

# Sufjan Stevens, The Kiss Of Niobe

In the half-light, single-traffic light  
Where Elizabeth composed herself  
And having done the deed  
She pointed at her sleeve  
And pulled the trigger on the antonym

Release the demon Sylvian fraud tonight  
I see you in my line of sight  
Dressed in golden fleece  
Please, don't let your children die tonight  
Whatever is wrong or right  
Let them sleep in peace

And where the rose converged  
Wild foxes on the curb  
Poison ivy, poison motherhood  
How can I think of this?  
The one paralysis  
The kiss of Niobe persuaded it

And when our laureate left  
She did it for the best  
And raised her single wing with confidence  
For if she stayed instead  
With wildness on her head  
She would've killed us without consequence

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