

Multiple Suns

Cass McCombs

I'm looking forward to losing all my hair
I'm looking forward to looking backward
Multiple suns have always guided me
Multiple suns, to do my bidding
I recall my youth with Klock:
A bubbling boob of hate
Still, I fashioned not one crime
And Klock, ofcourse, was arrested
They turned his mind to paste
Yes, it happens all the time
Now you ask me 'why so many suns?'
One for each murder me and my angel done
De profundis; how I love to live this loose!
De profundis; with my Donald Duck orange juice!
Klock was like an older brother
And for awhile I was he
Or rather he was I
Now I regard him as another
One of my sovereign suns
Yes, this happens all the time

The Harpies scatter; intestines unravel
Better than memory: actual time travel
Heavens abound in pomegranate light
Heavens abound; I gain back my overbite
I am their only planet
Suns of the bluest flame
Stoic, yet volitile
If'n the past come hither
I keep the gaslight burning
Because it could happen any time