

# 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 dear Oh 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 dear I will be an enemy  
To men seen in the light  
Do you think it's alright?  
Yes, I think it's alright If 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 clear So 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 here If 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 clear I 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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