

The Shins, Those To Come

Eyeless in the morning sun you were
Pale and mild, a modern girl
Taken with thought, still prone to care
Makin tea in your underwear
You went out in the yard to find

Something to eat and clear your mind
Something bad inside me went away

Quaking leaves and broken light
Shifting skin the coming night
The bearers of all good things arrive
Climb inside us, twist and cry
A kiss on your molten eyes

Myriad lives like blades of grass
Yet to be realized, bow as they pass

They are cold,
Still,
Waiting in the ether,
To form,
Feel,
Kill,
Propagate,
Only to die
[x2]

Dissolve
Magically,
Absurdly,
They'll end,
Leave,
Dissipate,
Coldly
And strangely
Return