For the Pier (and Dead Shimmering)

Sunset Rubdown

I pushed off the pier
Infinity ran cold
And filled up my ears
There's the weapon you hold
There's the thing that you hold it to
And the thing you hold dearOh the speed of a year
It runs the wood dry
And water unclear
There's the thing you hold high
And then there's the thing that you hold it to
And the thing you hold dearI will be an enemy
To men seen in the light
Do you think it's alright?
Yes, I think it's alrightIf you make the waves the sun makes the rays
The speed of the light can be trusted to prey
To prey on the fools that pushed off your pier
The whirling of pools runs clearSo I'll be out till the shimmering dies
I'll be out till the shimmering dies
It's the wringing out the predatory nature of the sky
And the ringing sound it makes
When it's burning out your eyes
It's alright, it's alright
It's the speed of the light
It's the speed of a year
It's the weapon you hold
And the thing you hold dear
Oh my dear oh my dear
It's infinity's time to shine out hereIf you make the waves the sun makes the rays
The speed of the light can be trusted to prey
To prey on the fools that pushed off your piers
The whirling of pools runs clear
Da da da dad um
The rocking of boats and the making of mirrors
The whirling of pools running clearI hear them say "Put the weapon away"
It's the thing that you know and my taking it away, I know
But I'll find a way to let the dear thing go

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