

# Kings

## The Magnetic Fields

All day snow covered us  
Night-time, it was always night  
The people on the street were made of meat  
Black girl, trucks ran us down, blue boy  
The people on the sidewalk were traced in chalk  
Whale embryos filled your enormous room  
Screech-owl kachinas built your spiritual room  
We were kings, kings, we were kings, kings

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