

Laura Veirs, Wrecking

Looting the destroyed
Vessels of the sea
I wondered if the waves
Had taken all of me
All of me back
Down to the black
Down to the where the worms reign silent and green
Silent

We can do some wrecking here
Til a little color
Comes into your face
We can do some wrecking here
And find something to love
In this broken place
This broken place

And the king is a hand
And slaps you like a wave
And shackles you down
Bound like an anchored chain in the sand
Sends your ships to the rocks
Sends the keys to the lock of the chain
On your heart
To the mouth of a serpent
And his scaly glass shards

He's holding all the cards
And waiting in the waves
With the poker face
And no trail to trace
No trail to trace

We can do some wrecking here
Til a little color comes into your face
We can do some wrecking here
And find something to love
In this broken place
This broken place