

# Pale Kings

## Shearwater

Summer's blood  
Breaks a winter's composure  
And I'm in love with your daughters  
I'm in love with your sons  
And a flush of rain  
Floods the banks of all reason  
Turns your memory golden  
And it hides how it was  
In the ordinary light You know how sometimes  
You're so tired of the country  
You could run to the ocean  
And surrender your life  
But in the same breath  
A light burns through your dreaming  
And blows holes in the ceiling  
Till there's nothing but sky Run out  
Like a ribbon unreeling  
Head down and careening  
Colors drain from your life  
But listen  
Just the sound of your breathing  
Blows the cover of silence  
Blows the cover of lies  
With incendiary light You know how sometimes  
You're so tired of the country  
Its poptones and its pale kings  
And its fences like knives  
But in the same breath  
Your heart breaks with the feeling  
With love and with grieving  
For its irrational life  
Right  
Now

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