

In Evening Air

Future Islands

This is what I know,
The canopy loss of our home
Is a far cry, while I'm away. Tethered to finding a rope,
We walk in precarious ways.
And go alone at night
To Misery's bed.
In Misery's bed, we stay. So far away
Here in the tremble and pulse,
With the rush and the weight of the world.
I am a cannibal, known,
Begging the lashes to break. You find me awake in a dream,
A scream in the dark, so it seems.
Or is that just how it leaves?
The shadow I cast now the breeze. So far away So this is how it goes,
With the loss of our canopy home.
That falls with the leaves from the trees,
As we pass.
And I wasn't there in the last,
But I was surely there from the first.
Here, in my chest where you burst,
I keep the crush
And the weight of the world. So far away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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