

E Is For Estranged

Owen Pallett

Boys run like water from the barrow to the trough
They'll never stop their running
Gunning for their brothers
This house is a hostel
It is peaceful but it's always emptying
Boys all want to be someone Haven't you heard?
I am a flightless bird
I am a liar, feeding the facts to false fires
Pathos is born, born out of bullshit
In formal attire
But I'll score your string ensemble I saw my son at seventeen
The shutters made projections on his naked frame
But now at twenty-five, he simply cannot stay away
From the ketamine
With make-up on his sores
He spends an hour a day composing his own eulogy
Sometimes he sends me letters
But they're mostly garbled phrases and apologies Haven't you heard? I am a flightless bird, I am a liar
Feeding the facts to false fires
Pathos is borne, borne out of bullshit in formal attire
Append a Bulgarian children's choir

Lyrics provided by

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