

Terrible Man

Wintersleep

A terrible man
A desperate attempt to make amends
Wrote a song for a girl
He could not, but just imagine
About something he read once
About static and distance
Somehow he simply could not
Without feeling terribly static and incredibly distant
About recent encounters
About love and affliction
Ziplocks and plastic containers
The gentleness of her kisses
About the possible cancer
Which has manifested in the mirror far right of his forehead
About a world that can never be kind

Never be kind
Never be kind
Never be kind

Never be kind
Never be kind
Never be kind
Never be kind
Never be kind

What if I vanished
Dematerialized
Into the great miscellaneous
Into your craterous eyes
About the taste of tree sap
Something recently tasted
About growing old
About his fear of the cold, and the darkness
At age twenty-seven
How foolish does that make him
Bundled up in the cold
Afraid of the dark at age twenty-seven
A song for a girl
He knew he'd never quite finish
In the drunk breath of autumn
In all its glory and strangeness

We can hide
We can hide
We can hide

We can hide
We can hide
We can hide
We can hide

You are mine
You are mine
You are mine
You are mine