

# Wrecking

Laura Veirs

Looting the destroyed  
Vessels of the sea  
I wondered if the waves  
Had taken all of me All of me back  
Down to the black  
Down to the where the worms  
Reign silent and green, silent We can do some wrecking here  
'Til a little color comes into your face  
We can do some wrecking here  
And find something to love in this broken place, this broken place And the king is a hand  
And slaps you like a wave  
Shackles you down  
Bound like an anchored chain in the sand Sends your ships to the rocks  
Sends the keys to the lock of the chain on your heart  
To the mouth of a serpent  
And his scaly glass shards He's holding all the cards  
And waiting in the waves  
With the poker face  
And no trail to trace, no trail to trace We can do some wrecking here  
'Til a little color comes into your face  
We can do some wrecking here  
And find something to love in this broken place, this broken place

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