

# Stranger Than Kindness

Kurt Vile

Stranger than kindness  
Bottled light from hotels  
Spilling everything  
Wet hand from the volcano  
Sobers your skin  
Stranger than kindness

You caress yourself  
And grind my soft cold bones below  
Your map of desire  
Burned in your flesh  
Even a fool can come  
A strange lit stair  
And find a rope hanging there  
Stranger than kindness

Keys rain like heaven's hair  
There is no home, there is no bread  
We sit at the gate and scratch  
The gaunt fruit of passion  
Dies in the light  
Stranger than kindness

Your sleeping hands journey  
They loiter  
Stranger than kindness  
You hold me so carelessly close  
Tell me I'm dirty  
I'm a stranger  
I'm a stranger  
I'm a stranger to kindness