

Dirty Projectors, About to Die

If the search has been long and futile and brutal
And if you squint trying to recollect the bosom of your hoodlum love (hey baby)
You reach out and into the absence and gasping
The vastness grabs you like an alien embrace
Your face to it's face
No end and neither beginning you're spinning
Your breathless orb but in a dark and hateful star
An evil world
Where would I ever be without you?
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact it?
Foolish I know but I'm about to die
About to die

Your life must surely be ending and trembling
You realize you never lived a day at all (Wait)
And it's all your fault (Wow)
It all seems unspeakably vile and while
You wretch the memory of all you understood
The vandal laughs into his hood
Where would I ever be without you?
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact 'em?
Foolish I know but I'm about to die
About to die

Look there the goblins dressed up like a wound
Mutants are vagrant and hateful
Look there the mirror a zombie stands staring
Vacant and glaring pronouncing your name
As you're saying

About to die

Where would I ever be without you? (No fucking clue)
How could I hope to seize the tablet of values and redact it?
Foolish I know but I'm about to die
About to die

About to die

You're already dead

But you're about to die

(Damn, you got it)
(All right, awesome)