

# Black and White (7" Version)

## Parquet Courts

Nothing makes my heart so wild as being  
In possession of a potent night  
Racing down the stairs in a nude descension  
Shedding and discarding my hide  
But the bold strokes crack so quickly  
And it's often that I wonder why  
Dripping at the slow-motion rate of surrender  
Hanging to my bones as they dry  
How can I want something more than a new hell in which to fry  
When I see in only black and white? There's a sinful sort of side of being  
So contained, a bit like being lost  
Stumbling through the background like a small town loner  
Quietly a-whisperin' my thoughts into my cupped hands  
Folded and monk-like, at least that's what I've always said  
How does writing letters from the lonely margins feel  
When there is no hair on my head?  
Is the solitude I seek a trap where I've been blindly led?  
Tell me, where then do I go instead? When atonement comes in distant waves  
I might wait until the next to break  
Choking through forgiveness at a sunfly prompter  
Staring through the back of my face  
It's a vulgar, hidden part of being tethered to the world right now;  
Spending all my dollars to remain a member  
Nothing in my eyes but a scowl  
Do I bother to define myself beyond what they allow?  
Have I already forgotten how?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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