

Flocks & Shoals

Pencil Tip dots, hundreds of birds
all in one motion, dipping and turning

Black and white cards thrown into the wind
flashing their wings in perfect unison

Hovering blob, moves up and down
swelling, deflating fast motion cloud

How do they do that, who is the leader
they're all calibrated to some cosmic meter

Bridge:

Awe holds my breath behind my lips
I can't exhale, my eyes drip
oooh reverence washes over me
that's what the word holy means

While in the ocean a little below them
shoals of fish, a perfect reflection

Glitter suspended in wave after wave
when I reach out, they bend away

Shards of shattered mirror floating
crazy water, disorienting

How do they do that, neurotransmitters
they're all calibrated to some cosmic meter

Bridge:

Awe holds my breath behind my lips
I can't exhale, my eyes drip
oooh reverence washes over me
that's what the word holy means

CHORUS:

Flocks & shoals a mirror above and below
Flocks and Shoals