

Through This Fire

The Mountain Goats

My faith ran out with the flames one night
Shrinking in the embers of the firelight
You were rambling about your friends
How you were never going to see them again
There wasn't any fire and brimstone left
Just a hollow rattle inside your chest
Deep in the dark of our forty-fifth day
It wasn't ever going to go away

I began to understand the things the heat requires
Looking at you through this fire

The last days come and the last days go
Carried away in the undertow
But on our trust we rise and fall
Human after all
I calculated one week to go, maybe less
You were slipping in and out of consciousness
What are seven days worth?
Seven days on this earth

More than kings in their castles might desire
Looking at you through this fire

Through this fire where we were witnesses
You were reborn
One of the seven at Jericho
Sounding his horn

Bear me on the breath of dawn
Very soon we'll both be gone
It's getting hard to hear you, friend
Waiting for the world to end
But let isolate the relevant voice in the choir
Somewhere out there on the wire
I'll run all night but my legs won't tire
The ocean is faithful and the devil's a liar

Looking at you through this fire