

# Julia Holter, Horns Surrounding Me

Few times do I feel the breeze  
Of a cold night  
So I recall the words of lovers sadly in the sun  
Unending sun

We will run forever with the hot timpani bang, bang!  
As the sounds recedes, bored lover falls asleep and disappears

Horns Surrounding Me sing so forcefully and high  
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Moon, they forget how soft heart is, unfolding over time  
Heart, don't forget how young we are, we wander softly

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Seen through a window, my love blurred, mute, and slow  
I offer roses to nothing  
The answer absent