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 lightYou 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 skyRun 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 lightYou 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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