Me Without You, The Soviet

God is love and love is real, but the dead are dancing with the dead and though all that's charming disappears all things lovely only hurt my head as I gather stones from fields like pearls of water on my fingers' ends and wrap them up in boxes, safe from windows, from things that break, as the night-time shined like day it saw my sorry face, hair a mess but it liked me best that way (Besides, how else could I confess? When I looked down like if to pray, well I was looking down her dress...) Good God, please!

Catch for us the foxes in the vineyard - The little foxes.

Turn your ear, musician, to silence because they only come out when it's quiet,

their tails brushing over your eyelids

Wake up, sleeper, and rise from the dead!

Or the fur that they shed will cover your bed in a delicate orange-ish cinnamon red, ah, I don't need this!

I have my loves, I have my doubts.

I don't need this.