

Without Headlights

Atlas Sound

Erase the scars from my palms
A boy choir sings the psalms
The vespers that would lull us to sleep
Two fables duct taped
Stories of pillage, stories of rape
Cars burning the streets
But you, dear, will you steer?

Wet whisper in my ear
Close breathing, slow and queer
The texture of hair
Tears in the malt shop
The engine idled, choked and stopped
Before I had the chance to drive far in the deep, dark night without headlights

To drive far in the deep, dark night without headlights
Without headlights
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Without headlights