

Bright Eyes, A Spindle, A Darkness, A Fever, And

You turn on a spindle.

You are so much looser now but you're not explaining how you gained such new repose.

I touch the clasp of your locket, with its picture held,
some secret you wouldn't tell but let it choke your neck.

So we imagine a darkness where all shapes divide,
solids changing into light, with a burst of heat so bright.

Well fine, don't you do what I want you to.

Don't degrade yourself the way I do

cause you don't depend upon all the shit that I use to make my moods improve.

Near a sea of pianos, there were waves of chords

that crashed against the shore in one huge and useless roar.

And there were girls bringing water, like a dream they came to cure the fever of my brain,
and soothe my burning throat.

And they made me a necklace, hanging beads of sweat on a string of my regrets,

and placed it round my neck and they were singing, Don't you do what you've wanted to.

Yeah, don't destroy yourself like those cowards do and maybe the sun keeps coming up
because it has gotten used to you and your constant need for proof.