

Young Liars

TV on the Radio

Well, it's cold and it's quiet, and cobblestone cold in
here
Fucking for fear of not wanting to fear again
Lonely is all we are
Lovely so far, but my heart's still a marble in an empty
jelly jar
Someday suppose that my curious nervousness stills into
prescience, clairvoyant consciousness
I will be calmer than cream, making maps out of your
dreams
But will psychic ability kill the nativity or simply
diminish the flinch?
Young liars, thank you for taking my hands and burying
them deep in the world's wet womb
Where no one can heed their commands