

The interview where you spoke  
To the bleach in the stone  
You should have brought some tea  
Outside where the light  
Coats us in marzipan  
In pools of breast milk  
I had to bury my daughter today  
And I can't think about it too much  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe

I am down to the beach  
Smoke condensed from telling stories  
Strolling through the neighborhood  
Clanking steel and discolored  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe  
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Abiding in the unborn is symmetry  
And that one is always the refugee  
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