

Subtraction

Cass McCombs

Subtraction, subtraction, subtraction
It's my duty
It's my duty and passion
If I could, even for a moment,
I would strip the hue out of my hair
And I'm not the kind
I'm not the kind to care
Step into the dead oak,
Take away all light, every glimmer
Find a church
Find a church and finish your dinner
Subtracting is a gift we all can use
To make the blood inside pump clear
Because I'm not the one
I'm not the one I should fear
Human skull, human skull, human skull
Without body
Without body, I feel your pull
The pulling of my chest by the lexis
Of your white cranial bone
In other words
In other words, please leave me alone
Drip by drip, number after number,
It all will fall
Minus Klock
Minus Klock and minus Paul
The skull returns, taking flight,
Ascending without chest and without sound
Until I'm one
Until I'm one with the ground