

The Rifle's Spiral

The Shins

Dead lungs command it.
You pour your life down the rifle's spiral
And show us you've earned it.
Cleric's fog will recede right before your eyes. So long to this wretched form.
Them grey eyes on the subway
Long before you were born
You were always to be a dagger floating
Straight to their heart. Listen, now, we won't tell anyone.
But you're gonna tell the world.
This whole life ain't then any fun.
Now your viscera unfurls As you rise; rise from your burning fiat,
Go, go get my suitcase, would you?
You've thoroughly blown their minds.
And now I must have passage on the lines
To the veins from your heart. You're not invisible, now.
You just don't exist.
Your mother must be so proud.
You sublimate yourself, granting us a wish. Primitive mural on the wall,
to fortify your grim resolve.
Amid the glitz of a shopping mall
another grain of indigent salt for the sea. Good night to these wretched forms
All them gray eyes on the subway
So long before you were born
you were always to be a dagger floating
straight to their heart.

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