

In The Kingdom #19

Sonic Youth

Aaaah
He did what he had to do
He asked no questions
He had few conversations
The tar glistens in the noon heat
He tread across the grass, up onto, and down off of, the concrete abutments
Mirage on the highway
Ghosts in the tunnel
The dark cave
Out into the blinding light of day at breakneck speed
Every bolt rumbling
Glistening highway mirage groans
The slick surface
Careening into first the small mammal, and then screeching along the guard
Rail, scraping paint and throwing sparks like sheets of pure terror for
400 Yards
Over and over
With one final back and forth rocking motion coming to rest
Wheeehah
The beautiful paintjob hopelessly marred
Smoke and flames
Allright
So nice
He moved to the small creature
Screeching whistles of steam blowing off
On it's back, wheels spinning like a cinema classic
The door sags open and a man covered in blood drops the three feet or so to
The pavement
The car still rattling and shaking as if with a mind of it's own, unwilling
To die
The man, 40ish, also after a time, an agonisingly painful period of time
Is also unwilling to die
Suddenly all is
quite quiet there in the sunlight on the highway
But what? what can I do?
I cannot move, everything is about broken
Blood everywhere, mixing with oil and gas
What's moving, must turn my head
Pain, white light, blinded
Some guy there kneeling in the blinded mirage of white light
All my strength to 'heeeeeeelp'
Screaming now help me please
He tried to tamp out the bit of burning ember which had lept from the wreck
Onto his grimy coatsleeve
Coughing blood
What's happen?
He's he's inching towards truth
He strode of into the woods with the animal

It still lived
He didn't glance back at all Still out ghosting the road
Death on the highway
Words crumble around me and fall with the weight of heaven
I cannot move
I'm beneath the great weight
I cannot see
My eyes are blinded
I am in the darkness That's it In panic I forget it
In despair I need it
In my mind I save it
In death I have it
{ Then a bit louder }
In panic I forget it
In despair I need it I shouldn't laugh
Hah hah hah
Yeah really
Oh In panic I forget it
In despair I need it
In my mind I save it
In death I have it
Thurston?
Never gave a damn about the meterman
I was the man who had to read the meters, man

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