

Magic in cellophane pressed on windowpanes
Rhyming out storm drains. Our blues is more
Wetter. Too young to know better

Our
Days were cold and nights were worse
It seemed right at first, but when light dispersed
On the scene, in spite of hurt, I felt
The pressure pulling, I felt the less and less I say will, um
Keep my head together 'fore I lose it
Wrapped up like sweaters in my problems
Too young to know better, can't solve 'em
Can't keep wasting time, can't keep chasing each
Night like I'm hanging from a breaking vine. I need
To make in mind. I'm lying hate
But draped in my emotions, fragrance if a sacred sight
Bathed in a flame from an ancient night
Been shone over the graves of the native
Tribes

Rushing rivers washing shattered slivers glittering
In hands cupped, red-eyed showers still finding her
Bad luck, knotted strands grief-struck, fuck
Nothing gold can stay, plucked, swept away
Time's breeze turns gale, howling gusts
And heaves, gray skies bereaved, dead leaves
Rake 'em before it rains, boy. Rake 'em
Before it rains. Pain bonded to frame like I
Invented the chains on slaves half-lame
Fitting atonement for lost moments gnawing the brain
Forgotten spells, pixie dust, cocaine
Numbing kisses of lips glossed lost like
Boats, torrents, swollen oceans, torn sails
Black veils, white whales. Dead men tell
No tales