

Okkervil River, The War Criminal Rises And Speaks

The heart wants to feel. The heart wants to hold. The heart takes past Subway, past Stop and Sho
from above that straight,
unbroken line, the horizon - its rising is a given, just
like your living. Your
hearts warm and kind. Your
mind is your own. Our blood-
spattered criminal is
inscrutable; dont worry, he
wont rise up behind your
eyes and take wild control. Hes not of this time, he
fell out of a