Slow Pulse Boy

And Also The Trees

Somewhere the blast furnace explodes Plumes of amber in the night sky Each explosion bounces >From horizon to horizon >From horizon... to horizon And for a while, the slow pulse boy Stood by the window And let the fire sink into his skin Again all was still But for the empty tin Rolling up and down a gutter On the breeze Then we were standing very close I could live in the space Between his heartbeats Outside the blast furnace errupts again And dark red rivers Filled our veins with frenzy We could tear up the floors And find all the things we'd ever lost And the fire burns in our jack boots So we chase the explosions >From horizon to horizon Wrap ourselves around the distance For as long as we can hold Somewhere a girl is singing There is calm in the air But there is greater calm than I can bear Tomorrow the sun shines

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