

Up on Your Leopard, Upon the End of Your Feral Day

Sunset Rubdown

You're the one who ran in the wild because you're the one the wild called
You're the one who followed the child to save the sun from how it falls
You're the one who had knives set aside for the throats of hunters
But they tricked you with a trinket and a name
I'm the one who sat at your capture and I'm the one who whispered low
"That's the one who followed the child to save the sun - and look - It's starting to snow" Now you're the one
who's riding around on a leopard
You're the one who's throwing the shit in the air
You're the one whose wild hide will weather in the weathering days
To a leather made for princes
To lay their princely heads of hair
Upon the end of your feral days You're the one who ran in the wild a virgin to a name
You're the one who lived off a forsaken land
I'm the one who sat at your capture and let the snow fall
On this whispering rapture
And you're the one who's kissing your captor's hands
Well shit,
I know we're all growing old
And where there's a will there's a way
So, way to go
But say goodbye to your feral days Because you're the one who's riding around on a leopard
You're the one who's throwing dead birds in the air
(And they will stay dead there)
You're the one whose wild hide will weather in the weathering days
To a leather made soft
So princes can lay down their princely white heads of hair So say goodbye to your feral days
Your highness is holding your chains

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