

Burn

The Low Anthem

Did I burn each last bit of myself
Did I turn my back on the kid in myself
And tear the oldest root
In a charlatan's pursuit
And the world drifting father away

On the run with nowhere to ride
The black angel still clings to my side
You know he's faster than
Any man
And the world drifting father away

What I told you lover I guess that I meant
By the time that you read this I will have repented
I know I am a fool
For trying to play it cruel
And you played so much kinder than I

Your memory know is the shadow to my shadow
I wind it tight like a player piano
Your skirt above your knees
I watch you press the keys
It calms the smarting flesh
Of the wound we have undressed

If still there's a song deep in this marrow
Who lets you draw that last shivering arrow
What kind of smarting loon
Believes that he can shoot the moon
Calm these failing nerves
They ask to be preserved

I was ashamed and mute
Fumbling around for my parachute
Then gliding through the rain
Not a drop could leave its stain
And the world drifting farther away

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