

Xiu Xiu, Blueberry Mineshaft

you told me martyrs suffer
the infinite and clear
the rest of us for one
have something to hold near
he hoped for a miracle
to take it all away
to feel like i do
if only for a day

picture a heart like an apple cart
marching faithfully never has to halt
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love

see the snow caps trapped
beneath the chins of great buildings
protecting them from nothing
and holding nothing in
i wish the weather would come inside and keep me company
fog grey thicker storm clouds these memories

picture a heart like an apple cart
marching faithfully never has to halt
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love
and when it does it will be because he ran out of love