Black and White (7-Inch Version)

Parquet Courts

Nothing makes my heart so wild as being
In possession of a potent night
Racing down the stairs in a nude descension
Shedding and discarding my hide
But the bold strokes crack so quickly
And it's often that I wonder why
Dripping at the slow-motion rate of surrender
Hanging to my bones as they dry
How can I want something more than a new hell in which to fry
When I see in only black and white?There's a sinful sort of side of being
So contained, a bit like being lost
Stumbling through the background like a small town loner
Quietly a-whisperin' my thoughts into my cupped hands
Folded and monk-like, at least that's what I've always said
How does writing letters from the lonely margins feel
When there is no hair on my head?
Is the solitude I seek a trap where I've been blindly led?
Tell me, where then do I go instead?When atonement comes in distant waves
I might wait until the next to break
Choking through forgiveness at a sunfly prompter
Staring through the back of my face
Its a vulgar, hidden part of being tethered to the world right now;
Spending all my dollars to remain a member
Nothing in my eyes but a scowl
Do I bother to define myself beyond what they allow?
Have I already forgotten how?

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