
We climbed up those banks from our place in  
The shade  
Built us a fire but never knew what we made  
It's not your mind, self, not your thoughts not  
Your soul  
Because  
We are that fire  
We're you safe down in my hands  
The higher we climb  
These shapes show  
And this place is more holy when nobody  
Knows/goes  
Show me what is still free and I will tell you.  
It's not your mind your  
Self your thoughts your soul