

Vox Humana

Deerhunter

I haunted a basketmaker's shop.

Spending days ripping pictures from magazines, taping them to the walls of my prison.

I remember walking by the sand, each knob represented a different frequency range,
and I remember holding the hand of the skeleton prince and he swept me into his arms,

and he, he had tremolo deep in the back of his black eye sockets,

and he said, "Do you want to come away with me into the pitch black pool?"

And I said, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know..."

Photocopied

The wind ripped through the trees and all the stained-glass windows rattled.

I haunted a basketmaker's shop in 1927 -

And on the beach in the summer there were thunderstorms constantly,

and they were unpredictable, nobody knew when they would come and nobody knew how long they'd last.

Sometimes they'd only last five minutes, and sometimes, weeks.

I haunted a basketmaker's shop because I had nowhere to go

(one long weekend)

Stained-glass windows turning off and on and the tremolo in the back dark corners,
cobwebs stripped, mildewed.

I remember acoustic guitars and bells, I remember the cathedral.

I remember cassettes, cathedral.

I remember cassette cathedral.

I remember cassette cathedral.

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

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