A New Anhedonia

Phosphorescent

The call of the night came and we called it a day
The howling at midnight had called me away
Out in the moonlight on a half-bended knee
I said, Oh now, cousin, hey, what's happened to meAll of the colors I couldn't believe
I called out, now cousin, hey, are you foolin with me?
All of the pleasures now avoiding me
All the music now boring to meOh it's unbearable then
To find you feeling so terrible, friend
I know you were chasing it, ah well you had to have been
So holy and wasted, like a prayer in the windOut of my shoes I stepped clear of the trees
Out on the dunes among the towering reeds
Out in the blue we both bowed in the breeze
All the music now all now foreign to me

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